

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

March 5, 1958

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget.

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PRICE

9¹

KNITTING
ISSUE

*Make this
Dior coat*

7 other designs

IN
COLOR:

Sensational lines from house of DIOR

MAKES YOUR HAIR ALMOST CURL ITSELF



RICHARD HUDNUT

Rinse'n Set

gives you

silky waves that last

from shampoo to shampoo

- NO DRYING ALCOHOL OR LACQUER.
- Easy, fast to use.
- Softens the hair, leaves it easier to comb.
- Makes hair easier to set.
- Conditions the hair.
- Gives body to the hair.
- Holds the setting from shampoo to shampoo.
- Economical—a little goes a long way.

YOU don't have to mix with water . . . you don't rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your shampooed hair direct from the bottle immediately after the final shampoo rinse and comb through. Or simply damp your hair slightly and apply RINSE'N SET right away. Then comb and set.

RINSE'N SET smooths out snarls and tangles so the comb runs through like a flash. And your hair seems to want to curl . . . it literally pushes into soft waves and rolls into pin curls with no effort.

- Use Rinse'n Set at any time without shampooing.

Simply damp your hair slightly and apply RINSE'N SET right away. Then comb and set.



In handsome flask-type bottles at chemists and stores everywhere . . . 5/6

RS12.143

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1450, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4097, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 3584, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

MARCH 5, 1958

Vol. 25, No. 39

HELP TO CLOSE THE CAMPS

THE United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees has appealed to the world to help close the refugee camps of Europe by 1960.

Of Europe's 2,000,000 homeless when World War II ended, only 43,000 refugees are left today, largely in Austria and Germany.

Many of these unhappy people have, through no fault of their own, spent 17 years in miserable shacks. There are even second-generation camp children growing up in a world they know little about.

UNHCR needs £A3,000,000 from the world to complete the humanitarian work of resettling or housing these desperate people, more than half of whom could be moved out now if accommodation were available for them.

Three million is a minor global sum, but from the 40 nations contributing to refugees it's an average of a paltry £75,000 each over the next two years.

Break that down further and it means that, apart from any direct Government money, a contribution of 1/3d. a year for two years by the 6,000,000 adult Australians would cover Australia's share.

So that for less than the price of one packet of cigarettes each, adult Australians could help close these heartbreak camps by 1960.

"Close the camps" is much more than a slogan. It's a world appeal to humanity for humanity.

Our cover

● The elegant knitted coat on our cover this week follows the current high-fashion trend in knitwear. It comes from the boutique of the House of Dior, and is probably the season's bulkiest "bulkyknit." Directions for making are given on page 38.

CONTENTS

FICTION

- The Lesson of Wu Liang, A. M. Harris 23
- Listen to Danger (Serial, Part 3), Dorothy Eden 24, 25
- The Slow Burn, Martin Aver Cohen 27
- Midtown Manner, Joseph Carroll 28, 29

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Royal Tour 3, 4, 5, 7
- Royal Tour State Reception 15
- New Season Knitteds 35-39

FASHION

- Fashion Frocks 40
- Dress Sense, Betty Keep 41
- Patterns 69

FILMS

- Maurice Chevalier 59
- Film Preview 60
- Reviews 61

HOMEMAKING

- Cookery 45
- Home Plan 46
- File Recipes 49, 50
- Prize Recipes 51
- Mending Gardening Gear 53
- Table Mats to Crochet 56
- Gardening 57

REGULAR FEATURES

- TV Parade, Nan Musgrove 10
- The Australian Year 21
- Readers' Letters 22
- Ross Campbell 22
- It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain 30
- Worth Reporting 32
- Here's Your Answer 33
- Beauty 41
- Sweet and Sour 63
- Stars 68
- Mandrake 70
- Teena 71
- Crossword 71

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Fifteen young women from all Australian States except Tasmania have qualified as finalists in our Peter Mitchell Will Quest for 1957-58.

COUNTRY and interstate finalists will be brought to Sydney on March 2 to be interviewed by examining and judging panels.

There is one finalist from Western Australia and one from Queensland, two from South Australia, five from Victoria, and six from New South Wales.

The prizes for which the girls are competing are under the terms of the will of the late Peter Mitchell, a grazier of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W. They are:

- 1st prize, £498/16/9.
- 2nd prize, £249/8/4.
- 3rd prize, £124/14/2, and 12 prizes of £62/7/1 each.

In addition, this year 11 youths have qualified as finalists in the Peter Mitchell Will Quest.

They come from all Australian States except South Australia.

The male finalists will not be brought to Sydney but will be interviewed by university professors and/or leading educationists in their home States. Their written estimates of

the boys' personalities and characters will be submitted to the Trustees, who will make the final decision on the winners.

The prizes for youths this year are:

- 1st prize, £304/11/-.
- 2nd prize, £101/10/-, and Eight prizes of £50/15/2 each.

IN our international mailbag the other day was a letter from an Australian, Mrs. Louie Martin, who is now living in Buenos Aires.

Mrs. Martin, who writes stories and poems, told us that "over here we Aussies get together on Anzac Day and other Australian national occasions."

She added: "I pass my copies of The Australian Women's Weekly on to fellow Aussies here. Incidentally, your cookery book of Prize Recipes (published in 1956) sold here the other day for 10 pesos (about 2/3 Aust.) at the Scotch Church bazaar."

IN the recent London spring collections, only three designers—Cavanagh, Michael, and Paterson—dared to lift

the hemlines to the Paris length of 18 inches from the ground.

However, our London fashion correspondent says that judging from the reception it will be "legs, legs, legs in London this season."

Royal dressmaker No. 2, Hardy Amies, whose skirts were 17 inches off the ground, used fine black silk stockings for after-six wear and sturdy heeled shoes without pointed toes to achieve his leggy look.

BRITISH playwright-actor

Emlyn Williams (we have a story about him next week) wants to "go bush"—to the mulga, he calls it—if he has any spare time during his forthcoming Australian tour giving readings of Dickens.

After meeting the cast of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" in London, Williams regards himself as an expert on Australian slang.

Incidentally, the playwright is now working on a new play—the study of a murderer—which he hopes to finish, cast, and produce before he leaves on an American tour in October.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 5, 1958



Australia's guest:

STILL SMILING despite her strenuous tour, the Queen Mother continues her highly successful, friend-winning way round Australia. Here she is in Brisbane, on the steps of the City Hall with the Lord Mayor, Alderman T. R. Groom, who made a speech of welcome. The Queen Mother is wearing an embossed ivory organza frock and white-petalled hat. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

He's looking at
you. . .are you
looking your best?



YOU OWE IT TO YOUR AUDIENCE TO WEAR

KAYSER 3D's

Girls! Let's face it — you expect as much glamour help from your nylons as you do from your own cosmetics. And with Kayser 3D's you get it! These exciting 15 denier sheers are so glamorous that they make so-so legs look oh-so . . . shapely legs even more so! And another nice thing about Kayser 3D's is they're available in 3 proportioned lengths for perfect fit and that means longer wear, greater comfort!

12'11

Price varies in some States



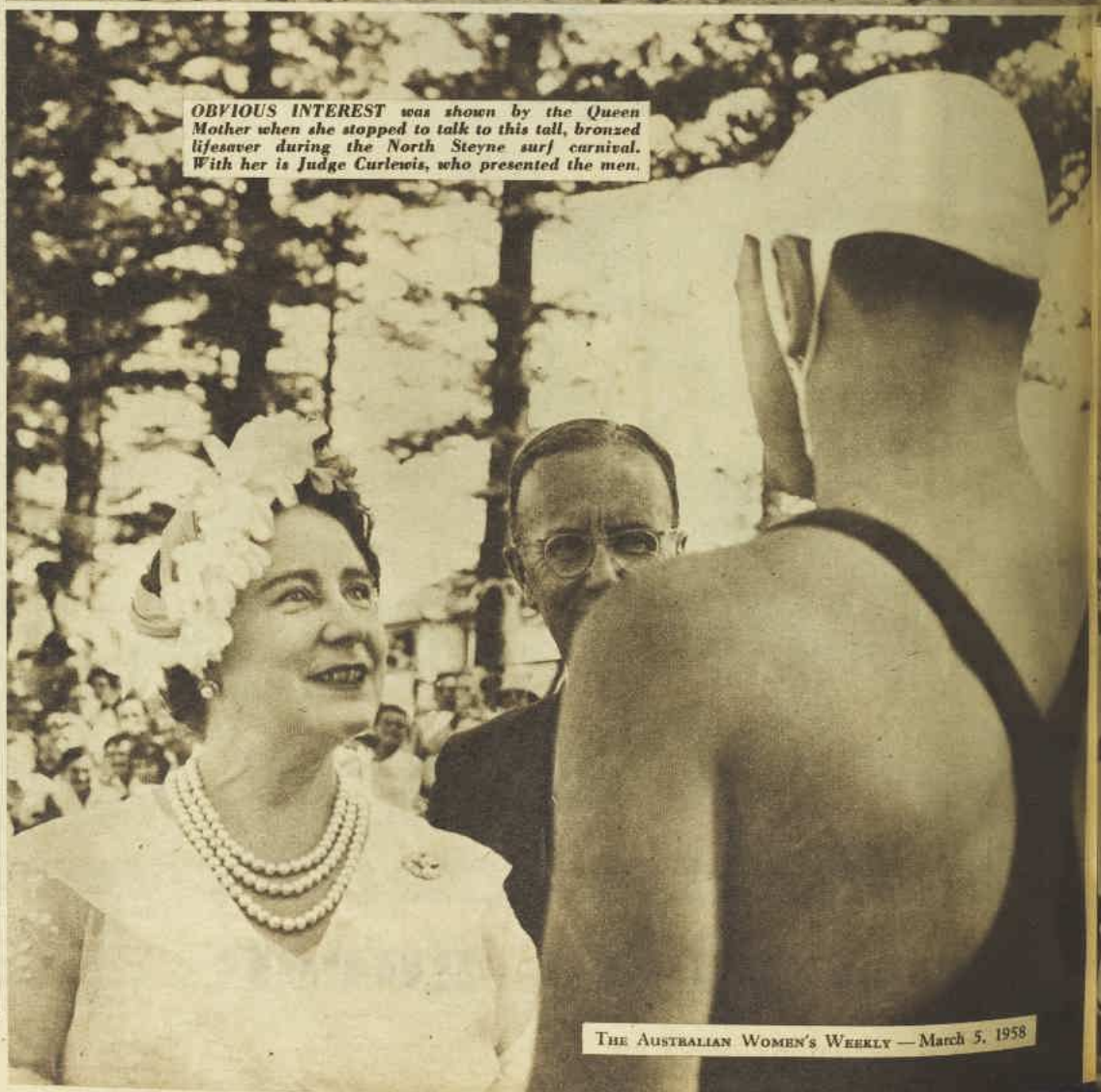
Fashion toned to harmonise with
your natural skin colouring

KAYSER
NYLONS

THE QUEEN MOTHER MET SUREMIEN...



OBVIOUS INTEREST was shown by the Queen Mother when she stopped to talk to this tall, bronzed lifesaver during the North Steyne surf carnival. With her is Judge Curlew, who presented the men.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 5, 1958



ABOVE: One of the most spectacular events of the Queen Mother's tour was the surf carnival at North Steyne, Manly. Here breakers provide a striking backdrop as she waves to the line-up of lifesavers. With her in the land-rover is Judge Curlews, president of the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia. One thousand men paraded.

BELOW: From the surf carnival, the Queen Mother returned to Sydney aboard the frigate H.M.A.S. Quiberon. From the ship's bridge, 34-year-old Commander Lealand Ponton, the only bachelor skipper of a seagoing R.A.N. ship, pointed out Harbor attractions. Earlier she visited Balmoral Naval Depot, where she had luncheon.

...and SAILORS





Look!

.....the **CUTEX** look!

Yours for the asking . . . the Cutex look—the gay, fascinating look of perfectly matched lipstick and nail polish—in exciting, brilliant colours. Creamy, smooth colour that is stay-fast on your lips . . . stays on even after a kiss! So economical too.

Matching Cutex nail polish that keeps fingertips glowing with perfect colour. Flatter your lips and fingertips today with the look . . . the gay glamorous look of matching Cutex Lipstick and Nail Polish.

For lasting beauty . . .

CUTEX

CUTEX STAYFAST LIPSTICK	4/11
CUTEX NAIL POLISH	3/3 REGULAR
CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE	4/9
CUTEX SWIVEL LIPSTICK	7/11



AFFECTIONATELY HERS

● These four faces tell their own Royal tour story — of the warm regard and affection the Queen Mother inspires in everyone she meets.



... THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMAN HARRY JENSEN.



... THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR WILLIAM SLIM.



... SOUTH AFRICAN VISITOR, MR. D. G. BEADLE.



... THE PREMIER OF N.S.W., MR. J. J. CAHILL.

Triumph for Yves Saint-Laurent at Maison Dior spring show



"EUGENIA" (above). The "little girl" or "baby doll" look in an evening dress with the new long-length evening skirt. A navy ribbon sash circles the high waistline.



"PARIS" (right). A one-piece dress in storm-grey shows the trapeze line in its most elegant form. The dress has side buttoning and a low-placed self-material bow.

● The 21-year-old designer, Yves Saint-Laurent, was mobbed by women after the launching of the spring collection at Maison Dior, and he is now being called the most brilliant designer in Paris.

He christened his new line "Trapeze," and, as shown here, has used it for day and evening.

The trapeze silhouette has a narrow top (the bosom is high), spreading into a broad base.

The look is more formal and elegant than casual, and because of its sharp outline, fine crisp fabrics are in fashion. When a soft fabric is used it needs to be mounted.

The skirt-line is short, but since it has width it allows women to "sit like a lady."

A bow is Saint-Laurent's most-used trim, and lots of evening dresses have skirts to the knee. There is also a new long-length, clearing the ankle. Some of the evening dresses are exotic in design, others have an air of innocence.

A choice of color exists—wonderful Dior reds, variations of pink, storm-grey, beige, orange, and white.



THE TRAPEZE LINE (left), in red shantung. The pleated bell skirt is worn over frilled net petticoats. The short jacket ties over a high waist. The shallow hat is in red shantung.

"PRIX D'HONNEUR" (above), white waffle pique, trapeze-line evening and cocktail dress designed for hot summer nights. Self bows are the only trim. Note the tiny sailor hat.



"L'AURE" in pink faille is one of the many short evening dresses in the Dior spring collection to follow the trapeze line. Note the bow and the rose trim on the low-cut bodice front.

Tact deodorant soap
safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
all year round
as no ordinary soap can...



New miracle
Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

☆ **PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS**
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

G11 **HEXACHLOROPHENE**

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
IN THE BIG BATH SIZE...
and SAVE MONEY!

REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1 1/2

Here's your chance to be a TV star

Channel 9 is looking for TV talent to appear on its successful live show "Say It With Music." Auditions are heard on Thursday nights at TCN and all you need is talent and an appointment.

"SAY It With Music" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 10.00 p.m.) is a soft-lights - and - sweet - music show—a half-hour of quiet enjoyment compered by accomplished pianist Frank Lawrence.

Acts are wanted to fit into this show.

Its quiet mood, designed for late-evening relaxation, automatically cuts out trumpets, trombonists, and noisy comedy acts, but Alec Kellaway, Channel 9's casting director and producer, is looking for everything else in variety.

I'm wrong again—Mr. Kellaway was quick to tell me that he thinks contortionists and belly dancers are not "becoming" acts on TV.

Here's a list of people he'd like to audition: Singers, dancers, instrumentalists, tap dancers, soft-shoe dancers, sand dancers, eccentric dancers, jugglers, sister acts, ingenues—any act that is good and fits into the "Say It With Music" format.

Mr. Kellaway stresses that he is anxious to audition both professionals and amateurs.

What he wants most of all are acts with polish that are a production in themselves.

He didn't say so, but I gather that he's had rather a gruelling time with auditions (about 150 applications arrive each week) of hopeful people who have talent, say as a singer, but no presence or presentation.

Mr. Kellaway, brother of famous actor Cecil Kellaway, gave me a brief glimpse into the busy week that adds up to "Say It With Music's" apparently effortless charm.

After the Thursday night auditions the artists are chosen and engaged. Between that and Monday a great deal of thought and planning goes on. Mondays the show is rehearsed from 1.30 to 3.30.

After that the sets are designed, costumes planned; and at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesdays there is a further run-through. Full-dress rehearsal is at 8.30 Tuesday night, a final call at 9.15, and the smooth, entertaining show goes on at 10.00. If you want to be in "Say It With Music," your first step is an audition. Ring Channel 9 (JF0444) between 9 a.m. and when the station closes, and make an appointment with Mr. Kellaway.

Don't ring between 1 and 2 p.m. if you can do so at any other time—the poor man has to eat.

Mr. Kellaway is anxious to find good Australian TV talent, just as anxious as show people are to appear.

THREE cheers for Channel 7 for the laugh of the week. Advertising tomato sauce, they



FRANK LAWRENCE, compere and star of "Say It With Music," Channel 9, Tuesdays, 10.00 p.m., photographed at the piano during the show.

said with passionate intensity: "Tomato sauce—red MAGIC." As if we didn't know.

★ ★ ★
"TO MARKET, TO MARKET" is a new programme from Channel 2 that is certain to have a terrific rating among housewives. The show is described by ABC-TV as a service programme for housewives.

It certainly is a service, and a good one.

"To Market, To Market" is a weekly resume of food prices in Sydney and a guide to what you should pay for your weekend supplies.

The show is prepared and

about the potato and proved that it's a much-maligned vegetable dietetically.

Plans for the session, to be seen on Channel 2 after the 7.00 p.m. news on Thursdays, promise well.

Mr. Todd plans eventually to tell, as well as the basic what, when, and how much—when fruit and vegetables are sufficiently cheap and plentiful to make jam, preserves, chutneys, and pickles, to have practical housewives tell how they overcome their provisioning problems, home economists to tell their angle.

The session is one of those unobtrusive but good sessions at which ABC-TV excels. And Mr. Todd works hard

to make it so.

He found he couldn't get the genuine information he wanted at the markets in his gent's business suit and collar and tie, so he discarded them, and as the A.B.C.'s representative in his Market Casuals and open-necked shirt he does well.

Everyone knows who he is, and I'm told welcomes him as one who gives the housewife the true food picture.

Mr. Todd has only ten minutes at his disposal, and the information he packs into that time is amazing. I have no doubt that before long he will finish off his title, "To Market, To Market," and tell us how to buy a fat pig.

★ ★ ★
WHETHER you own a TV set or not, you must have heard tell of the current phenomenon, the "Adult Western." From what I can gather, this phrase was imported from America, and local TV channels are now heartily sick of it and tired of explaining what exactly is meant by an "Adult Western."

As a help to all concerned, George Burns, of the famous "Burns and Allen Show," has given a definition. He says they are called "Adult Westerns" because the plots are all more than 21 years old.

TELEVISION PARADE

By
NAN MUSGROVE

presented by A.B.C. rural officer Bryan Todd, who, in the interests of bringing the true food picture to the housewife, spends three mornings a week at the markets.

He watches the market trends, talks to buyers, growers, agents, and follows up often by talking to green-grocers in their shops.

From all this information he tells you his analysis of the trends, what you should buy, why, and the price you should pay. Sometimes he rounds it off with a hint for a Saturday morning bargain at the markets.

After this, Mr. Todd hands over to an expert.

On his first session the expert was Mr. Theo Roughley, best-known authority on fish in Australia. Mr. Roughley showed the table fish available that weekend, talked of the price, their food value; the merits and demerits of buying fish, whole or in fillets.

The next week the expert was Mr. Barrett, the General Secretary of the N.S.W. Chamber of Fruit and Vegetable Industries, who talked



Whatever your
colour scheme
FORMICA^{*}
has the colourful
answer!



Only FORMICA gives you these glowing colours and patterns to choose from! FORMICA fulfils all the needs of modern decorative planning . . . it gives you the COLOURS and the PATTERNS that blend or contrast to perfection no matter what your home colour scheme.

FORMICA COLOURS will thrill you . . . unequalled in depth, brilliance and richness—from vivid contemporary to soft-glowing pastels! You're "tops in colour" with FORMICA.

FORMICA PATTERNS are styled by the world's leading designers. Gleaming luxury-look "Oynx," gay, light-hearted "Capri" mosaic, colourful "Softglow," and WOOD GRAINS that match your furniture—these are just some of the FORMICA exclusives.

FORMICA world-famous QUALITY is your guarantee of lifetime beauty in your home.

FORMICA wipes clean with a damp cloth. FORMICA is stainproof, scuff resistant and heat resistant to 310°F.

Look for the wash-off stamp which distinguishes all FORMICA . . . ask for FORMICA, the world's finest decorative surfacing material.

Do it yourself!



It's easy to renovate old kitchens, tops and furniture by applying FORMICA yourself. The Contact Adhesive makes home application simple and quick. No weights are necessary—just roll FORMICA down with an ordinary rolling pin. Consult your local FORMICA fabricator or hardware stockist for details, order your FORMICA cut to size, follow the easy instructions and you can't go wrong.



If in doubt, write for an actual sample of FORMICA, ideas for application and name of your nearest FORMICA stockist.

There is only one Formica—the world's finest laminated plastic covering.

*FORMICA is a registered trade name.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY THOMAS DE LA RUE (AUST.) PTY. LTD., 54 DUFFY AVENUE, THORNLEIGH, N.S.W.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 5, 1958



5 DAYS
of new
freedom

Every active and sports-loving girl knows that the secret of going swimming, yachting, tennis and being able to wear the most clinging of form-fitting frocks any day of the month is Meds... Meds tampons are so absorbent... protective... and comfortable.



Meds

THE MODESS TAMPON

Want to know more of
Tampons? Fill in the
coupon below and mail to

NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON,
BOX 2231, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Dear Nurse Reid:
Please forward me, under plain wrapper, the free Meds
booklet, "It's So Much Easier When You Know."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

JJ29/10.2

ROYAL ALBERT
Bone China



ON SHOW AT ALL LEADING STORES
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

MANUFACTURED BY
THOS. C. WILD & SONS, LTD.
LONGTON, STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND



EMOTIONAL MOMENT. Moslem bridegroom, a Pakistani public servant educated at an English university, lifts his bride's veil and sees her face for the first time. Mr. Cunningham, a friend of the groom, took this picture.

£10,000 was a sheepman's ransom . . .

By Anne Bradley, staff reporter

● An Australian sheepman whose ransom value was assessed at £10,000 was given a platoon of infantry as an escort when he toured Pakistan near the Afghanistan border.

HE is Mr. R. E. G. Cunningham, who recently returned to Sydney after spending three years with the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation as adviser to the Pakistan Government.

"Afghanistan nationals make periodic raids across the border, and if they bag someone of importance it's quite lucrative for them," said Mr. Cunningham. "As a U.N. official, I was 'important.' " "Karachi was my main base," he explained, "but I've covered from lower Sind to the north-west frontier, and Baluchistan, at the foothills of the Himalayas."

For a few months his base

was Quetta, well known to many Australians for the Quetta Staff College.

About 50 miles away is a valley to which he made three-monthly visits.

"The people there haven't changed their ways in 5000 years," he said. "Their methods of caring for sheep were primitive and the stock was riddled with disease."

"And, of course, they didn't have an aspirin between the lot of them," he added with a laugh.

"They seemed almost apathetic about my ideas, and whenever an animal died they would shrug their shoulders and say, 'Inshallah,' meaning 'If Allah wills it.' "

"I got a bit sick of this 'Inshallah' business. Even-



EMANCIPATED Pakistani woman the Begum Safia Agha plays cricket for a university team. Mother of three children, she is a practising barrister in Karachi.

tually, when all the chiefs were assembled, I told them it wasn't Allah's will that the stock should die because Allah had sent the means of saving it. This impressed them.

"Over a period I instructed them in various grazing practices and introduced some measures for controlling stock diseases. When the wool clip increased and the stock losses grew less they were really convinced, and they each put in five rupees (about 9/-) towards a 'medicine for the stock' fund.

"Then just when I thought my worries were over an old man complained that although I treated the stock for illness I left the people to die.

"Through the help of some friends—a family of doctors—we got a dispensary where the valley people could get medicine for four annas (about 5d.) a time."

Everywhere in Pakistan, according to Mr. Cunning-

ham, poverty is apparent, and the mortality rate of babies is fairly high. Most parents in poorer parts don't name their children until they are one year old. They wait to see if they're likely to survive.

The majority of Pakistani women are still in purdah, and are covered from head to toe in a tent-like garment, called the burka, and veil.

"Polygamy is practised, even though divorce is surprisingly easy," Mr. Cunningham said. "A couple just have to go to a magistrate and each say three times 'I divorce you,' and that's it. Yet the incidence of divorce is much lower than ours."

Mr. Cunningham, who made friends with all types and classes of Pakistanis, defined them, without exception, as "a friendly, helpful people, with well-knit family life and great fondness for children."



AGRICULTURE is a shared interest of Mr. R. E. G. Cunningham (right), of Sydney, and Mahomet Shariff, Chief Forestry Officer and Agronomist in Pakistan.

'Polar' wife's reunions

21 mins. talk with husband in a year

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

● Although geologist Dr. Vivian Fuchs has been in constant danger crossing the Antarctic continent, his wife has probably worried less about him than the average wife of a bus-driver worries about her husband each day.

"THEY are tough, experienced men on that expedition, and I have great confidence in them," Mrs. Vivian Fuchs said in Melbourne on her way to meet Dr. Fuchs in New Zealand.

"They are enjoying their experiences down there, and if they thought their women-folk were worrying their enjoyment would be spoilt."

Then, with her rich, low laugh, her sea-blue eyes sparkling, Mrs. Fuchs told me not to think her callous. Her philosophy resulted from years of experience as an explorer's wife.

And thanks to science she is better off than explorers' wives used to be. She and her husband have had a total of 21 minutes' conversation with each other during his absence of more than a year.

This was in three radio-telephone exchanges of six-minute, nine-minute, and six-minute durations.

Mrs. Fuchs was amazed each time at the clarity of the line.

Mrs. Fuchs told me she had read every book she could find about Antarctica.

"I would love to go there, but I know women would be an awful nuisance," she said.

"I've been as far south as Stewart Island, off New Zealand, and I will have to be satisfied with that."

Sincerity, humor, and intelligence shone through the welcoming smile of this fair-haired Englishwoman when I met her at the end of her first day in Melbourne.

She had been through a round of interviews, the climax of a heat wave, the

Botanical Gardens on foot, and the excitement of reunion with her sister, Mrs. Doris Oldham.

My impression was that if Dr. Vivian Fuchs crossed a dozen ice-bound continents his wife would be sure not to show any loss of composure.

But she admits to relief, and a surge of excitement, as each day brings him closer to the end of his historic journey.

They expect to meet in Christchurch at the end of this month.

Mrs. Fuchs is holidaying with her sister, Mrs. Doris Oldham, of Hampton, whom she saw last in England during Christmas, 1956.

Toy penguin

They were obviously going to enjoy their rare holiday together, and called each other by what must have been their childhood nicknames — "J" and "D" (for Joyce and Doris).

"Do you remember that pink and white penguin I had instead of a teddy bear?" Mrs. Fuchs asked her sister.

"That was the time of Scott of the Antarctic, and penguin toys were the rage," she explained to me.

"I dipped my penguin's beak into the milk until it turned sour," she said. "He was confiscated then for a while."

Mrs. Fuchs visited Australia and New Zealand 25 years ago, just before her marriage and mountaineering honeymoon in the Italian Dolomites.

In her luggage Mrs. Fuchs has her old favorite blue climbing suit.

She is a keen mountaineer and is hoping she and Dr.



IN MELBOURNE, Mrs. Vivian Fuchs (right) with her sister, Mrs. Doris Oldham, of Hampton, Vic., reads a cable from her husband for her birthday. During Dr. Fuchs' 18 months' absence Mrs. Fuchs has lived at their peaceful Cambridge home, looking after the garden and redecorating the house.

Fuchs will have time to climb some of New Zealand's mountains before sailing for home on April 12.

She explained that her husband always has a strenuous round of interviews, speeches, and lectures on his return from expeditions.

"We never have time for welcome-home parties," she said.

"All he will have is a simple, wholesome meal of fresh meat and vegetables."

In every other way, too, her husband prefers "no fuss."

They spend all their holidays at Borth-y-tst, a small Welsh coastal village, where they go sailing in their own small boat and he goes mackerel-fishing with the local fishermen.

They both love skating ("I'm strictly a novice," she said) and they have a lake opposite their home at Cambridge where they skate during winter.

Mrs. Oldham told me her sister's vitality is a match for the explorer's tremendous energy, which never flags, even at home.

Mrs. Fuchs said her husband, whose father was Ger-

man, was named Vivian by his parents because, even as a baby, he was remarkably lively.

She said that the cold of the South Pole does not worry him, recalling that even in the coldest winters at home he does not like the fire to be piled too high.

But she knitted for him to take to the Antarctic a pair of wristlets like those she made for herself for skiing holidays when a Social Science student at London University. The wristlets cover the gap between glove and sleeve cuff.

Cambridge home

The Fuchs' have a recently married daughter, Hilary, who lives in Surrey, and a 17-year-old son, Peter, who is at boarding school and plans to go up to Cambridge.

While her husband has been in Antarctica, Mrs. Fuchs has been supervising the "top-toe" redecoration of the house.

"The house is not a period-piece, but is immensely comfortable and convenient," she said. "And with our 3½-acre garden, we feel as if we live in the country."

"I know he hoped the redecoration would be done while he was away," she said.

"It meant new curtains and carpets, of course, so he will see a big difference—if he has time to look."

"I've had it done in a simple style—cheerful green outside and mostly cream indoors."

Both Dr. and Mrs. Fuchs spend most of their leisure in the garden, she doing "double duty" all the time he is away. "I would love to take home a gum tree," she told me. "But, just as our weather is not cold enough for the Antarctic huskies we would like to keep, it would not be warm enough for your gums."

While in New Zealand, Mrs. Fuchs hopes to meet Lady Hillary, with whom she has been corresponding.

THE REVOLUTIONARY
NEW MODEL

Prior

PURL
KNITTER



OPTIONAL EXTRAS



EASY-FLOW WOOL WINDER
Ensures free flow of wool from inside of ball. Permits any knitting speed without tangle or break. Winds wool in a few seconds.

PORTABLE KNITTING STAND
Strongly built. Folds compactly. Knitter can be used horizontally or tilted. Metal tray for wool, etc. The right height for comfortable knitting.

Equipped with the exclusive, non-wearing, self-lubricating, pure nylon needlebeds with all-steel cam operation. NO ATTACHMENTS NECESSARY. No other home knitting machine in the world is so COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC, so modern or capable of producing this wide, attractive range of stitch patterns.

● STOCKING STITCH ● FISHERMAN'S RIB
● GARTER STITCH ● MOSS STITCH
● UNLIMITED RIB ● RASSET STITCH
COMBINATIONS ● FAIRISLES, etc.

£65 Fully Guaranteed
Complete with Carrying Case

PRIORS KNITTING CENTRES

48 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 4110. 109 Swanton Street, Melbourne, Cent. 7203 or from our Authorised Distributors.

Obtainable from:—

Sydney:
PRIORS KNITTING CENTRE
48 Chalmers Street, Sydney
FARMER & CO. LTD.

Brisbane: **ALLAN & STARK LTD.**
T. C. BEIRNE LTD.

Perth:
DAVID JONES (PERTH) LTD.
BAIRD'S LTD.

Melbourne:
PRIORS KNITTING CENTRE
Capitol House, Swanton Street

Adelaide:
CHARLES BIRKS & CO. LTD.
MYERS EMPORIUM (S.A.) LTD.

Launceston: **SUPAKNIT**
Hobart: **DOUG McDOUGALL**

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive, free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

(1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you daily need to renew your body tissues.
(2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and diuresis, and (3) help regulate your body functions.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

are used by more than a million people, they are harmless and safe for the most delicate persons and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

will help keep you and yours active and attractive—free from crippling, painful rheumatism, fibrositis, aching joints and muscular pains. Get them everywhere for 9/- or 5/- and start this famous treatment today.



FLOATS DIRT AWAY!
REMOVES GREASE INSTANTLY!

GENTLE TO THE HANDS
AVAILABLE IN POWDER AND PASTE FORM

OLD DUTCH FOAMING CLEANSER WITH BLEACH

FAMOUS AMERICAN FORMULA



IN LONDON, Mrs. Fuchs (centre) was seen off by son Peter, 17, and married daughter Hilary, 21, when she left for New Zealand, via Australia, to meet her husband, Dr. Vivian Fuchs (inset), upon his return to Christchurch from the Antarctic Expedition.

Put them in a food mood
-Add glamour
with....



"LUCKY DIP"

Table jelly of any flavour prepared as directed; few tablespoons of a filling mixture (fruit, cake, nuts, sultanas, chocolate, etc.).

Set the jelly in a mould or bowl. Chill. Take a tablespoon, dip in hot water, scoop out the set jelly from the centre. Fill the hollow with your filling mixture. Melt jelly taken out by standing basin over hot water; cool it, then pour over the ingredients. Chill again. Unmould.

Little folk, teen folk, of-age folk, all relish cool and colourful jellies with these full-fruity flavours:

RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, LOGANBERRY, RED CURRANT, BLACK CURRANT, BLACKBERRY, PORT WINE, LEMON, LIME, ORANGE, MANDARIN, GRAPEFRUIT, APRICOT, PINEAPPLE, FRUIT SALAD, VANILLA.

easy to make

JELLIES

SIMPLE & ATTRACTIVE GELATINE JELLIES • No. 8 OF THE DAVIS GELATINE ORGANISATION'S SERIES: TO-DAY'S FOODS

QUEEN MOTHER AT STATE RECEPTION



AT STATE RECEPTION for the Queen Mother. Mr. Sam Hordern (left), president of the Royal Agricultural Society of N.S.W., and his wife with Mrs. Alan Potter and Mr. Potter, who is the chairman of the Australian Jockey Club. The State Government gave the reception at Sydney Town Hall.



MOST SPECTACULAR DRESS was worn by Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, who arrived with her husband, Mr. Norman Jenkyn, Q.C. Cries of admiration went up from the crowd for Mrs. Jenkyn's crinoline, nearly five feet wide.



CURTSY. Mrs. R. G. Pollard, who was presented after her husband, Major-General R. G. Pollard, G.O.C. Eastern Command. Waiting to be presented is Rear-Admiral D. H. Harries.



ABOVE: An elegant pearl-white satin gown was worn by Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, who was photographed arriving with her husband.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Bruce MacFarlan, Q.C., escorts his wife into the Town Hall. Mrs. MacFarlan wore a tiara and a brocade dress.



ABOVE: Lieutenant-General Sir Frank Berryman and Lady Berryman at the reception. The Royal Enclosure at the foot of the stage was bordered by nearly a thousand pale pink roses.



PASTORALIST Mr. Roy McCaughey, of "Coonong," Narrandera, and Mrs. McCaughey at the Town Hall. A delightful champagne supper was served to the guests, who numbered 1000.



CHANCELLOR OF SYDNEY UNIVERSITY, Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn (second from right), with the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Stephen Roberts, Mrs. David Roper, and Mrs. Roberts (right). The reception was the most brilliant evening occasion in Sydney since the visit of Her Majesty the Queen in 1954.



PLAN A PICNIC NOW!

Three ideas from Kraft to help you prepare more appetising outdoor meals

1. Take fresh foods . . . and prepare your meal on the spot. Wash salad vegetables the evening before and keep them fresh and cool in your refrigerator. Then take the crisper right along with you.

Be sure to carry a packet of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, so that you can enjoy lots of chunky cubes or thick, mellow slices with your salad. **Quick hint:** Open up a can of Red Feather Wham for those who like meat in their salad. Wham is a tasty combination of ham and prime beef. Really delicious!

2. Make sandwiches before you go:

You can be sure Kraft Cheddar sandwiches will

satisfy those hearty outdoor appetites. Try combining Kraft Cheddar with gherkins; cucumber and lettuce; chopped celery; tomato and Vegemite; raisins and chopped nuts; shredded cabbage and carrot.

3. Take snacks to enjoy anytime:

These two suggestions from Kraft both supply concentrated nourishment

● Long bread rolls — buttered — with Kraft Cheddar slices nestling inside and coated lavishly with Kraft Mayonnaise.

● And, something different for the kiddies — Kraft Cheddar portions, a lettuce leaf and an apple. Be sure Kraft Cheddar is in your picnic plan.

Wouldn't you like to sit down to this picnic lunch? Kraft fine Foods make any outdoor meal flavoursome . . . nourishing!



Enjoy a hot snack, too: Cook sausages over your barbecue, then pop them into bread rolls. Slice the sausages down the middle and slip in slices of Kraft Cheddar. Nothing could be easier, or more tempting than these tasty Kraft Cheddar "hot dogs". Extra nourishing, too — because Kraft Cheddar is rich in body-building protein — plus essential vitamins, valuable milk minerals and calcium and phosphorus.



Kraft Cheddar is available in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack, or sliced from 5-lb. loaf.

Kraft 1-oz. Cheese Portions — so handy for picnic hampers and lunch boxes. Big Flavour variety including Kraft Cheddar, Cheese and Bacon and Gruyere.



KRAFT — world famous for fine foods

BIG BERTHA' TO RACE FOR QUEEN MOTHER

PEDRO'S PRIDE—affectionately known in the stables by the unglamorous name "Big Bertha"—is a large bay mare, standing 17.1 hands, who has proved herself one of Australia's outstanding steeplechasers over the past two years.

A seven-year-old, she has won a little over £11,000 in stakes in three seasons of racing.

Mr. A. Lumsden, who has leased her now for four years from Mrs. I. Nervin, of Werribee, attributes her success partly to the fact that she did not start her racing career too young.

Before he leased her she had scarcely raced. Mrs. Nervin had tried her out as a flat-race filly, but without success.

And only once did Mrs. Nervin try her out in a steeplechase. She was so green

she ran off the course, but then Mr. Lumsden decided Pedro's Pride was made of sterner stuff than she'd shown, and took her over.

"I know I took a risk on her, but I've certainly been lucky," Mr. Lumsden said happily.

"Her sire is Don Pedro, a great flat racer, but there's no doubt that big, solid Pedro's Pride is built for steeplechases."

And she's proved Mr. Lumsden right by winning 10 races in 1957, six in 1956, and four in 1955.

Among last year's wins were the Grand National Steeplechase (£3500 and £100 trophy) at Flemington, and the Australian Steeplechase (£3000) at Caulfield.

Mr. E. Miller, of Pascoe Vale, her trainer, and Mr. Lumsden have no fancy theories about diet and training for Pedro's Pride.

Even in January, when she had just started work after a three months' spell, she was in good condition, and her appetite was as hearty as ever.

"All she thinks about is tucker," said Mr. Miller as

Heather McBride, his eight-year-old grand-daughter, tried to persuade the steeplechaser to stop cropping the grass for just a minute while she held up her head for a picture.

"To see her interest in food you'd almost think we starved her," Mr. Lumsden told me with a laugh.

Pedro's Pride is the first horse Mr. Lumsden has raced since another steeplechaser, Mannoral, was killed at Bendigo in 1949.

According to Mr. Miller, Pedro's Pride is an ideal mare.

"All good horses are quiet and placid," he said. "She always does the right thing in a race. She takes the fences beautifully."

Mr. Miller has not hurried her training, and she wasn't put over fences until just before the two-and-a-half-mile Glamis Steeplechase, which will be her first race this season.

Then, after that, Mr. Lumsden has been invited to take her to Adelaide for the famous Onkaparinga Steeplechase on April 6.

"Of course, it all depends on how she goes in the Glamis Steeple and on her fitness," he said. "But all being well, I'm looking forward to taking her over there."

Despite any horsey tricks she might ever play on punters, Pedro's Pride is a gentle soul who loves company—particularly children's company.

"She has a little dog who is her 'mate' in her stable, and, of course, my young grand-daughter Heather is a great pal," Mr. Miller said. "Heather often brings her friends round, and they give Pedro's Pride carrots, which she loves. She brightens up and whinnies to the children as soon as she sees them coming."

Now Mr. Lumsden, Mr. Miller, and Pedro's Pride's many friends and followers are hoping to see jockey Brian Smith bring further honor to this great steeplechaser by riding her to victory and the Queen Mother's applause in the Glamis Steeplechase.

● The Queen Mother, a keen steeplechase lover, will see one of Australia's outstanding steeplechasers, Pedro's Pride, run in the Glamis Steeplechase on March 1 at Flemington. Because the ground is usually too hard, steeplechase races are normally not held in Victoria until later in the year. But a special concession has been made to hold this steeplechase in the Queen Mother's honor.

By
BARBARA WALLIS,
staff reporter



LEFT: Pedro's Pride, with Brian Smith up, takes a jump in the Australian Steeplechase at Caulfield last year, when she won.

ABOVE: Eight-year-old Heather McBride, grand-daughter of Mr. E. Miller, trainer of Pedro's Pride, rides the champion steeplechaser. The mare will race before the Queen Mother in the Glamis Steeplechase at Flemington on March 1.



AFTER a big wash... a dirty spot's no joke!

Missed in the wash! A dirty spot still on the blouse she wanted to wear to tennis that afternoon. No wonder the lady feels like crying.



Just a touch of good, golden Sunlight on those extra dirty spots before clothes go into the copper or washer makes sure of a wash that's clean all over. Use all the extra washing power in Sunlight, and get clothes really clean—Sunlight clean.

Extra dirty spots need
**SUNLIGHT'S
EXTRA WASHING
POWER**

**SUNLIGHT—
PURE AND MILD
AS SOAP CAN BE**



SU 204 WW(14)q



MISS ROSA STAPLETON—she has studied handwriting for more than 50 years.

She watches your p's and q's

By
ANNE DWYER,
staff reporter

● Every time you dot an "i" or cross a "t" you give clues to your personality.

THAT is according to graphologists, who make a study of the connection between character and handwriting.

Fortunately for comfort, there aren't many graphologists.

Imagine how disconcerting it would be to hand your weekend order to the butcher knowing he could see all your faults from the way you wrote "chump chops."

The surprising amount that could be "read" from a person's handwriting was revealed by Miss Rosa Stapleton, a retired schoolteacher, of Waverley, N.S.W., for whom graphology has been a lifetime hobby.

More than 50 years ago Miss Stapleton saw at a book sale a volume on handwriting reduced from 30/- to 1/-, and bought it because it was so cheap. She read it and began her fascinating study.

Since then she has earned hundreds of pounds for charity with her readings.

She laughed as she recalled a fete.

"I was reading a woman's writing, and I saw immediately that her outstanding trait was temper," she said.

"I looked at her. 'You have a very bad temper,' I said.

"With that the woman snatched the paper out of my hand, tore it up, and shouted, 'I have not,' and stormed off.

"Since then I have learned to be a little less blunt," Miss Stapleton said.

"No, I haven't met any other graphologists.

"I wrote to one once, but when he replied I disliked his handwriting so much we didn't correspond any more."

I showed Miss Stapleton some handwriting samples collected from our staff.

She spread them out and said, "Well, these people all have good opinions of themselves, haven't they?"

She went on to give quick assessments of the writers—and she was really close to the mark.

"There's nothing superstitious about it," she insisted, "it's just reason and observation.

"With practice and study, anyone can do it."

Here are a few general rules given by Miss Stapleton.

The first thing to look at is the slope of the writing, which indicates whether you are ruled by your heart or your head.

If your writing slopes to the left, chances are that you are very practical, undemonstrative, even unsympathetic.

Perpendicular writing indicates a loyal, analytical mind, with emotions under control.

A slight slope to the right shows a good balance between the head and heart, and writing which slopes decidedly to the right, low on to the line, betrays a sensitive and emotional nature.

The writer of small handwriting is neat and capable of great concentration.

Larger-than-normal writing is a sign of the generous, open-handed person; if your writing is very large, you are probably excitable and want your own way at any cost.

Rounded letters belong to peace-loving, docile natures; round letters, pointed on top, show energy; people who make squarish letters possess mechanical ability.

Your refinement is easy to see from the thickness of the letters—the finer the more refined.

This, of course, does not apply if you are using a very thick nib.

Printed capitals are a sign of artistic talent.

Words evenly spaced indicate good powers of judgment; uneven spaces point to confusion of thought; very wide spaces go with extravagance.

The optimist tends to rise up off the line at the end of a word, and the pessimist trails downward.

A short final stroke on the last letter of a word shows selfishness and meanness.

If the last stroke rises with a sweep, it shows an interest in spiritual matters.

Heavy downstrokes reveal an obstinate, determined streak.

The capital "B" is the test of trust: if the top loop is bigger than the bottom, it is a sign of a suspicious nature; the reverse shows you are trusting.

Miss Stapleton's handwriting? "Fifty years and I haven't been able to give myself a good character yet," she said.

HERE are some of the ways of writing letters—and their meanings, according to Miss Stapleton.

Talkative	a	Kind	t
Reticent	a	Irritable	t
Greedy	a	Concentration	i
Persistent	a	Curiosity	i
Energetic	t	Caution	i
Procrastinator	t	Vivacious	i
Self-opinionated	t	Eccentric	i
Humorous	t		

"BRIDE OF THE YEAR" QUEST



VICTORIAN candidate, Valerie Davis, of Glen Iris, Vic., with her fiance, Lindsay Ryan, of Reservoir, Vic., who plan an Easter Saturday wedding. Valerie has worked with the National Junior Red Cross in Victoria for more than three years.

QUEENSLAND'S first candidate, Mrs. Neville Cook (nee Margaret Yappa), of South Brisbane. Mrs. Cook will be helped by fellow-workers of the Peters Arctic Delicacy Co., where she is a clerk. Picture by Mon-sour's Studio, Gayndah, Queensland.



HAIRDRESSER Edith Raff, of Woollahra, N.S.W., is sponsored by the Hairdressers Employees' Union. Like many young couples, Edith and her fiance, Kurt Berger, plan to be married as soon as they find a flat. Picture by Norton Trevaire.

Girls rush wonderful opportunity to win round-the-world honeymoon

● First entrants in the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest are the five girls whose pictures are shown on this page. One of the girls is from Victoria, one from Queensland, and three are from New South Wales.

ALL five have been accepted by the Australian Red Cross Society as contestants for the Quest.

The bride who raises the

greatest sum of money for Red Cross will win a honeymoon trip around the world by Qantas Super G Constellation, and £1000 spending money given by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

Other prizes—holidays for two as guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce on Queensland's Gold Coast—will be won by the eight girls (other than the prizewinner) who raise the greatest sum of money in each State and in the Australian Capital Territory.

In cities and towns all over Australia, in factories, shops, and offices, brides and brides-to-be are discussing with their friends plans to enter this wonderful contest to help Red Cross.

This is one competition where contestants work not only for a prize but for a cause. Every penny and every pound raised by candidates will help invaluable Red Cross services to the community.

Social clubs, sporting organisations, and business houses should be proud to be represented in this nationwide Quest.

The five candidates on this page are full of enthusiasm for the Quest.

Friends and workmates are already forming committees to help the candidates and their husbands or fiancés in their efforts to raise funds.

One candidate and her fiancé have already arranged for a weekly dance to be held

from now until the contest ends on June 30.

Barbecues, bazaars, Dutch auctions, tennis and theatre parties, sports carnivals, even race meetings—these are all ways "Brides" can raise money for their Quest funds.

Red Cross Quest organisers are ready with advice and suggestions for all contestants.

Further news of the Quest will appear in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Brides must be natural-born or naturalised Australians or British subjects resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958.

They may be nominated by social and sporting clubs, commercial or Service associations, business houses, towns, districts, or suburbs.

Entry addresses

● For entry forms and all inquiries, write to the Red Cross in your State.

When you return the form to Red Cross, send with it a glossy photograph (6in. by 8in.) of yourself, alone or with your husband or fiancé.

The addresses for each State are:

N.S.W. Division: Red Cross House, 27 Jamison St., Sydney.

Vic. Division: 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

Qld. Division: 409 Adelaide St., Brisbane.

South Australian Division:

8-12 Stephen Place, Adelaide. Tas. Division: 53 Collins St., Hobart.

A.C.T. Division: P.O. Box 82, G.P.O., Canberra.

N.T. Division: P.O. Box 81, Darwin.

W.A.: Address all correspondence to Red Cross National Headquarters, 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

AT RIGHT: Nursing sister Louise Eve Hodgkinson, of Repatriation Hospital, Concord, N.S.W., and her fiance, Henry Weaver, of Kurraba Point, N.S.W. Henry is a keen oarsman, and his club, North Shore Rowing Club, will support Louise Eve in the Quest.



£1500 color scheme contest

● Have you ever dreamed about what you would do to your home if you had unlimited choice of paint, paper, and furnishings?

HERE is your opportunity to decorate a home just as you wish, and at the same time win a valuable prize.

All you have to do is to choose color schemes for a lounge-room (14ft. by 20ft.), a kitchen, and a bathroom.

Prizes to be won are: £1000 1st Prize; £200 2nd Prize; £50 3rd Prize; £100 in consolation prizes (three of £20, four of £10); £150 in progress prizes of £10.

Funds raised by the contest will assist the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

Colors must be illustrated with samples cut from advertising or editorial pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, using any one or more of the issues dated February 19 and subsequent issues up to that dated June 11.

Colors required are for: LOUNGE: Ceiling, walls, floor covering, curtains, furnishings.

KITCHEN: Ceiling, walls, cupboards, floor, main equip-

ment (stove, refrigerator, etc.).

BATHROOM: Ceiling, walls, floor, main fittings (bath, basin, etc.).

You may give as much detail as you wish, but the only essentials are the headings given above.

The page number and date of the issue from which the sample is cut must be shown beside it.

Every entry must be ac-

companied by an entry coupon and 1/- in stamps or postal notes for the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

The winning color schemes will be chosen for their attractiveness, practicality, originality, and presentation.

The Color Scheme Contest closes on June 9, 1958.

This contest and the "Bride of the Year" Quest are governed by the rules as published in our issue of February 19. This issue of the paper also showed sample entries in our color contest.

ENTRY COUPON

COLOR SCHEME CONTEST,
Box 7052 R.C., G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name BLOCK LETTERS

Address

I enclose 1/- entry fee to support *.....
Candidate in the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.
* If you do not name a candidate the entry fee will go to a common fund to be divided equally among all candidates.

MRS. JOEL LUDSKI (nee Thelma Ryan), of Woollahra, N.S.W., photographed after her wedding last December. Mrs. Ludski has always been interested in Red Cross activities, and holds first aid and home-nursing certificates. The picture is by Norton Trevaire.

ELNA the world's FIRST free arm and fully automatic sewing machine

SWISS PRECISION AT ITS BEST

the machine that still leads the world today in simplicity of operation — variety of stitches and quality features

No matter what others claim, the new ELNA Supermatic does more sewing automatically than any other make . . . it's the world's best value. For perfect buttonholes in seconds, simply drop in the buttonhole disc . . . you do not even have to turn for the second row of stitches.

Elna is the first household sewing machine to produce Turkish Hemstitching and Point de Paris — and automatically too. The ELNA Supermatic simply pours out unlimited glamour stitches that no other machine can make perfectly at normal straight sewing speeds—and just as easily.

The ELNA Supermatic is designed to do every sewing job efficiently for you, from patching and repairs to the most intricate, fashionable and exclusive embroidery stitches, and automatically, too.

ELNA is never outdated—as new stitch designs become available, you simply add them to your collection.



AUTOMATIC BUTTONHOLES



Turkish Hemstitching



"Point de Paris"



Wonderful range of Stitches



£98/10/-

Available on easy terms.

ELNA *Supermatic*

SWISS PRECISION AT ITS BEST

Elna — it's the world's greatest home-maker with so many exclusive features

- Elna, the first household sewing machine with the "Free Arm" for darning, mending, etc.
- Elna, the only lightweight portable with carry case that opens up to provide a full-sized work table.
- Elna has a special precision regulator for the lower thread tension—indispensable for sewing with nylon and other synthetic thread.
- Elna is really tully automatic. It sews to the left and the right and, above all, backwards and forwards without your assistance.
- Elna is sold and serviced in 105 countries throughout the world. In Australia and New Zealand it is backed by a permanent organisation that will honour the Elna 10-year guarantee and ensure constant service, spare parts and accessories.

CALL, WRITE OR 'PHONE FOR FREE LITERATURE OR SPECIAL PRESENTATION IN YOUR HOME OR ELNA SHOWROOMS

Available in Australia only from:

**ROBERTSON REVERSIBLE SEWING MACHINE PTY. LTD.,
453 PITT STREET, SYDNEY. MA 3487**

(right opposite the Hotel Sydney). And at Albury, N.S.W.; Melbourne; Allan's of Adelaide, and throughout New Zealand.



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

Thousands of people from all parts of Australia are pouring into Ballarat for the 6th annual Begonia Festival, from February 28 to March 11. Among the visitors will be Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. On March 2, the Queen Mother will make an informal visit to the 100-acre Botanical Gardens on the shore of Lake Wendouree.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

to see Ballarat's famous begonias. First imported from England more than 30 years ago, begonias now grow to perfection in this garden city—once a lusty gold-mining town, now the second largest city in Victoria. Mrs. B. Strange, of Ballarat, took this picture of a small girl admiring the exquisite color of the blooms in one of the glasshouses.

DISCOVER

the new hi-fi beauty created for you by

MAX FACTOR

HOLLYWOOD

based on his make-up research for colour TV.



hi-fi Fluid Make-up

It always looks exquisite, never "made-up" in any light! This great colour discovery reproduces perfect natural skin tones—perfectly! In bright sunlight or glaring artificial light, you always look naturally lovely. Smooths on quickly, easily, evenly. Try it in Italian Tone—Max Factor's new "light-natural" shade. 11/3.



New hi-fi Lipstick

It's everything you want in one lipstick! This entirely new kind of lipstick makes possible intense new high-fidelity colour that won't come off until you take it off! Other blessings: no blotting, no waiting for it to set, no drying—a soft, smooth feel on your lips. 11 shades including exciting new Roman Pink and Sorrento. In shining faceted case. 12/6. Easy-change refill, 8/6.



hi-fi Fluid Rouge

It brings you the delicate beauty of high-fidelity colour! This is the finishing touch to heighten your new Hi-Fi beauty! Max Factor's Hi-Fi Fluid Rouge blends in delicately with your Hi-Fi Fluid Make-up. Try it—see how highly flattered you'll be. In three high-fidelity shades. 8/6.

MADE IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IN a recent newspaper report, an archbishop was quoted as saying, "Teenagers have usurped control of their homes, regarding them virtually as boarding-houses, and treat their mothers as hired servants." I think this is the fault of the mothers, because so many try to shield their children from the realities of life. We see weary mothers standing for hours over an ironing-board or sitting up late to finish a frock which could have been made by the daughter. Mothers do far too much for their offspring and it is rare to find a daughter trying to help her mother. If children are brought up to respect their parents, and are taught that they, too, have responsibilities in maintaining happy family relations, they will continue to honor these obligations as they grow older and teenage delinquency will be a thing of the past.

£1/1/- to "Happy Mum" (name supplied), Greenslopes, Qld.

THERE is no doubt that people have more leisure nowadays.

Housewives, for example, can run an efficient household and still find time for occupations involving mental and artistic effort. It is a great pleasure to meet a woman who, after preparing an excellent meal, can discuss with some enthusiasm a new book, some aspect of Australia's development, or a subject like America's foreign policy. The comprehensiveness of women's interests is, I think, one of the better things of this century.

10/6 to R. M. Shanahan, 104 Wentworth Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

WHEN, as occasionally happens, there is a dearth of good films, wouldn't it be possible to revive some of the old classics? Among them I would like to see "Disraeli," "Private Life of Henry VIII," "Romeo and Juliet," "Wuthering Heights," and "Ben Hur." There must be many people too young to have seen them, and for the middle-aged they would revive nostalgic memories.

10/6 to Mrs. V. Kellon, Box 11, The Valley P.O., Gladstone, Qld.

WE read, in all the best books on ante-natal preparation, about the many advantages of a father being present at his baby's birth if he and his wife desire it. In our experience it was all so frustratingly different. Our baby daughter duly arrived and through all those thrilling and wonderful hours I felt it would have been just and right to have my husband share with me the miracle of birth. Surely it is only human to allow a man to be with his wife at this time instead of being just an isolated figure in a hospital corridor.

10/6 to Mrs. Colleen Jenkins, "Windella," Gillenbah, via Narrandera, N.S.W.

POLICE boys' clubs are operating so successfully in various States it makes me wonder why they don't have the equivalent in girls' clubs. The police have done a wonderful job in preventing juvenile delinquency through these clubs. Why not cater for the girls?

10/6 to "Femina" (name supplied), Gordon, N.S.W.

I WENT to the pictures one afternoon during the school holidays, but—never again. As soon as the lights dimmed the younger part of the audience screamed, yelled, whistled, and clapped. Occasionally during the picture they quietened, but at the slightest excuse the din became so intense that nothing else could be heard. Isn't this lack of training in restraint the root of our social evils today? I know of one family brought up with the excuse for every misdeed—"It's just high spirits." The eldest, now a man of 30, has just left his 20th job!

10/6 to Beatrice Brooke, Howrah, Tas.

Teething troubles

I CANNOT help feeling that Mrs. Ferguson's friend (22/1/58) who uses the "battered-up" treatment when the children go to the dentist is taking the line of least resistance. I feel it is more character-forming for children to learn from the earliest possible age that certain things in life are not pleasant, but must be faced with courage.

10/6 to Mrs. B. L. Chandler, 4 Tovan-Akas Ave., Bentleigh, Vic.

Family affairs

WE didn't know what to do to prevent our only child being lonely and to teach her to share and mix with other children. Having a big yard, we built a swing, bought a second-hand slippery-dip, rocking-horse, bike, and car, painted her table and chairs, etc., and made a nice playground for children. Not only has our daughter now plenty of playmates and learnt to share and mix with all ages but we have been able to give a lot of pleasure to other children.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. E. Tayler, "Sunnybrook," 80 Kahlbah Rd., Highfields, Newcastle, N.S.W.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I'VE been waiting to say a few things about those American table-settings that were shown lately in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

The ladies who set the tables, you may remember, were Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Vincent Astor, and Clare Boothe Luce.

All of them are rolling in moola, as it is called in the U.S.A.

Probably they didn't set the tables themselves, but stood on the sidelines giving orders to the scullions.

I must confess I found the results disappointing.

What strikes me most forcibly is the number of things that are not on the tables.

There is no butter, salt, sugar, jam, fish paste, or tomato sauce.

Instead, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst fills the centre of her dinner-table with a great stack of fruit.

If I set the table in our dining-nook the way Mrs. Hearst does, there would be trouble.

"Where's the tomato sauce?"

"There's none here—Daddy set the table."

"But I want some!"

TABLE TALK

"Well, go and get it yourself."

"Ow! Can't you get out without treading on my back?"

"I wish you'd learn to set the table properly. Why is all this fruit here?"

"It's an idea I got from Mrs. William Randolph Hearst."

"From who?"

Strictly speaking, I couldn't set



our table exactly like Mrs. Hearst's, because we haven't enough Aztec silverware.

She has laid Aztec silver plates and goblets for ten people. It gives a pleasant, homely touch, especially if you are an Aztec.

But I don't go much for her green satin tablecloth.

It would look awful with chocky-milk spilt on it.

That is what happens nearly every meal at our place—if it's not chocky-milk it's tomato soup or gravy.

Possibly Mrs. Hearst says to her guests: "Now lean over!" or "Drink it up before you spill it!"

But I'll bet her green satin tablecloth is a mess by the end of a dinner party. And it must be the devil to clean.

Mrs. Vincent Astor and Clare Boothe Luce use d'oyleys instead of tablecloths. Like all men, I hate d'oyleys.

My suggestion in setting the table for an intimate dinner party is an easily washable, no-iron tablecloth. For preference it should have a check pattern that doesn't show up stains.

Don't forget to put the peanut butter on the table. There is usually someone who says: "I don't want any dinner! I only want peanut butter."

And if you are serving pies, tomato sauce is a must—and don't give a hoot about Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

The Lesson of Wu Liang



A delightful story by Australian author
A. M. HARRIS

Illustrated by
J. M. Sullivan

"Why ever was I so foolish?" cried Wu, wringing his hands, while Mei Cheng, his wife, and the servant waited patiently.

THE old plum tree in the courtyard had awakened from its wintry sleep and put forth a powdered snow of white blossom. Butterflies drifted in the sun among the flowers, and by the river the willow bent low to caress the water with slender bright-green leaves. All was beauty; life was moving and men were happy that spring had given new vigor and color to everything which had laid dormant during the cold winter.

Wu Liang, however, was not among the happy. He had passed many summers; he had heard the autumn wind sigh in the yellow leaves and had felt the winter winds blow from the central mountains; and now in the twilight of his life the moving shadows of memory crept before him; but trouble was not in his mind.

He had seen much and he had toiled well; he had learnt by heart all the books; he had debated on Confucius the Master and on Mencius the disciple, on the Legalist and the Daoist, and interpret them as well as the great scholars—so great was his knowledge that many had gathered about him to listen and learn and marvel.

Behind him stretched the infinite line of his ancestors—the thousand learned, imperious, warlike, and wise men back to the first Emperor, who had served under Huang Ti—the Yellow Emperor.

Yet who outside the clan really remembered them? None! There were none to remember his name! That was Wu Liang's concern, and his great ancestors had been forgotten, would not he be forgotten, too? So he sat

in the piled cushions wondering how he could make the people of Linglu and those who dwelt beyond the wall realise that he, who stemmed from a wise and gifted house, was a wise and gifted son. Some, he knew, were aware of his greatness. But how could he make others aware? That was his problem!

A cool breeze sped along the floor of the valley and up into the hills. It scarcely ruffled the mirror of the lake's surface near Wu's house, but a fish leapt from the water and showered bright drops into the rays of the late sun. From somewhere among the rice-fields a flock of wild geese honked as they sped ahead of the dying day.

Wu Liang saw and felt the beauty about him, but he could not derive satisfaction from it. He sat pondering until it was late; until the evening wind rolled back a curtain of cloud which had gathered on the horizon and the shadows of night lengthened and washed a soft and changing pattern across the coarse fibre matting at his feet. He heard a temple bell throb through the darkness and suddenly the answer to his problem came to him—perhaps it was the bells that carried the message.

He rose from the cushions and went to the low table in the centre of the room. Here he sat, and with a firm hand and a studied countenance reached for a piece of fine white rice-paper; he took up a brush, absently sucked the silken hair for a moment, then with sudden decision grasped a heavy slab of ink-black. He inked the brush, and with a sweep-

ing, circular motion began to write a message on the paper.

The characters he wrote were fine in line; so fine in fact they appeared almost formless; yet to the practical eye they contained all the fluid beauty, all the propriety, all the art which accompanies practised penmanship. The art of calligraphy Wu had learnt early; and the lessons of the old scholar who had emphasised his teaching with the ivory fan which waved as soft as gossamer, but struck like dried bamboo, had instilled a skill which practice had made beauty.

Wu leaned back looking at what he had written, secretly pleased that his message was so succinct. He had said what he wanted to say, but the abruptness of the message was tempered by its presentation. Wu had written, telling the people of Linglu that he was the wisest man in the kingdom; if others from beyond the wall chanced to read the message, Wu felt that it contained the truth for them also.

His task completed, Wu made his way out of the room and into the outer darkness; the thin shadows had deepened, and fireflies had begun to light their tiny candles in the eye of the night.

He moved across the courtyard to the

big rear gate, where he stood and called for Yen, his servant. The echo of Wu's voice had hardly been absorbed into the soft silence before Yen appeared and stood before him. Yen loved his master, but his love was tempered by the concern that Wu was sometimes too outspoken about his learning and his lineage.

Now, as Yen listened to Wu, his bland face creased into furrows of worry, and his eyes, which were usually glad to alight on the face of his master, began to bracket his countenance, being, it seemed, afraid to look directly at him.

For Wu had said he was to take the written message, paste it to a large board, then go down into the valley and up into the mountains, telling all who cared to listen that Wu Liang, who lived on the spur of Sul Mountain, was the wisest man of all. Yen tried to remonstrate, but Wu would take no notice, and a sad-hearted Yen went to paste the notice and later to cry its message.

As Yen disappeared into the darkness a refrain of happy accomplishment sang deep in Wu's heart. He ran his fingers through his thinning hair.

"Aie, aie," he whispered. "My queue

To page 52



Especially in Summer SKIN needs NIVEA care

Summer sun and breezes dry out the natural oils of your skin. Nivea replaces these oils because it contains Eucerite — the nearest thing in this world to the natural oils of the skin. Protect, soothe and nourish your skin with Nivea.



SKIN needs NIVEA

Available in tins or tubes (for beach or purse) and Nivea Skin Oil in bottles. Obtainable everywhere.



CLEAN Your hard-worked silver fast with ... SILVO



With your workaday silver or with your greatest treasures, Silvo quickly and safely whisks away stains revealing a beautiful lustrous shine that lasts. You use Silvo straight from the tin making it so much easier to polish your silver.

Leading Australian silverware makers recommend Silvo to clean, polish and protect your silver.



Listen to DANGER

Third instalment of our exciting
suspense serial

BY DOROTHY EDEN

MILLIE GREEN, nursemaid to the two children of HARRIET LACEY at Manchester Court, did not tell her mistress the full story of her encounter with the blond woman in the square. Nor did she tell of the loss of the valuable earrings she had "borrowed" from Harriet's jewel-case to wear to the dance with FRED. So the panic that came with her unknown telephone caller's instructions, given under threat of exposure and gaol for theft, resulted in Millie taking baby ARABELLA in her pram and leaving her on the footpath while she went into a shop. Millie was unaware that JAMIE, her other charge, had followed them and that he, too, had been taken by EVE, who also received her instructions by telephone, to her slum home by the river. So when Harriet, who had continued her career as an actress after the death of her husband, JOE, learned first from Fred, porter of the flats, and later from Millie, that both her chil-

dren were missing she knew only of the circumstances and not of the events preceding the kidnapping.

A note asking for ransom was left in the pram, and Harriet decided to pay the money, keep the matter secret, and not call the police. She remembered ZOE, who had wrathfully accused her of trying to alienate the affections of FLYNN PALMER and her warning to watch the children lest "something might happen to them." She asked Flynn, who had been blinded in the accident in which her husband had been killed, for Zoe's address. Flynn lives in the same flats and is looked after by faithful valet JONES, who has an invalid wife, NELL.

MRS. HELPS, the wigmaker in the basement of Manchester Court, recalling the past record of her son Fred, fears he may have had a part in the kidnapping.

NOW READ ON:

ALTHOUGH Jones had no news to tell his wife and excite her out of her boredom and apathy, yet for some reason she, too, could not sleep that night.

She had felt much better that day, she told Jones when he arrived home, and had even done a little of her embroidery. She had also combed her hair herself and put on lipstick.

Jones was delighted. He sat on the side of the bed and admired the faded gold hair, still a little wild in spite of its combing, and the lipstick, too bright and slightly askew, but nevertheless giving a transient animation to Nell's wan face.

"Was Miss Lane kinder today?" he asked.

"Not really, but I spoke up and told her what I wanted and she had to do it. She just had to." Nell giggled with pleasure, like a petted child, and Jones said approvingly: "That's the way. Soon you'll be telling her where she gets off, eh?"

The animation died in his wife's eyes. "But then I'd have no one, would I?"

"Nonsense! There are hundreds of nicer women in the world than Miss Lane."

"But would they look after me? A poor little creature like me?" Nell's pitiful eyes searched his face. Jones felt the habitual anger and indignation burning in him.

"Of course they would?" he said emphatically. "I'd make them. You'll see."

Nell giggled again, with her swift change from pathos to pleasure.

"Mr. Palmer's lucky to have someone like you to look after him. But you do tell him not to keep you late at nights, don't you? Sometimes it seems so long before you come home."

"I'm no later than usual, love. Actually, I was just leaving when he called to me to fix drinks. You have to leave things exactly where he can find them, you see. And he was expecting Harriet down to do some work. Zoe doesn't half like that,

I might tell you. She's waiting for wedding bells, and she thinks Harriet's cooking her goose."

Nell listened, absorbed. She adored her husband's mixed metaphors. She loved him to speak familiarly of the people he saw by their first names. Harriet, Zoe . . . Once there had been a Linda and a Margot. But Zoe had lasted longest. She was the one Nell expected to win. Though why should an attractive girl want to marry a blind man? Then why should her own devoted husband remain so devoted to a sick, useless woman?

She frowned with her transient sorrow, then listened again to the fascinating story of events in that, to her, fabulous flat.

"What about Jamie? Was he in today?"

"No. We didn't see him. Millie, the new girl, seems to keep him quieter. She's young and energetic, of course. Though I wouldn't trust her, I might say. She's flirting with Fred, and before long I can see her neglecting the children to pursue him. I'm wondering how I could drop a word to Harriet if she doesn't see for herself."

"Oh," said Nell pleasurably, "you can't interfere."

"Perhaps I could drop the word to Mr. Palmer," Jones reflected. "That's if he doesn't see for himself. Mind you, he doesn't see, not with his eyes, but he doesn't miss much, I can tell you. Now, love, I'm going to make your hot drink and tuck you up."

"Tell me some more," Nell pleaded.

"Not tonight, love. You'll get over-excited, and then you won't sleep, and no more will I. And I'm a bit tired tonight."

At six o'clock in the narrow house by the river, while she was waiting for the telephone to ring, the doorbell rang instead.

Eve was in a panic. Was it him? He had never come without ringing first, and then being at least three-quarters of



ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

hour on his way. It couldn't be him, but, if not, who was it? Was it safe to open the door? Would there be a policeman standing there?

She tried frantically to peep out of the window first, but without throwing it open and sticking her head out she couldn't see a thing. The caller was out of sight.

As she hesitated Jamie called impertinently, "There's someone at your door. Aren't you going to open it? Shall I?"

"No. You stay where you are," she said sharply, and pulled the living-room door firmly shut. Then she patted her short dark hair tidy and went, with exaggerated composure, to the door.

On the doorstep, in the damp, foggy half-light, stood a completely strange woman, plump and rather blowsy.

"You're Miss Smith, aren't you?" she said in a friendly voice.

Eve nodded. (That was another thing: he had suggested she didn't use her real name when she took this house; it was always useful to have a nom de plume.)

"I saw you coming in with the children this afternoon. Didn't know you were having guests, even such small ones." The woman gave a loud, hearty laugh. "Wondered if I could do anything for you, lend you extra milk or anything. I always like to see young ones about. I said as much to my husband. I'm going over to make myself known, I said. Never know when a neighbor can lend a helping hand, especially newcomers in the district. Oh, I live next door," she explained.

"Wouldn't you know! thought Eve, panic-stricken. It had been such a reckless plan. She had told him so, but he had said that the most reckless schemes were the successful ones if you just carried them off with aplomb. Aplomb! That had been his word.

"That's kind of you," she said hurriedly to the too-friendly and obviously too-inquisitive caller. "But right now we're going fine. They're my sister's children, only here for a couple of days while their mother is in hospital."

"Aplomb—that was it.

"Ah, dear, poor thing! Not serious, I hope."

Visions of desperate struggles for life glazed the woman's eyes. She revelled in other people's troubles, that was obvious. The only thing to do, Eve realised, was to have no troubles.

"Not at all serious, thank you. And thank you for calling."

Her voice was final. The large foot reluctantly withdrew from the doorstep.

"Just a neighborly thing to do, Miss Smith. I think of you here all by yourself. Bit damp and dark for a young lady, I says."

"I am not alone at present," Eve said pointedly.

"No, that's true. Well, if I can do anything for the little ones just give me a shout. My name's Mrs. Briggs. Good-night, then, Miss Smith."

"Nosey parker," Eve muttered as she shut the door. Now what? Certainly he had had the forethought to tell her to drop the word around judiciously that she was having a baby for a day or two.

But even he had not known that there were going to be two children, one a very shrewd five-year-old who could use his tongue far too much. Supposing these inquisitive neighbors hung around and got into conversation with the boy.

There was only one answer to that. He had to be kept out of sight. Down in the basement, out of sight and sound.

The baby began to cry again as she went back into the living-room. She had been fretful all the time, whimpering when Eve appeared and screaming when she was picked up. The boy had not cried. He had merely stared. Everything Eve had done had met with this disconcerting stare from the large grey eyes beneath a lowering forehead.

Eve had to confess to herself that she was a little scared of the boy. When he found his tongue and began to act he would be quite unmanageable.

And then what? Another neighborly visit from the inquisitive Mrs. Briggs?

But if only the baby would stop crying. She had changed her as well as possible for someone completely inexperienced, and tried to make her drink some milk. She had put her on the floor and given her sundry objects to play with. All these

When Harriet saw Flynn sitting in the car with Jones at the wheel she said furiously, "Why did you come? Why are you interfering?"

overtures the child had met with her high-pitched scream, while the boy had stood squarely watching and giving his disdainful stare.

Eve was on the verge of screaming herself. Never again, no matter how much money there was in it. He had said it would be child's play. Child's play, indeed!

"Look, now, stop crying, do!" she begged the scarlet-faced baby. She turned to the watching boy, "Does she always cry like this?"

"No."

"Then why is she now?"

"I expect she wants to go home, the same as I do."

"Well, you can't go home tonight. I've told you that. And you needn't hang your lip. It's your fault you're here. If you hadn't interfered you wouldn't have had to come."

"You were taking Arabella away. I had to look after her. Mummy always said I had to."

"All right, then. So you looked after her. What's your name?"

"Jamie. And it's none of your business. We don't like you. That's why Arabella cries."

Eve regarded the belligerent, freckled face with dislike and alarm. The thing was, what he would say when he knew the boy was here. But what else could she have done, just all in a minute like that?

"I'll get you some supper," she said shortly, "and then you'll both go to bed."

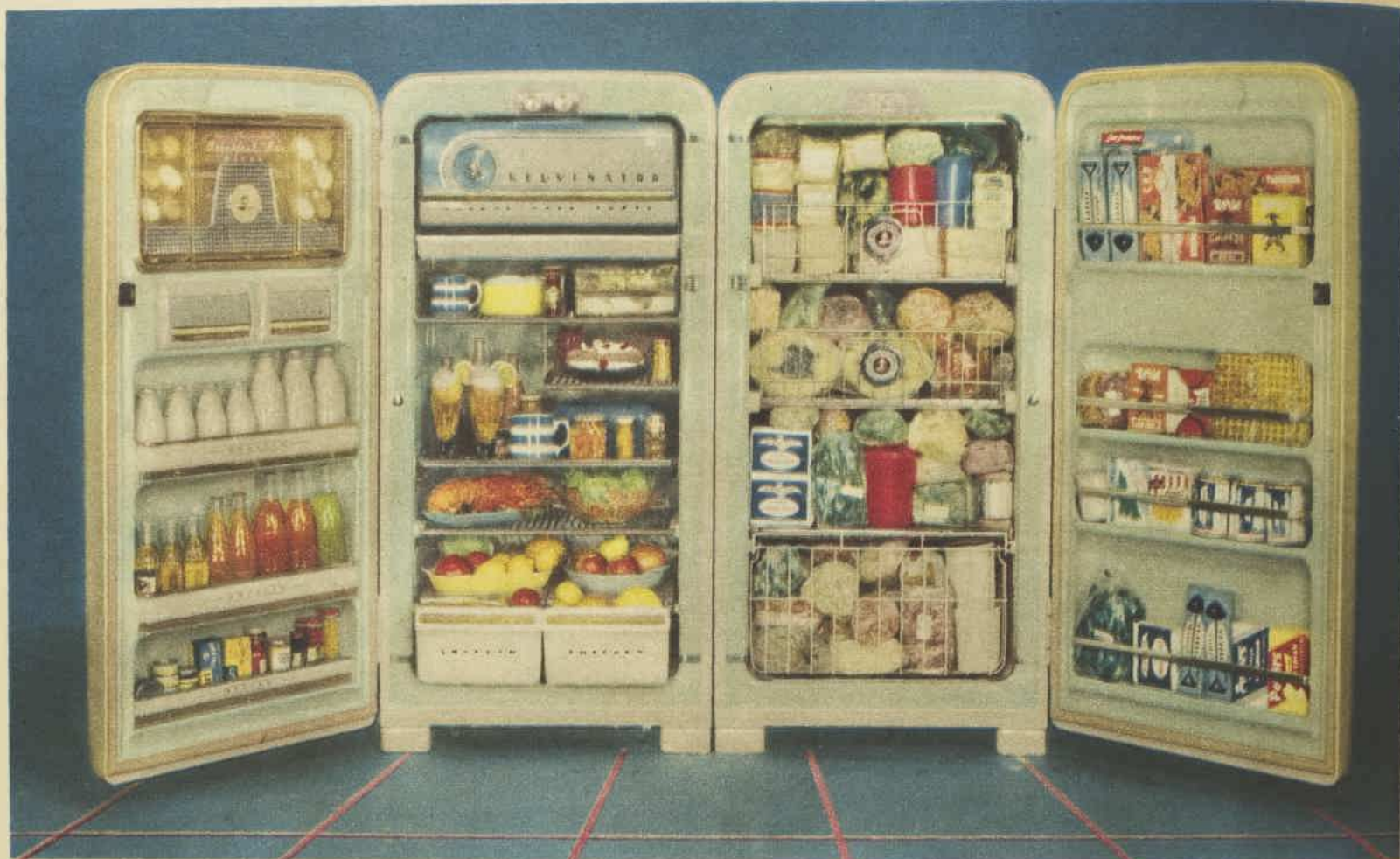
"I want to go home," said Jamie with his air of delivering an ultimatum.

"You can stop that sort of talk because I've told you you're not going home tonight."

To page 62

Kelvinator

doubles your summer enjoyment!



Model 477. "Space-Saver-11 De Luxe" with Automatic "Magic Cycle" Defrost. Price: £231.10.0.

Model VF105. Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer. Price: £207.10.0.

New matching Refrigerator-Home Freezer units hold twice as much, give twice the savings

Perfect partners — Kelvinator Refrigerator and Home Freezer. The refrigerator is, of course, the big new 10½ cu. ft. Model 477 in a choice of 4 interior colours, 5 exterior colours—all new.

Exclusive "Magic Cycle" defrosts for you . . . no water to empty. Exclusive Pantry Door with "Breakfast Bar" . . . eggs, bacon and fruit juices grouped together for breakfast-time convenience. Frozen Food Chest holds commercial and home frozen foods you want at a moment's notice . . . all at eye level, too. Twin Fruit and Vegetable Crispers, Roll and Slide-out shelves and many time, labour and money-saving benefits.

See these Kelvinator twins at your Kelvinator Retailer . . . and double your summer enjoyment.



Perfect partners — Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer and Refrigerator. The handsomely-styled Home Freezer is convenient, because 325 lbs. of fresh frozen fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, soups, etc., are always within easy reach — ready to cook and serve without further preparation. The Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer is a wonderful kitchen-partner for you. You can buy large quantities of food when the market is glutted, prices are down — and store it away to enjoy during the months that follow. You have excellent storage space in this Upright Home Freezer for large cuts of meats, game and poultry—kept frozen for future eating.

Lowest Deposit • Special Terms
5 Year Protection Plan

Choose **Kelvinator** for Better Living

A QUALITY AUSTRALIAN PRODUCT PRECISION-ENGINEERED BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED

The Slow Burn

By MARTIN AVER COHEN

A SHORT SHORT STORY

SOMETHING was burning in the kitchen, and Jim Vaca knew it was Jim Vaca. Still in pyjamas, he slouched over the table glaring at his unshaven image in the chrome of the toaster. He muttered, "If you hadn't lost my pyjama string in the laundry I could stand up and help with the dishes."

"Honey, go upstairs and get dressed for the picnic."

Primary emotions were in conflict, for, even in jeans and shirt, Poll looked pretty fetching. He was torn between giving her a kiss or a smart whack. He turned resolutely back to the yellow paper on the table and said stiffly, "Poll, I'm not dressing till we get this insurance thing settled."

"Relax or you'll blow a fuse."

"Why not? I teach five days a week and those juvenile delinquents pay no attention to me. I come home and my family pays no attention. It's twisting my personality."

They thundered through the kitchen. First came "The Beast With Ten Fingers," alias Hank, a four-year-old blonde with soft-boiled egg on his forehead, which was as close as it ever got to his mouth. He was followed by "The Monster Who Walks By Night," alias Davy, aged two and a brunette, but prematurely greyned with powdered sugar.

Jim affected a reasonable tone as he said, "Now look, Poll, I can't afford much insurance, so I want to be sure this ten thousand does you the most good."

"I'd like to have the ten thousand all at one time," she said.

"Now look, Poll," he said, half-pleading, "if you take option four, you get only eighty-eight a month; that's a thousand a year, but they keep paying it for the rest of your life. It's wonderful. Suppose you collect for fifty years. That's fifty thousand dollars instead of ten."

"Please get ready for the picnic, Jim."

"Daddy, Davy's playing a doughnut on the phonograph," Hank yelled from the living-room.

"Out on the porch, boys," Poll called. She crossed to the table, but Jim barred her way. "No, Jim, let the policy wait until this evening."

"It's not fair to Davy. That's why I've got to fill out the form. Only Hank's listed as a contingent. I never changed it for Davy."

"If anything happens to you between this morning and this evening, I'll see that Davy gets his share."

Startled, Jim dropped into a chair. He kept his eyes down. He didn't want Polly to see the shock, but he said, "You don't mean you expect that, between this morning and this evening, I'll pass—I'll go off into the great beyond?"

"You? You, healthy and strong? Are you kidding? Besides, who said you'd go up into the great beyond? You'll probably go down into the vast void."

Polly's face became solemn and her voice matched. She said, "Look, Jim, if you want to be serious, then stop talking about fifty thousand dollars. It sounds like a quiz show. It's eighty-eight a month, and how could I organise my life on that? I'd have to beg to get by. Now, if I had money enough to ride me over until—" She stopped abruptly and turned back to the sink.

He stared at her, hesitated, then went up to the bedroom. He felt terrible. Maybe she was right, but turning down fifty thousand for ten thousand in cash wasn't practical. But that wasn't what really bothered him. It was her talking about facing life without him.

The sound from the lawn made him sit



upright. Laughing! How could she? Right after discussing his life insurance. Yes, indeed, a merry widow, this one!

The men would swarm around her, a beautiful, young widow with fifty thousand dollars coming in. How could she miss? Jim winced at the idea of another man with Poll.

Jim could see the poacher, but only from the back view — tall, nicely shaped head, poised — very much like himself. After all, Poll needed a handsome man. She was a beauty, a plain man would suffer by contrast.

Of course, she was the only woman who baked a lemon meringue pie you had to sip through a straw, and her chicken always tasted rubbery. Reminded him of bubble gum. Now, if his replacement, Mr. X, were normal, he would expect a good chicken dinner once a week. Or maybe he would overlook her potted chicken — but how would he feel about her sleeping habits?

Poll slept like a rock. Especially at six a.m. Never heard the kids. He had watched them thumb her eyes and stick pretzels in her ears, but she hadn't stirred. Out of curiosity, Jim himself one morning soaked a washrag with cold water and slapped it against her neck. She merely turned over.

Clutching his pyjamas, he got up to dress, but paused. He had to allow himself one more picture of Mr. X. A picture of Mr. X going out on the porch to bring in the paper, three quarts of milk, and a half-pint of cream with no pyjama string. That was a picture! Jim chuckled. He could see Mr. X, ridiculous and mortified, raging back into the house. He'd scream at Poll and the boys. Unconsciously the smile passed from Jim's face, and

his jaw set. "No one," he muttered, "is going to treat Poll and the kids that way. Except me."

Touched with tenderness, he walked to the window to glimpse his beloved family, and what he saw chilled him. The baby, Davy, was in the position of a man about to be beheaded, and Hank was in the classic pose of the executioner. Instead of an axe, he held a bat. He was screaming, "Off with your head."

"Stop!" Jim shouted. Holding his pyjama buttons with one hand and the insurance form with the other, he ran down the stairs.

Polly was by the door watching, and called, "Boys, play something else. You're making your father nervous."

Jim dropped the form on the kitchen table so he could have a free hand to hold Polly. He said, "I made a decision about the insurance. You get the ten thousand over a period of three years. That'll be about three hundred a month. That'll give you plenty of time to get settled. I figure it will take you two years at the outside to find another man."

"You don't have much confidence in me."

"Oh, I've got confidence in you. It's just that good men are hard to find. There's even a song about it."

The boys tramped into the kitchen. Jim slipped two chairs over and said, "Why don't you both play cage? That's the way you look most natural."

He kissed Polly's neck, just under the ear, and, as usual, she jumped. He said, "I think I understand what happened to me. I got very jealous of thinking of someone replacing me. You know, I could almost see his face."

Suddenly the boys appeared in the kitchen, interrupting Jim's talk with Poll.

"Anyone we know?"

"He was a fine-looking fellow. A lot of fun and very intelligent. Quite appreciative of you, too, but he had a rotten temper."

"You."

"Of course," he said, "and when I saw that I realised what a foolish fantasy it was."

Poll pressed her face to his chest and said, "I didn't know you could think like that. I can't. I can't bear the thought of living without you. I'm sorry we started this."

"I know. I feel the same way. It's just that I'm ageing."

"You have to slow down," she said. "Take it easier. And certainly no more strenuous kissing."

"Just one more strenuous kiss," he begged. "For old times' sake."

She obliged, and, with his voice muffled against her cheek, he observed, "Something is burning again. It must be me again."

"Don't worry about it right now."

"And I want to tell you something," he went on. "You can have the full ten thousand. All at once in cash. Okay?"

"Don't worry about it. Anyway, not until you get a new form."

Then he recognised the odor. Issuing in smoke from the toaster was Form 9-336.

"I maked paper toast for you, Daddy," Davy explained. "Okay?"

"Okay," Jim said, and meant it.

(Copyright)

MIDTOWN MANNER

It was Meath's morning habit when he left his hotel in the upper Fifties to stop off at a little neighborhood place near Eighth Avenue for coffee before he went on to the office and another day of service with Marchpane Productions. He liked the little counter place because no one there knew him for anything but a regular customer who minded his own business.

They were all charmingly anonymous, and anonymity was coming more and more to seem to Meath life's principal charm. Since he was a Press agent, paid to keep anonymity at bay from film stars, this was what the psychiatrists would call a conflict; Meath, who put on no side in language, called it merely a pain in the neck, never so acute as it was today.

He was feeling rebellious, and that was risky, for he might rebel himself out of a job. He had a fluently nasty tongue when he was unwary enough to use it on the wrong people, and it was only the wrong people who invited its use: the windbags and stuffed shirts who sometimes occupied positions of power and influence, in his as in other worlds.

With anyone else Meath was likely to be gentle of tongue, as he was in most ways a gentle person. But with the mildness there was something dangerous in him.

Over his coffee he riffled the leaves of the notebook he used for memorandums. These invariably were hard to decipher, even for him, for his handwriting was like nothing at all, his abbreviations were chosen by whim, and the memos were interlined with remarks probably scurrilous or profane, but whose precise content he could not always recall.

The day, so far as he could guess, looked much like the usual stinker. He glanced at his wrist-watch and realised that in less than an hour he must put on the manner of his calling, all bonhomie and sophisticated charm. At the moment one would not have thought him capable of bonhomie, for John L. Lewis might have envied his scowl; but the charm, sophisticated or otherwise, was there for the finding.

He was well featured enough, with large brown eyes of an intelligence sometimes inconveniently obtrusive. His clothes were good, in that they were indistinguishable from those worn by thousands in kindred employments. Some latitude was allowed in choice of material and shade, but a reticent extensiveness was mandatory. This was the uniform of the successful or those obliged to appear so, and it came high, looking like everyone else in midtown New York.

Meath's forefinger moved its manicured way over a note. He puzzled out the first par: "Eleven o'clock see Nestor. The fat slob on clear day can see from Bucks County no treat at any distance hope plate fixed hisses like adder makes wish had pipe or flute but couldn't coil with that rear." The next line was tougher: "Wl mt n str ot on blp." He tried saying it out loud.

"Beg podden?" The counter girl pivoted from the coffee urn with a startled look. Meath gave her a level eye. "You said something," she said.

"Did I?" said Meath eagerly. "What did I say?"

The girl looked doubtful. "It sounded like 'wilmot nister cuff on blip.' But it could hoddly've been that."

"That's what it was, all right. It's code, but I left the key on the cycotron."

"Beg podden?"

"It's all right; I'm a secret agent. I lead three lives. Care to share one with me?"

"No, thank you, I'm suah," the girl said coldly.

"Ah, you're only saying that. Your lips tell me Nyet, but there's Da Da in your eyes."

"Beg podden?"

Meath stood up and snapped his fingers. He remembered what the note meant. He left double his usual tip, reasoning that the girl deserved it, said, "Buy yourself some

uranium," and went out into the street. He stood at the corner with his hand up in the inept gesture of a man who hoped to get a taxicab and reflected on the meaning of the note. "Will meet new star. Conference on build-up."

That much was all right, but he couldn't remember the name and sex of the star. Still, it made little difference. If female, he would have to think of a sobriquet appealing to the columnists. The Torso. The Trunk. The Chassis. Something like that. If male, some easy identification for limited minds. A new Clark Gable. Another Rock Hudson. Tags like that were handy in themselves and for interviews in which dignified protest could be combined with generous feeling towards a fellow entertainer. "I have the greatest admiration for Rod LaRocque, but I feel that my talent and personality are my own," Meath laughed out loud. A cab drove up and he climbed in.

The offices of Marchpane Productions were in a skyscraper not far from Radio City. Marchpane nested high in the building, and in his own modest office Meath found his secretary staring out the window.

"What's doing?" Meath asked.

The secretary turned. Her name was Tess and she was a well-camouflaged forty, give a year, take a year, personable without half trying, for she had long ago concluded that there was little in life worth being strenuous about. Her eyes showed animation only when she looked at Meath, a soft animation; but since he was either too obtuse or too tactful to notice this, they showed resignation as well.

"The only thing important," she said, "is that there's a pigeon trying to build a nest on top of one of those air-vent things down there."

"No!" said Meath. "Where?" He went to the window and she pointed. "See? Air vent or air shaft—I forget what they call them, but the silly girl is making a nest on that one. See, she's coming back now with more stuff for the little home. She must get those twigs from the potted plants over at Radio City; it'd be too long a trip to Central Park. But, anyway, it should be interesting, because every day they turn on some gadget down in the basement, and all the air is driven up through those shafts. The pressure is terrific, and that's going to be one surprised pigeon some time this afternoon."

Meath patted her cheek. "That's my Tess. She knows the relative importance of Marchpane Productions in the cosmic scheme." He sat at his desk and frowned at the stacked mail. "Still, when I asked if anything was doing, I did mean anything at Marchpane Productions. Anything here?" He pointed to the mail.

Hesitantly she replied, "Nestor looked in with the new star to remind you to be in his office at eleven. I told him that it was on the pad and we would be there with our hair in curls. I was using the editorial, or royal, we."

"You're prattling, dear, and keeping something from me. You saw the new star?"

"I saw her."

"Oh! Then it's a her! I'd forgotten."

"Her name," said Tess matter-of-factly, "is Abigail Finstermacher."

He covered his face with his hands and peeped through his fingers. "Precious, don't try me too high. Time's a-wasting and I must be briefed. What is her name, please?"

She shook her head. "Honest, take it or leave it, it's Abigail Finstermacher."

"You can't have a star named Abigail Finstermacher. Other considerations apart, there wouldn't be room on the marquee."

"They know that. It's her own name, but she's willing to take another."

"She's an unknown?"

"As far as the great movie-going public is concerned, she doesn't even exist."



It was something all film stars
should have . . . a romantic short story

By JOSEPH CARROLL

ILLUSTRATED
BY DUNLOP



"Tell me, is there any shape
under this garment?" Tess asked,
pulling at Abby's dress.

"I didn't say that. I don't know. I've never seen her on a stage. Flannery has, and he's bought her heavy. He wants to introduce her as a star in her very first picture. Oh, there'll be a box-office name for top billing, but it will be one of those 'Marchpane Productions proudly introduces' sort of things. But, meantime, they want the build-up to end all build-ups, and that's your department. All you have to start with is the idea that Marchpane is so confident it has a star that it practically makes her one before the camera starts grinding."

She looked at the clock again. "The hour is almost come. On your way, lad!"

Meath walked to the door, hesitated. "What's she like?"

Tess looked at him compassionately. "I only caught a glimpse. In appearance—nothing. You see, I have to adjust myself to the depraved standards by which you boys judge a girl. By those standards—a dog."

"A dog?"

"None shaggier."

He started out the door heavily and she called after him, "Meath!"

He paused without turning. "Yes?"

"I wasn't using my own standards in that description. I liked her."

He threw a baffled glance over his shoulder, said, "This is it, chaps!" and walked quickly down the corridor.

Meath did not at once see the girl when he entered Nestor's office. But with Nestor in a room it was not easy to see anyone else.

Nestor, whose conceit was as large as his body, grunted at Meath, for he saw no sense in wasting good manners on hirelings. He pointed a finger toward a far corner of the room and said, hissing the s's as noted in Meath's memorandum, "That's Miss—" He stopped petulantly. "I can never get that damned, impossible name right."

"Finstermacher," a voice said. Meath turned, blinked unbelievably, and then smiled and walked over to the girl, his hand outstretched. She stood up and took his hand. "A pleasure," he said graciously.

"Is it?" The girl's voice was beautiful, and there her claim to beauty ended. Not all of Meath's large reserves of civility could hide his embarrassment. The girl was a sight—simply a sight.

"I know," she said to his stare. "Isn't it awful?" Her face was plain and pale, her dark hair was tied up in what might have been called a pony tail, but only on a very ill-groomed pony. She was tall, with the slight droop of shoulders that tall women often have; it was not possible to judge her figure, for a dowdy frock hung on her like a canvas thrown over an unfinished piece of sculpture.

But Meath remembered Tess' parting words, "I liked her," and looked closer; if Tess liked her there must be something there to like. The white face was rueful, but there was no defeat in it and no self-pity; indeed, the pale blue eyes were clearly amused.

She's laughing at me, Meath thought. He said, "The name will have to go, of course."

She laughed. "Of course. And a lot besides, I should think. Mr. Nestor has been telling me. He isn't one to turn a girl's head."

Nestor said, "Look at her. What in the

To page 40

"But Nestor said she was a star. I figured she must be the star of something that I missed."

Tess looked at the leather-framed clock on the desk. "Time's a-wasting. I'll make it quick. You see, Abigail hasn't even been out on the Coast yet. They ran some sort of test here, but otherwise she's never faced a camera."

And from the look of her she's not ready to face one now. She was in some play downtown—about as far off Broadway as you can get without being in the Azores. The critics thought Abigail was terrific. Somebody tipped Flannery off that Abigail might be a property, Flannery was coming here from the Coast, anyway, and he caught Abigail in the play. He, too, was impressed by her hotsy-totsiness—

Meath broke in irritably: "Stop talking like a John Held Jnr. girl, and get on with it."

"Nothing to get on with. Flannery signed her up for Marchpane. He has the authority, you know. He's actually bigger brass than Nestor, though he doesn't throw his weight around."

Meath stared at her moodily. "I gather from your maidenly coyness this Finstermacher is no bargain."



what is a pleat?

A pleat is sculpturing with cloth. Studied attention to detail by craftsmen who understand the construction of fine woollens — catching the grain; the right depth of pleat; the weight it can carry; how light will effect it. For pure wool not handled by experts can answer back in time. With over 50 years behind them, Sportscraft are Australia's most experienced pleaters. Look specially at the skirt here — the masterly cut and hang; note too, the sharpness of pleat and slack creases. The skirt, XSSW-XW — about £9/19/6. The slacks, XSSW-XW — about £6/19/6. Pure wool* worsted — mid, college, charcoal greys, natural, kasha, fawn, coffee, brown, navy — at Sportscraft specialists throughout Australia.

*IN 100% VIRGIN WOOL **KOOBA CLOTH** by HUGHES.

SPORTSCRAFT

FATHER



"Look, why don't you find a good book?"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.

"No need to be so uppity. Even you make mistakes sometimes."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

EVEN though the Queen Mother's programme allows her brief spells here and there, it is a tough schedule.

Observers agree and pictures prove that her serene and cheerful nature is the secret of her stamina.

Most people who consider the tour arduous point to the long distances and many hours spent flying.

But I heard two women shoppers talking about it last week, and one of them put her finger on the most tiring part of such a trip.

"I ask you, Lil," said one, "how would YOU like to have to be nice to strangers and never growl for weeks and weeks at a time?"

AFTER his simulated space trip that American airman was described as "pale but cheerful."

Commentators said that the week he spent locked into a five feet by three compartment represented actual conditions except for one thing—he was safely on the ground.

Consequently, whatever value the experiment may have had in proving the ability to stand physical discomfort, it proved nothing about mental reactions.

The powerful fear that might overcome a man hundreds of miles high in space is the incalculable factor. And only the real thing will show what that's like.

FURTHER notes on the Teach-Yourself-French project:

After beginning like a hare, I am now plodding like a tortoise.

Whenever I come across a sentence which can be adapted to fit some conceivable circumstance I treasure it to try on a French-speaking colleague. Usually I have to spell it out.

But the sentences which embed themselves most firmly in my mind lack sparkle. For instance: "There are seven days in the week and one of them is Monday."

I must press on to Lesson 15.

AUSTRALIAN children nowadays must surely be more broadminded in their approach to foreign languages than when I went to school.

In those days, especially in small towns, foreigners were a novelty. When I was learning French, "conversation" was an extra. This meant that parents paid for their dear little daughters to giggle hopelessly while a long-suffering mademoiselle tried to give them some glimmer of pronunciation.

I think we felt that to imitate correctly a French vowel sound would be letting the side down.

Probably little girls still giggle. But with so many European children setting an example by their quick mastery of English, there must be more incentive for the home-grown pupils to attack foreign languages seriously.

WHAT household jobs do you dislike most? Two women I know, a generation apart, both loathe the putting away the groceries.

They don't mind ordering the groceries, or even lugging them home. But they hate stowing them in the cupboard.

I rather like this task. Stacking away a packet of soap flakes, a couple of tins of sardines, and a jar of gherkins makes me feel like a polar explorer settling in for the winter.

Indeed, I have always envied those women who live on remote sheep stations and order six months' supplies at a time. It would be such a triumph to compile the list and not run out of pepper in March.

And how satisfying to respond with a smug look to that eternal family cry, "Haven't we got any . . . ?"

Besides, you could draw up a lovely chart of where the things were kept. It would be a hobby in itself.

THE household job I don't like is wrapping up the laundry.

I can see some sarcastic eyebrow-raising at this point.

"If she had to wash for a large family she'd know better," say the owners of these eyebrows.

Certainly my weekly wash isn't enormous. That's why the job of wrapping up sheets and towels seems so disproportionate. You have to find the form which the laundry provides, then a pencil, brown paper, and string.

And then you have to put the parcel in a place where you'll fall over it as you fly out in the morning.

If it were not for the scantiness of both time and drying space I'd much rather do the washing.

THE Egyptian Government plans to set up an official matchmaking agency to guide bachelors and spinsters towards marriage. Young men and women will apply formally to the agency for introductions.

*Once a maid who lived in Egypt
Hoped to find herself a mate,
And, through channels governmental,
Set about to seek her fate.*

*Sent her measurements and picture,
Wrote in "Yes" to "Cook?" and "Sew?"
Contents were acknowledged, noted;
Progress, though, was sadly slow.*

*Years went by. This maiden languished
Lonely on the banks of Nile.*

*Others married. Dreams she cherished
Only served to swell a file.*

*She, for solace (Need a hankie?),
Having lost her looks and shape,
Reads her old official letters,
Tied, of course, in neat red tape.*

Every
living fly
is dangerous



Scientists have
proved that
one fly can carry
up to 5,000,000
Disease Germs



DON'T TAKE RISKS where flies are concerned.
Kill every fly as soon as it appears in your home.

Flies spread typhoid fever, infantile diarrhoea, dysentery, tuberculosis, poliomyelitis and infectious hepatitis. The only *safe* fly is a *dead* fly.

DON'T TAKE RISKS where fly sprays are concerned. No spray in the world kills flies and all other insect pests as swiftly and surely as Mortein. Don't take risks with imitations of Mortein.

Mortein is the insect spray you can trust. Four out of every five Australian families use Mortein.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MORTEIN

INSIST ON...

Mortein

YOU SAVE MONEY ON MORTEIN

and kill all flies, mosquitoes and other insect pests

Regular size MORTEIN PLUS	...	2/6	
Large Economy Size	...	4/4	You SAVE 8d.
Giant Size	...	7/11	You SAVE 2/1
128-oz. Can	...	26/-	You SAVE 14/-



MORTEIN PRESSURE-PAK

Regular Size	...	8/11
Kills flies automatically. No atomiser to pay for.		
Large Size	...	15/11
Kills flies automatically—SAVES you 1/11		

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MORTEIN... WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING... STICK TO IT!

The makers of Optrex Eye Lotion
proudly introduce

NEW

**EYE DROPS
IN FLEXIBLE
DROPPER-BOTTLE**



SCREW CAP



**FOR INSTANT
RELIEF—
ANYWHERE,
ANY TIME**

Easiest application ever—just remove the screw cap and squeeze. Drops flow out one by one. No spilling, no leakage, no contamination. Optone gives soothing, gentle relief immediately, anywhere. Get a bottle of Optone and carry your eye-protection with you. No separate dropper needed—the dropper is part of the bottle.



FITS POCKET



OR HANDBAG

OPTONE

EYE DROPS

5/9 from Chemists only

Optone is economical—over 400 drops in every bottle, enough for weeks and weeks of continuous use.



TWO women's Services have recently appointed new directors, both of whom are charming and efficient and believe that Service life has much to offer.

Tall, slim, vivacious First-Officer Joan Streeter is the first Australian Director of the Women's Royal Australian Naval Service during peacetime. She says the Navy is an excellent career for girls.

"It gives them discipline in its widest sense, which I think is very necessary for teenagers today. And it provides companionship and the chance to do a worthwhile job."

"But don't get the impression that life in the W.R.A.N.S. is all discipline," she added.

"This Service seems to be an ideal marriage market, for the average life of a Wran is only 22 months. Then she gets married, usually to a naval man."

Army tradition is strong in the family of Colonel Dawn Jackson, new Director of the W.R.A.A.C., daughter of a General and sister of two senior Army officers.

Attractive Colonel Jackson joined the Army as a V.A.D. in World War II and served in the Middle East and New Guinea.

She then had no intention of making the Army her career.

But in her brief period in civilian life she decided the Services offered a better career, and was happy to re-join the women's Army in its new form, the W.R.A.A.C.

"I think one of the main advantages of Army life for girls is that it offers them trade training, which everyone is crying out for. And in the Army a girl can be trained while she is earning," she said.

Worth Reporting



"If it's a green label, you have it."

WOOMERA Higher Primary School (mentioned here a few weeks back) isn't the only Australian school with a modern missile on its badge.

We've had a letter from Margaret Ward, of Black Rock, Victoria:

"The school I attend, Highett High School, Highett, Victoria, has an interesting composite badge, the main feature of which is a rocket:

"As our school was started in 1956, the badge also features the Globe and the Olympic rings."

The right height of fashion

THE problem of where to wear the bosom worries quite a few women, Miss Bertha White, New York fashion co-ordinator visiting Australia for a foundation-garment firm, told us.

"There is quite a simple answer," she said. "The bust should be halfway between the shoulder and the elbow, although, of course, with a full, maturer figure the bust may be a little lower."

Miss White said that most American women nowadays were wearing light foundation garments with the soft, rounded, natural look.

"The sack line—or what we call the chemise—has really taken on in America," she said. "And good foundation garments are essential."

We were fascinated by Miss White's collection of 12 chignons, which give her a versatile hairstyle "wardrobe" for every occasion.

Singing a song for Australia

IF you go to the pictures or the theatre or turn on your radio this week, you'll almost certainly hear local music, from pops to classics, because it's Australian Music Week.

"Since last year the idea has grown amazingly," Mr. Rex Shaw, of the Australian Songwriters and Composers' Association, told us.

"Several big stores offered us window and music-department displays, and two Sydney stores are presenting live lunch-hour concerts of Australian music by well-known artists."

Cinemas are mostly using music from "Robbery Under Arms" and "The Shiralee."

Australian composers whose work will be heard include A.S.C.A. vice-president Camille Gheysens and Peter Dawson, who has written about eight numbers under the name of William McCall, including the famous "Boots, Boots, Boots."

Mr. Shaw said that activities for the week are being concentrated mainly on N.S.W. and Victoria.

He will probably hear some of his own music, as he's had about 50 pieces published.

A HAPLESS husband we know has a sick wife who's been confined to bed for a few weeks, and he's come up with a solution to his washing-up problem. It was so simple he can't understand why more people don't do it. He bought six dozen paper plates and two dozen paper cups.

new
pale
romantic

PARIS PINK

**PARIS
EXTRA**



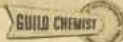
LIPSTICK 10/- REFILL 6/6



Cool, pale, romantic pink to make you the prettiest girl in a man's life! Give your lips a tantalizing curve with Paris Pink in Nite 'n' day lipstick and complete the romantic look with Lournay Beauty Touch and the delicate blush of Nite 'n' day liquid Rouge.

Lournay

**Nite 'n' day
24 HOUR LIPSTICK**



Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists, also leading Department Stores, throughout Australia.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● I've decided it's time I set a detention for all girls. Five hundred lines all round, written neatly — "Girls should not chase boys or try to tie them down." The girls who write to me seem to be getting worse and worse.

HERE'S a sample to show you what I mean.

"We are three teenage girls rooming together and we all have problems. One of us likes a boy who plays in the local band. As he does not have time to dance, she cannot get to know him. She knows him casually, but would like to better her acquaintance. The second girl has been going with a boy for a month and would like to have a photo of him and one of him and her together to keep and to send home to her parents. The boy has objected to these suggestions of hers about photographs. She is very fond of him, and his objections seem unfounded. She wants the photos mainly for her parents, who have written and asked what he is like. What can she do? The third of us has been going with a boy for about two years, but in all this while he has never spoken of his affection for her. He is not shy and seems to enjoy her company. She would like him to express his feelings towards her. How can she get him to do this?"

"The Three M's," Sydney.

Let's start with the first problem. Why not leave the situation to the boy in the band? After all, men are the hunters. If he wants to know the girl better, he'll find opportunities. If the girl wants to help him, what about a party? If the three of you entertained at your rooming-house, you could include among the guests all your favorite problems.

I feel sorry for the boy with the girl who wants a photograph for her parents. I don't think she'll see much more of him. Boys don't want to be tied down, and a request for photographs to be sent home to Mum would make most boys feel they were practically at the altar.

The third one among you apparently wants a spoken



A word from Debbie . . .

A GIRL has to be clever to be an efficient, unworried housewife. Here are some odd hints and a recipe to help you on your way.

● To make wilted veiling look like new, spread it smoothly between two sheets of waxed paper and press with a moderately hot iron.

● To take the scented odors from screw-top cosmetic jars, fill them with a solution made of 1 teaspoon of mustard to 1 cup of water. Stand several hours, then rinse well in hot water.

● To make biscuit cockle-shells is easy. Simply cream 2oz. margarine with 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 1 egg. Mix well. Work in two tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons cornflour, and 1 teaspoon baking powder sifted together. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to a greased tray, flatten slightly, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Join in pairs with raspberry jam and dust with icing sugar.

declaration of affection. The fact that he has sought her company for two years is itself a declaration. I can imagine no better one.

"I AM 17 years of age and have just got free use of the family car. I have been taking out a girl 18 years old very often. Lately I've noticed that every time I call for her to take her out she comes out done up very nicely, but her petticoat is always hanging slightly from beneath the dress. Is this the latest fashion or what does it mean? I don't like the idea of telling her about it. What should I do?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

There's no fashion that I know of that calls for the petticoat to show, nor do I know anything that irritates men more. All it means, as far as your best girl is concerned, is that she is careless in her dressing. I certainly think you should tell her.

What girls say to each other when they spy a petticoat showing is "There's snow on the border today" or "It's snowing down south," or a fascinating new one to me: "I see your father loves you better than your mother."

I'm sure she wouldn't mind you telling her. She's silly if she does.

They do say, you know, that people only criticise the people they like. If she does take on, that's a good line for you to take with her. You can tell her that if you didn't have any affection for her you wouldn't care where her petticoat was.

"I AM going on for 16 years of age, and this nice boy of 19 has asked me to go out with him. I told my father and mother, but they have refused to let me go, as they say I am too young. My mother has met the young man and approves of him. What do you think?"

D.S., Sydney.

I quite agree with your parents that you are too young to go out with this young man. Perhaps, however, as they approve of him personally, they may allow you to ask him home to tea some time.

I believe that 16 is quite young enough to begin going out, and even at that age I think group outings, not outings alone with a boy, are preferable.

DISC DIGEST

THREE heads are better than one! So must have reasoned De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson whenever they sat down to their desks and turned out yet another smash-hit song back in the twenties and early 'thirties.

If you saw the film "The Best Things in Life Are Free," you heard some of the trio's best compositions, which have now been collected on to a 10-inch LP (HBA.1069) under the above title. I'm glad to say that Lionel Newman and His Orchestra withstand the temptation to over-do the roaring 'twenties idiom—and the vintage tang, although evident, is never freakish.

Among the twelve tunes are "Birth of the Blues," "Button Up Your Overcoat," "Sunny Side Up," "The Varsity Drag," and "Black Bottom."

SOMETHING right out of the box, literally, is the deluxe 12-inch LP called "High Fidelity Popular Favorites" (SAL.9029). It is packaged in a presentation box with an informative brochure written by Charles Fowler, editor of the American magazine "High Fidelity." If you're a hi-fi addict you'll want this one because it's a convenient way of demonstrating to yourself and your friends the full range and capabilities of your play-back system.

This is one of those special records which has to go on trial before a severe "jury" of sound engineers before it is okayed for release.

On this star-studded platter you'll hear Yma Sumac, Stan Kenton, Les Paul and Mary Ford, Pee Wee Hunt, Joe "Fingers" Carr's Ragtime Band, Nat "King" Cole, and the orchestras of Billy May, Axel Stordahl, and Ray Anthony, and lots more. Among the 16 tunes on this stunningly recorded platter are "Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails," "Vaya con Dios," "Orchids in the Moonlight," "Love Is Here to Stay," and "The Piccolino."

—BERNARD FLETCHER

Now! The first shampoo that conditions your hair while it cleans . . .

clean & sweet

—the pearly liquid cream shampoo by POND'S



Feel your hair with its silky new texture—as it falls beautifully into place after a Clean & Sweet shampoo.

The conditioner in Clean & Sweet makes a dazzling difference—it's miracle P.V.P.—developed in America.

P.V.P. is precious! It's the conditioner in Pond's Clean & Sweet that makes this pearly liquid cream shampoo do more for your hair than any other shampoo.

● P.V.P. lingers after rinsing—counteracts the harsh effects of Australian weather. Clean & Sweet gives you healthy hair—brings out full natural colour. And fast-foaming Clean & Sweet does all this with one lather!

Fabulous Clean & Sweet comes in a graceful bottle—5/6 and 9/6. Also plastic bubble—1/3.

Available at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

C785

Now you can
in an afternoon

Knit a Glamorous jumper

and wear it

the very

same night !

Offered for
the First Time
in
Australia



NEW

MARK
II

Penguin

World's Latest **TWIN BED
AUTOMATIC
HOME KNITTER**



59 Guineas

SMALL DEPOSIT
EASY TERMS.
Price includes Row
Counter, Knitting Book
and all accessories.
There are no extras to
buy. Price is slightly
higher in Tasmania.

ONE simple operation - ONE easy to handle machine
Knits any garment, any pattern you require, both plain and purl
... **KNITS BANDS AND RIBBINGS WITHOUT ATTACHMENTS**

Look what the new Mark II Penguin does in
one simple operation without attachments:—

- *Knits all stitches — plain, jersey, bands, garter stitch, moss stitch, draughtboard, cardigan stitch, etc. Changes from plain to purl and purl to plain without latch tools.
- *Knits bands and ribbings automatically and automatically transfers to any type of stitch. Casts on automatically..... Automatically knits socks, neck openings, heels, pockets, button holes.

Penguin requires less wool and knits more evenly because it uses comb and weights the same as all machines in knitting factories. Garments knitted on the Penguin will not lose their shape after washing.

Penguin is NOT mass produced. Each machine is hand-made and knitted on before it leaves the factory.

Men too!

Many men make a hobby of knitting. With a quick, easy-to-operate machine like the Penguin it becomes a profitable and fascinating pastime.



MAIL COUPON FOR
FREE BROCHURE

To NOBEL PRICE LTD., 28-30 Tavistock St., Adelaide, S.A.

Please send me free copy of Penguin Illustrated Brochure, details of personal knitting instruction and the name of my nearest Penguin Dealer.

Name

Address

AVAILABLE FROM

SYDNEY: David Jones', Nock & Kirby, Grace Bros. McDowells, Marcus Clark. MELBOURNE—Myers Foy and Gibson, Ball and Welch, Paynes. BRISBANE—Finney Isles, McWhirters, Barry & Roberts. ADELAIDE—Myers, Birks, John Martin, David Murray and Peopelstares. PERTH—Bairds. Also Suburban and Country Stores

Hand-made and Guaranteed by **NOBEL PRICE LTD.**

ADELAIDE: 28-30 Tavistock St. MELBOURNE: Hoddle House, 330 Little Collins St. SYDNEY AGENT: Keith Pix & Co. Pty. Ltd., 375-377 Kent St. BRISBANE AGENT: Keith Pix & Co. Pty. Ltd., c/o 125 Margaret St. TASMANIAN AGENT: E. J. Castley Imports Pty. Ltd., 17 Kingsway, Launceston. N.Z. AGENT: Knitwear Machinery and Supplies Ltd., 98 Jervois Rd., Auckland. PERTH AGENT: E. J. Hedges, 22 Sandgate St., South Perth.

New Season Knitteds

● Here is high fashion in knitwear. It's the classic sack in two lengths—one for a dress and the other, a sweater—and it's easy to make. Directions for other smart handknits on following pages.

Instructions given are for size A; any variations for size B are given in parentheses.
Materials: Dress: 20 (B-21) oz. Villawool "Horizon" crochet (equiv. 3-ply); 1 pr. each Nos. 11, 12, and 13 needles; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: Bust: 35 (B-37) in.; dress length: 47 (B-47) in.; sweater length: 23½ (B-23½) in.; sleeve seam: 13 (B-13½) in.
Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in. (No. 12 needles).

SACK DRESS

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 140 (B-148) sts.

Work even in st-st. for 3 in. Change to No. 12 needles and cont. even in st-st. till work measures 40 in. (or length required to underarm—allow 1½ in. for hem).

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row till 108 (B-116) sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. till armholes measure 6½ in., measured on straight.

** Next Row (right side facing): K 40 (B-43), turn, leaving rem. sts. on stitch-holder, work on these 40 (B-43) sts. only.

Cont. in st-st., casting off 3 sts. at neck edge on next row and following alt. rows till 28 (B-31) sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. till armholes measure 8 in., measured on straight, ending with a p row.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 (B-10) sts. on next row and following alt. row, then cast off 10 (B-11) sts. on next alt. row.

Return to sts. on stitch-holder, join wool at inside edge, cast off centre 28 (B-30) sts., work to end of row.

Now work this side to corres-

pond with first side, reversing shapings. **

Pocket Lining: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 42 sts.

Work even in st-st. for 3½ in., ending with a p row.

Leave aside on stitch-holder.

FRONT

Work as given for back till front measures 29 in. (Note: If length is altered this measurement must be altered to correspond.)

To Place Pocket—Next Row (right side facing): K to last 58 sts., place next 42 sts. on stitch-holder for pocket top, join in and k across 42 pocket lining sts., then k to end of row.

Now cont. to work as given for back till armholes measure 4½ in., measured on straight.

Shape neck as given in back, rep. from ** to **.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 72 (B-76) sts.

Work even in st-st. for 3 in. Change to No. 12 needles

and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every following 8th row till 102 (B-104) sts. are on needle.

Cont. even till work measures 14½ (B-15) in.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row till 44 sts. rem.

Now dec. 1 st. each end of every row till 18 sts. rem.

Cast off.

POCKET TOP

Slip pocket top sts. on to No. 13 needle and work over these 42 sts. in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in.

Cast off in rib.

COLLAR

Back: Using No. 13 needles (right side facing), pick up and k 110 sts. evenly around back neck edge.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib for further 3 in.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in rib for further 2 in.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib for further 3 in.

Change to No. 13 needles and finally work a further 1½ in.

Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work as given for back collar, picking up 156 sts. around front neck edge.

SACK SWEATER

BACK

Work as given for back of dress till work measures 17 in., then work armhole shaping and complete as given for back.

FRONT

Work as given for front of dress till work measures 5 in., then place pocket. Complete as given for front, having measurements to correspond with back of sweater.

SLEEVES

Work as given for dress.

COLLAR

Work as given for dress.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes.

Join side seams of collar. Turn up 1½ in. hem around lower edge of garment and around sleeve edges. Sl-st. into place on reverse side. Sew pocket lining in place. Fold pocket top in half and sl-st. cast-off edge to reverse side and sew ends of pocket top in place. Fold collar in half and sl-st. free edge to where sts. were picked up. Fold collar out and iron lightly in place. Press hems flat and seams open.



SACK SWEATER (above) is a garment that anyone can knit with ease and wear with chic and comfort. Note the bracelet-length sleeves, wide collar.

VARY the starkness of the sack-knit (right) by cinching the waist with a wide, buckled belt like the one shown.



KNITTED VERSION of the classic sack line that is high fashion at the moment. This is quite a simple dress to knit. Above it is worn unbelted, and at left, below, is shown with a belt.

FOUR TOP-LINE STYLES

New
Season
Knitted

● These four eye-catching designs all rate a top place in this season's fashions for their variety and chic. The vertical stripes of the blazer and nautical stripes of the sweater are both fashion news. In addition, there is a glamor design for evening and a classic sweater for all occasions.

Striped blazer

● The handsome knitted blazer shown below is made in a new boucle wool that knits up to look like a woven fabric.

Materials: Twelve balls shade No. 5704 (wild rice), 9 balls shade No. 5705 (dark tan), 5 balls shade No. 5710 (light tan), 3 balls shade No. 5706 (spring green) Hughes Boucle; 1 pair No. 10 needles; 3 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 24in.; bust 34in.; length of sleeve seam 16in.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in., 14 rows to 2in.

Abbreviations: L.T., light tan; W.R., wild rice; G., green; D.T., dark tan.

PATTERN OF STRIPES

(Worked in st-st.)
Eight rows D.T., 6 rows W.R., 4 rows L.T., 2 rows W.R., 2 rows G., 2 rows W.R., 4 rows L.T., 6 rows W.R.
Rep. patt. of stripes inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and W.R., cast on 40 sts.

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: P and cast on 20 sts. (side edge). Using L.T., rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. (100 sts.)

Next Row: Using W.R., k and cast on 2 sts. (armhole edge). P 1 row.

Next Row: Using G. wool, k and cast on 2 sts. P 1 row.

Next Row: Using D.T., k and cast on 2 sts. P 1 row. Rep. last 2 rows. (108 sts.)

Next Row: Using G., k and cast on 42 sts. (150 sts.) P 1 row.

To Shape Left Shoulder.
Next Row: Using L.T., k and cast on 1 st.
Work 4 rows L.T., 6 rows W.R., then cont. from patt. of stripes, at the same time cast on 1 st. on shoulder edge at the end of every 6th row until 155 sts., then every 4th row until 157 sts.

Work 7 rows, which is the end of the shoulder-line. Cont. until the end of patt. of stripes, work 8 rows D.T., 4 rows W.R., the 4 rows of W.R. being the centre back. Cont. across to right shoulder, beg. with 8 rows D.T. and patt. of stripes. Shape as for left side in reverse by reading cast off and p row instead of cast on and k.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for back until the end of shoulder-line, ending at lower edge.

To Shape Neck: Cont. in same patt. of stripes as back, and casting off at beg. of every p row, 4 sts. once, 2 sts. 4 times (145 sts. rem.), ending at lower edge. Cast off 8 sts at beg. of next row. (137 sts.) Keeping lower edge straight, cont. to cast off on neck edge at beg. of every p row, 2 sts. 4 times, k 1 row W.R.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p 49 (cast off 4 sts., p 22) 3 times.

Next Row: (K 22, cast on 4 sts.) 3 times, k 49.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.
Using D.T., cont. to cast off at beg. of every p row, 2 sts. 4 times (117 sts.)

FRONT FACING

Using D.T., cast on at the end of every k row, 2 sts. 4 times. Using W.R., k 1 row, make 3 buttonholes as before on the next 2 rows, at the same time cont. casting on 2 sts. at end of every k row and working in W.R. only until 12 rows altogether and 137 sts., ending on a P row. Cont. using W.R. only and proceed as follows for rem. of facing:

Next Row: Cast off 8 sts., k to end and cast on 2 sts.

Next Row: P.
Rep. last 2 rows until 139 sts. Work 3 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using W.R., cast on 139 sts. Work 3 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

Next Row: K.
Rep. last 2 rows until 129 sts. rem., ending on a p row, and casting on 8 sts. at end of it. (137 sts.) Cont. as before, casting off 2 sts. at beg. of every p row until 125 sts. and 24 rows worked in W.R., then 8 rows D.T. and 117 sts. rem.

Next Row: Using D.T., k to end, cast on 2 sts.

Next Row: P.
Rep. last 2 rows until 8 rows D.T., 4 rows W.R., 8 rows D.T., and cast on 8 sts. at end of last p row. (145 sts.) Cont. casting on 2 sts. at end of every k row and keeping patt. of stripes in order as on right front until 153 sts., p 1 row, k 1 row and cast on 4 sts. at end of it. (157 sts.)

Cont. as for right side of back.

SLEEVES

Work the patt. of stripes in sleeves as follows: 2 rows W.R., 4 rows L.T., 6 rows W.R., 1 complete patt. of stripes, 8 rows D.T., 4 rows W.R., 1 complete patt. of stripes, 8 rows D.T., 6 rows W.R., 4 rows L.T., 2 rows W.R.

Cast on 14 sts.
1st Row: K and cast on 10 sts. (underarm edge).

2nd Row: Purl.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Next Row: K and cast on 10 sts.

Next Row: P and cast on 2 sts. (armhole edge).

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

Next Row: K and cast on 28 sts.

Next Row: P and cast on 2 sts. (122 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.
Next Row: P and cast on 1 st.
Rep. last 2 rows until 148 sts. Work 32 rows straight.

Next Row: Cast off 1 st., k to end.

Next Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows until 144 sts.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows until 122 sts.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast off 28 sts., p to end.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast off 10 sts., p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until 44 sts. rem.

Next Row: Knit.
Next Row: Cast off 10 sts., p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using W.R., cast on 96 sts.
1st Row: K 64, turn, p back 32, turn.

2nd Row: K 36, turn, p back 40, turn.

3rd Row: K 44, turn, p back 48, turn.

4th Row: K 52, turn, p back 56, turn.

5th Row: K 60, turn, p back 64, turn.

6th Row: K 68, turn, p back 72, turn.

7th Row: K 76, turn, p back 80, turn.

8th Row: K 84, turn, p back 88, turn.

9th Row: K 92, turn, p back 96.

Change to D.T. and work 16 rows straight. Change to W.R. and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 92, turn, p back 88, turn.

2nd Row: K 84, turn, p back 80, turn.

3rd Row: K 76, turn, p back 72, turn.

4th Row: K 68, turn, p back 64, turn.

5th Row: K 60, turn, p back 56, turn.

6th Row: K 52, turn, p back 48, turn.

7th Row: K 44, turn, p back 40, turn.

8th Row: K 36, turn, p back 32, turn.

9th Row: K 64.

10th Row: P 96. Cast off loosely.

POCKETS

Work in stripes as follows: 1 row W.R., 2 rows G., 4 rows D.T., 2 rows G., 2 rows W.R., 4 rows L.T., 6 rows W.R., 8 rows D.T., 6 rows W.R., 4 rows L.T., 2 rows W.R., 2 rows G., 4 rows D.T., 2 rows G., 2 rows W.R.

Cast on 46 sts. Work in striped patt. as follows:

1st Row: K and cast on 2 sts. (pocket top end).

2nd Row: Purl.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. (54 sts.) When 3rd G. stripe has been worked, cont. in stripes as follows:

Next Row (pocket top end): Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

Next Row: Knit.
Rep. last 2 rows 3 times. (46 sts.) Cast off purlwise.

TO MAKE UP

Using a damp cloth press each piece of garment. Sew up shoulder seams. Fold front facings to inside and stitch down. Neatly sew round buttonholes. Attach collar to inside first, then to the outside edge. Oversee the ends of collar and facings. Sew up side seams. Press all seams and facings. Fold up a hem 8 sts. wide and sl-st. down. Sew up sleeves and set in sleeves. On sleeve ends fold a hem at required length and sew down. Turn the shaped top of pockets to inside and sew down. Attach pockets exactly in line with the stripes of right and left front. Sew on buttons.



Party-going blouse

● Simple and sleeveless, the blouse shown above combines crochet and knitting in a style that is ideal for after-five.

Materials: 7 balls Patons Lucelle fine ply (this is the only wool which should be used); crochet hook, No. 13; 1 pr. knitting needles, No. 14; 5 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 19in.

Tension: Two tufts to lin. in width.

BACK

Using crochet hook, make about 150 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 4th ch. from hook, * 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., turn. (36 spaces.)

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in first space, * 3 ch., a tuft in next space. (To make tuft: 5 tr. into space, take out the hook, insert it in the first tr., then take up again the st. you have just let go and draw through the first tr. st.), 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next space, 3 ch., a tuft in next space, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next space, rep. from *, ending with 3 ch., a tuft in last space, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in turning ch. of previous row, 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in tr. of tuft, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last tr. of tuft, * 3 ch., in first tr. of tuft, 3 ch., in last tr. of tuft, rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in turning ch. of previous row, 3 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 tuft in space, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in space, 3 ch., 1 tuft in space, rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in turning ch. of previous row, 3 ch., turn.

5th Row: Like 3rd row, inc. at end as follows: 1 d.c. in same space.

6th Row: 1 tuft in space, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in space, 3 ch., 1 tuft in space, rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in turning ch. of previous row, 3 ch., turn.

7th Row: Like 5th row, Repeat 7th and 8th twice.

8th Row: Like 6th row, Repeat 7th and 8th twice.

9th Row: Like 5th row, Then inc. as before.

Banded casual

● Wide, bold stripes give this sports sweater a nautical look. The loose pull-over has an unusual sleeve and collar.

Materials: 9 (B-11; C-13) balls Patons Double Quick knitting wool (navy); 9 (B-11; C-13) balls white; 1 pr. No. 8 knitting needles.

Measurements: 34 (B-36; C-38) in. bust; length from top of shoulder 24 (B-24½; C-25) in.; length of sleeve seam 14 (B-14; C-14) in.

Tension: 5½ stitches and 7½ rows to lin. The striped pattern is worked in stocking-stitch, 8 rows navy-blue and 8 rows of white.

BACK

Using navy-blue wool, cast on 96 (B-102; C-108) sts. and work 8 rows in st-st., then cont. in striped patt. until 16 stripes have been completed.

Shape Armhole: Cast off 5 (B-6; C-7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 76 (B-84; C-92) sts. rem.

Work straight until armhole

measures 5 (B-5½; C-6) in.

Shape Neck: K 30 (B-34; C-38), cast off 16, k 30 (B-34; C-38). Dec. once at neck edge in every row until 27 (B-30; C-33) sts. rem. Work straight until armhole measures 7½ (B-8; C-8½) in., ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 (B-10; C-11) sts. of beg. of next 3 rows that start from armhole edge. Fasten off. Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work exactly as given for back.

SLEEVES

Using navy-blue wool, cast on 78 (B-82; C-86) sts. and work in the striped patt. until 14 stripes have been completed from commencement.

Shape Top: Cast off 5 (B-5; C-5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of

needle in every alt. row until 54 (B-54; C-54) sts. rem. Work 1 row without shaping. Cast off

BACK COLLAR
Work as given for front collar until 5th navy stripe is worked. Finish as given for front collar

FRONT COLLAR

(All sizes)

Using white wool, cast on 9 sts.

1st Row: K, cast on 7 sts.
2nd Row: P to end of row.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice (30 sts.).

Now cont. in stripes 8 rows navy, 8 rows white until 4th navy stripe has been worked.

Using white wool, k 1 row. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next and following alt. rows twice. K 1 row. Cast off rem. 9 sts.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Using a fine back-stitch seam, sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Turn back 8 rows round lower edges of bodice and sleeves and slip-stitch in position on wrong side. Join collar seams with back-stitch seam. Using a back-stitch seam, sew to neck of jumper. Fold in half and slip-stitch on wrong side. Finally press all seams.

Flattery in pink

● Interest is in the pretty collar and dainty pattern round the neck opening of the easy-fitting design shown below.

Materials: 11 (B-11; C-12) balls Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply "Patonised"; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 1 small button.

Measurements: 36 (B-38; C-40) in. bust; length from top of shoulder 21 (B-21; C-21½) in.; length of sleeve seam 17 (B-17; C-18) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows to lin.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 128 (B-136; C-144) sts. and work 3 in. in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 15 sts. evenly spaced across last row, 143 (B-151; C-159) sts.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. Work 63 rows straight.

Inc. once at each end of needle in next and every following 4th row until there are 151 (B-159; C-167) sts. on needle.

Work 4 rows straight.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 9 (B-10; C-11) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until 109 (B-117; C-125) sts. rem.

Proceed as follows:—
1st Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 50, (B-54; C-58), w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 49 (B-53; C-57), p 2 tog., k 2.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 47 (B-51; C-55), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 47 (B-51; C-55), p 2 tog., k 2.

5th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 45 (B-49; C-53), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 45 (B-49; C-53), p 2 tog., k 2.

7th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 43 (B-47; C-51), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 3, turn. Leave rem. sts. on a stitch-holder.

8th and Alt. Rows: K 3, p to end of row.

9th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 41 (B-45; C-49), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 4.

11th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 39 (B-43; C-47), sl. 1, k 1,

p.s.o., w.fwd., k 5.

13th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 37 (B-41; C-45), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 6.

15th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 35 (B-39; C-43), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 7.

17th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 33 (B-37; C-41), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 8.

19th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 31 (B-35; C-39), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 9.

21st Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 29 (B-33; C-37), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 7.

23rd Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 27 (B-31; C-35), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6.

25th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 25 (B-29; C-33), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 5.

27th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 23 (B-27; C-31), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4.

29th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 21 (B-25; C-29), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3.

31st Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 20 (B-24; C-28), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 7, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 5.

33rd Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 19 (B-23; C-27), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 6.

35th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 18 (B-22; C-26), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 7.

37th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 17 (B-21; C-25), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 4, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 8.

39th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 16 (B-20; C-24), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 9.

41st Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 15 (B-19; C-23), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 7.

43rd Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 14 (B-18; C-22), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 6, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6.

45th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 13 (B-17; C-21), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd.,

k 2 tog., k 5.

47th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 12 (B-16; C-20), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 8, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4.

49th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 11 (B-15; C-19), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3.

51st Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 10 (B-14; C-18), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 7, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 5.

53rd Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 9 (B-13; C-17), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 6.

55th Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 8 (B-12; C-16), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., w.fwd., k 7.

SHAPE NECK
Keeping continuity of patt. cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every alt. row, at same time dec. one stitch at armhole edge as before until all stitches are used up. Fasten off.

Join in wool at centre front, inc. once in st-st., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 43 (B-47; C-51), p 2 tog., k 2.

Work to correspond with other side, commencing with 8th patt. row, reversing patt. and all shapings.

BACK
Work as given for front until armhole is reached.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 9 (B-10; C-11) sts. at beg. of

next 2 rows. Next row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2. Rep. these 2 rows until 33 (B-33; C-35) sts. rem.

Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 60 (B-62; C-64) sts. and work 3 in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in 3rd and every following 4th row until there are 121 (B-130; C-132) sts. on needle.

SHAPE TOP: Cast off (B-6; C-5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Next row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using a fine back-stitch seam sew sleeves to front and back of jumper. With right side of work facing and using No. 1 needles k up 100 (B-106; C-112) sts. evenly round neck edge and work 3 in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and a fine back-stitch seam for other seams, sew up the side and sleeve seams. Make a buttonhole loop at neck edge, of right-hand side. Sew on button to correspond with loop. Finally press all seams.



and every alt. row twice more.

Work 4 rows straight.

Next Row: Like 5th row.

Inc. as before in next and every alt. row twice.

Work 5 rows straight, making 18 ch. for sleeve on end of last row, turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook, 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 tuft in next ch., 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 3 ch., 1 tuft in next space, work in patt. to end of row, make 18 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook, (3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch.) twice, 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in first tr. of tuft, 3 ch., 1 tr. in last tr. of tuft, work in patt. to end of row.

Cont. in patt. without shaping until 29 tuft rows have been worked from commencement, then divide work in half for back opening and finish each half separately.

Work straight until 37 tuft rows have been completed from commencement.

Work 1 row.

Shape Shoulder: 1st Row: Work to last 4 tufts, turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice. Fasten off.

Join in wool at centre front and work to correspond with other side.

BASQUES

(Both alike.)

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 128 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew basques to lower edge of back and front. Using a flat seam, sew up the side and shoulder seams. Using crochet hook, work 3 rows of d.c. round back opening, making 5 buttonhole loops on right side in last row. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonhole loops. Finally press all seams.

HEAVY WOOL COAT FOR WINTER ELEGANCE

● This superb knitted coat from the boutique of the famous House of Dior is probably the season's bulkiest "bulkyknit."

WONDERFULLY warm and an elegant garment for any winter wardrobe, this coat can be worn at almost any hour of the day or night and will always look right.

Note: The instructions are for a coat 48in. long and 38in. from armhole to hem. To make sure the length is right for your height, measure the length between the hem and armhole on your best fabric coat and adjust the instructions according to this measurement.

Materials: 47 (49-51) balls Hughes Bulkyknit, shade No. 2451 (smoke); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 6.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 48 (48½-49½) in.; bust, 34 (36-38) in.; length of sleeve seam, 18 (18-18) in. **Tension:** 4½ sts. to lin., 8 rows to lin.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 113 (117-121) sts. Work as follows:—

1st Row (Wrong Side): * K 1, w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row (Right Side): P 1, * k tog. the w.fwd. and sl-st. of previous row, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of every 30th row until dec. to 97 (101-105) sts.

When work measures 38in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 3 (3-3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 (2-3) rows. When armholes measure 9 (9½-9½) in. shape shoulders by casting off 11 (12-12) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 11 (11-12) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 71 (73-77) sts. Work in patt. dec. 1 st. at side-seam edge every 30th row until dec. to 63 (65-69) sts. When work measures 38in. or required length, cast off 3 (3-3) sts. at armhole edge of next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 2 (2-3) rows. Inc. 1 st. at centre-front edge every 2nd row until inc. to 82 (84-87) sts. When armhole measures 9 (9½-9½) in. shape shoulder by casting off 11 (12-12) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Work 1 row. Cast off 11 (11-12) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Work rem. 49 (49-51) sts. in patt. for 2½ (2½-2½) in. Cast off loosely.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 42 (44-46) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½ in. Change to No. 6 needles, k 1 row on right side, inc. 31 (31-31) sts.

evenly across row. 73 (75-77) sts. Work in patt. until sleeve seam measures 18in. or required length. Cast off loosely 4 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off rem. sts. loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Fold back 10 sts. along centre-front from lower edge to armhole and stitch into place, then fold collar in half and stitch back on to wrong side and join across back of neck. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

How to wash this coat

To wash this coat, first mark out its shape on an old sheet. Wash the coat in lukewarm water in which best-quality soapflakes or wool shampoo have been quite dissolved. Squeeze coat gently until clean, being sure not to rub or wring. Rinse until all soap is removed, squeeze as dry as possible in a large towel. To dry, place the marked sheet on the ground over several towels, place the coat on it, and pat into shape. When dry, press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Fold away; do not hang.



HEAVY WOOL and thick needles make fairly quick work of the Dior coat shown above. The wide shawl collar, big sleeves gathered into cuffs, and flowing lines make it a perfect winter design. Directions are given to fit sizes 34, 36, and 38in. busts.

I knitted my sweater in only 45 minutes with

SUPER Knitmaster

AUST. PAT. No. 158,524

AUTOMATIC HOME KNITTING MACHINE!

You, too, can knit all those lovely garments you've never had the time to do before... because knitting is 50 TIMES FASTER with Knitmaster! The new Super Knitmaster beautifully knits 1oz. wool in 2-3 minutes or over

30 rows and 5000 stitches per minute — and it's so simple a child can use it! Knitmaster quickly pays for itself by the money it saves and makes! Price, from only 28gns. and available on easiest terms at most stockists!

KNITMASTER—THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF HOME KNITTING MACHINES



FREE!

**WORTH 3/-
FAMILY KNITTING BOOK!**

18 exciting new Patterns for hand or machine knitting, showing how to save over 689 hours of knitting time!

ALSO ★ Informative and interesting COLOUR BROCHURE on the new SUPER KNITMASTER and the sensational RIBMASTER.

KNITMASTER Knitting Centre, 275 Clarence St., Sydney.

KNITMASTER Knitting Centre, Public Benefit Bldg., 323 Bourke St., Melbourne.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

AWW1

AUTOMATIC RIBBING AT SPEED!

Exclusive! Only on a Knitmaster can you fit the wonderful RIBMASTER Automatic Ribbing attachment. This optional fitting makes your Knitmaster better than a double-bed machine but at much less cost! It's the most sensational knitting machine invention of modern times. Ensures Automatic Ribbing at high speed without combs, clamps, weights or hand tools!

NEW SUPER KNITMASTER IS 3 MACHINES IN 1...

1. HIGH-SPEED PRODUCTION MACHINE!
2. LACE AND INTRICATE PATTERN MACHINE!
3. SOCK MACHINE AND 3-D KNITTER!

The only machine with steel-reinforced UNBREAKABLE needlebed!



See it, try it,
buy it at—

All Dalgety &
Company Limited
Branches—

SYDNEY:

DAVID JONES
GRACE BROS.
WALTONS-SEARS
McDOWELL'S

BRISBANE:

McDONNELL & EAST
WALTONS-SEARS

ADELAIDE:

CHARLES BIRKS

and at leading stores
throughout Australia

● SALES & SERVICE

KNITMASTER
KNITTING CENTRES
Melbourne & Sydney



Jacket with the long, lean look

● The new, young jacket shape is seen at its carefree best in this lengthened cardigan of blue angora with interesting collar treatment and flattering V-neck.

New Season Knitted



THERE'S A CASUAL ELEGANCE in this knitted jacket that will make it all the rage with young knitters whose slender figures will set it off well. Directions are below.

Materials: 6 (B-7; C-8) oz. Patons 4-ply "Beehive" fingering wool; 10 (B-11; C-12) balls Patons "Fuzzy Wuzzy" angora wool; 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Bust, 34 (B-36; C-38) in.; length from top of shoulder, 21½ (B-22½; C-23½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 18 in. (all sizes). Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

BACK

** Commencing at the right seam edge and using 4-ply wool, cast on 92 (B-100; C-108) sts.

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: Join in angora, knit.

4th Row: Using angora, knit. Rep. last four rows three times.

Keeping continuity of patt., inc. once at end of next and every alt. row until there are 101 (B-109; C-117) sts. on the needle.

Work one row straight. Cast on 44 (B-50; C-54) sts. at end of next row.

Inc. once at shoulder edge in every following 8th row until there are 151 (B-165; C-177) sts. on needle. **

Work straight until back measures 8½ (B-9; C-9½) in., measured from where 44 (B-50; C-54) sts. were cast on for armhole.

*** Dec. once at shoulder edge in next and every following 8th row until 145 (B-159; C-171) sts. rem.

Work 9 rows straight, ending at shoulder edge.

Cast off 44 (B-50; C-54) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at this edge in every alt. row until 92 (B-100; C-108) sts. rem.

Work 15 rows straight. Cast off. ***

RIGHT FRONT

Work as given from ** to ** for back.

Work straight until shoulder measures 4 (B-4½; C-4½) in., ending at shoulder edge.

Cast off 5 (B-6; C-7) sts., at beg. of next and every alt. row until 91 (B-93; C-93) sts. rem.

Work one row straight. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using 4-ply wool, cast on 91 (B-93; C-93) sts.

Work one row straight. Cast on 5 (B-6; C-7) sts. at the beg. of next and every alt. row until there are 151 (B-165; C-177) sts. on needle. (B and C only: Work 3 rows straight.)

Work as given from *** to *** for back.

SLEEVES

Using 4-ply wool, cast on 8 sts.

Work one row straight. Cont. in patt., casting on 8 sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row, at the same time inc. once at end of next and alt. row, then cast on 2 sts. at this edge in every alt. row until there are 154 sts. on needle.

Now shape top by inc. once at beg. of needle in next and every alt. row until there are 164 sts. on needle.

Work 22 (B-28; C-34) rows straight, ending at top edge.

Dec. once at beg. of needle in next and every alt. row until 154 sts. rem., then cast off 2 sts. at this edge in every alt. row, at the same time cast off 8 sts. at the other edge in every alt. row until 27 sts. rem.

Cont. to cast off 8 sts. as before in every alt. row and at opposite end of needle cast off one st. in every alt. row until all sts. are used up. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Using angora wool, cast on 10 sts. and work 12½ in. in g-st.

Inc. once at beg. of needle in next and every following 4th row until there are 37 (B-39; C-41) sts. on needle.

Cont. straight until band will fit from lower edge to shoulder edge, shaped edges meeting, finishing with point of needle to shaped edge. Leave these sts. for the time being.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Work to correspond with left front band, reversing shaping, and making 7 buttonholes, the first ½ in. from commencement and 6 more 2 in. apart.

TO MAKE A BUTTONHOLE

1st Row: K 3, cast off 3, k 4.

2nd Row: K 4, cast on 3, k 3.

COLLAR

Using a fine black-st. seam, sew front bands to front edges, shaped edges meeting.

Sew up shoulder seams.

With right side of work facing and using needle where sts. were left for the right front band, knit up 36 (B-42; C-48) sts., across back of neck, then knit across sts. of left front band, 110 (B-120; C-130) sts.

Work straight for 2½ in.

Inc. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until collar measures 5 in., measured at back of neck. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a fine back-st. seam, sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Finally press all seams.

SEND TO-DAY FOR HUGHES FREE STYLE GUIDE!



OVER 100 NEW DESIGNS FOR 1958

It's your complete guide to knitting the style leaders of '58... Over 100 creations from Australia's leading fashion designers, including exciting designs in Hughes Bouclé—the fabulous new tweed-textured knitting yarn! Send TO-DAY for your FREE Hughes Style Guide.

In Hughes Bouclé. From Book 222. Knitting Books, 1/9 (posted, 2/-).



● In Kwicknit. From Book 219.



● In Bulkyknit. From Book 223.



● Twinprufe Double-Crepe. Book 217.



● Kooba Fingering. From Book 217.

BOUCLE

TWINPRUFE

KWICKNIT



BULKYKNIT

KOOPA

JUNIOR KWICKNITTING

Hughes

KNITTING WOOLS AND BOOKS

Distributed by Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

SEND THIS COUPON FOR YOUR FREE STYLE GUIDE

Or write in on plain paper, printing your name and address clearly. Post F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. (Dept. 4A), 30 Grosvenor St., Sydney

TO: F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. (Dept. 4A), 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney, New South Wales.

Please send me a copy of the free "Hughes Style Guide for 1958."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

(USE BLOCK LETTERS)

4A

Recognize her?



You don't really know this woman. But the chances are you know and admire someone very much like her. A woman serenely poised and sure of herself in any circumstances.

The reason is simple. She refuses to put up with any personal inconvenience that can be avoided. For example, she long ago gave up using external sanitary protection because of two disadvantages—odour and chafing. She knows these problems don't arise with Tampax.

For Tampax is worn internally. It does away with belts, pins and pads. It's such a blessing when you're away from home—disposal is so simple. (Even the applicator can be flushed away.) A month's supply will go into your handbag—and of course you can take a bath or go swimming while you're wearing Tampax.

Millions of women rely on Tampax sanitary protection regularly. Why don't you try it? Choice of two absorbencies: Regular and Super, at chemists and department stores.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Send now for a TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 2725, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send me a trial package of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I enclose 7d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

AP64



page 40

world did Flannery think he was doing when he hired her?"

Meath said coldly, "Presumably she can act."

"What's that got to do with it?" Nestor asked, astonished. "Can you act?" Meath asked the girl.

She nodded. "Oh, yes, I can act. But I'm beginning to think Mr. Nestor's question is to the point. What's that got to do with it?"

"It's up to you, Meath," said Nestor. "I wash my hands of the whole thing. But she's a property and you have to build her up." He poked a fat finger first at Meath, then at the girl. "What's to build?"

He looked aggrievedly down at his desk to let them know they were dismissed. Not the least of his grievances, Meath knew, was that he disliked plain women almost as much as he disliked plain food and lean bank accounts. He had his relaxations, and they always involved the companionship of girls as unplain as could be found.

Meath hid his anger at Nestor by a large show of amiability to the girl. "What do your friends call you?" he asked, leading her to the door.

"Abby." "Come along, Abby." In the corridor, with the door closed behind them, he said, "If an apology from me on behalf of that yahoo will help any, you have it."

She said, rather tonelessly, "Thank you, but I don't mind, really. You see, I need the money."

Meath stared at her. Need the money indeed! he said to himself. The remark had no appropriateness to the occasion, but there was an earnest simplicity about it that somehow touched him.

He stopped outside his office door, moved her chin upward with his finger, and searched her plain face. "Abby, what am I going to do with you?"

"I don't know, but I expect you'll think of something. I'm very intelligent."

He laughed uncomfortably, then opened the door and waved her into the office. "Well, don't let it get around. You've got enough handicaps as it is."

Tess turned and smiled at Abby. "Don't mind him, dear: he tells that to all the girls. As you've met Nestor, you know the worst. Believe it or not, Meath here is about the best."

"I believe it," Abby said. She was looking at Meath with an expression that suddenly caught at Tess's heart. It was an expression she knew; she had seen it often in her own mirror. Meath, in a way all too familiar to Tess, was quite unaware of the look.

Tess placed her hands on her hips in a businesslike way. "Now then." She circled Abby slowly. "Tell me, is there a figure under those garments you're wearing?" She pulled Abby's dress tight at the waist. "I see there is." She lifted the too-long skirt. "The legs will do, also, when they're cased in something besides burlap. My dear, you must be a great actress to have taken Flannery's eye."

"I'm a good actress," Abby said.

"But what were you playing—Lady Godiva? But, of course, I mustn't confuse Flannery with Nestor. Nestor has his own way of judging talent, and it's nasty. The best way to protect yourself from Nestor would be to stay the way you are, and you can't do that. When we get you fixed up, watch him."

Meath listened impatiently. "Get on with it, Tess," he said. "Nestor won't make any passes at her. What was the thing you were in when Flannery saw you, Abby?"

"The School for Scandal." I was Lady Teazle.

"Not much chance to show

Continuing . . .

your legs in that, so it must have been your acting," Meath said.

"Not legs," Abby said. "But it was a beautiful costume, and very attractive around the waist."

"I can imagine," Tess said. "Those eighteenth-century lassies covered a lot, but they managed to convey the idea that there was a lot to cover."

She studied Abby from new angles. "Abby," she said suddenly, "why do you dress like that off-stage?"

Abby looked uncomfortable. "I'm poor," she said.

"Nonsense," Tess said, clicking her tongue. "Poor girls don't dress like that—not even the poorest. Any shop around Union Square would have some little frock that would set you off. I know, I've been poor myself, but I was always the soignée creature you see before you, that takes every male eye."

She made a sardonic gesture with her head towards Meath, who was staring at Abby with a rudeness now tempered by kindness.

"So don't give me that poor-girl routine, dear," said Tess. "You're not poor now. Flannery must've arranged for you to have money."

"Oh, he did. Only it's hard to get used to it. I never cared for clothes much, except in a part. I never saw any reason for bothering with them. Until now." Her eyes were on Meath.

"Until now," Tess echoed ambiguously. "The clothes are unimportant, really, and easily taken care of," said Meath. "They are a gesture of eccentricity, sometimes mistaken for individuality. A film star is allowed a little eccentricity—it makes good copy. But individuality is out. I know. I had my fling writing prose that was intended to be deathless but turned out to be only deadly. Sit down, Abby."

"You love the theatre, I take it?" Meath said. The irony was heavy-handed, but Abby answered simply, "Yes."

"You're devoted to your art?" More irony, even heavier. "You make it sound stuffy, but if you want to put it that way, yes, I love art. I grew up in a big Middlewestern city, in a seedy part of it, and it wasn't much fun. Oh, I didn't starve or anything, and nobody abused me—but it wasn't much fun. You know the way Middlewestern novelists write? It was dreadfully like that: dull. Though I often think the point could be made just as well in shorter books."

Meath laughed unwillingly, catching a mocking look from Tess, who said, "Go ahead." Abby went ahead. "I found out while I was still at school that I could get away from the dullness and the seediness—oh, not really get away, but the next best thing. You've never seen me on a stage, so you don't know. I'm not beautiful—I don't have to tell you that. But I can act as though I were when I'm playing someone who's supposed to be beautiful. You should see me as Imogen."

"Should I?" Meath said. "I played St. Joan once, and I was very saintly. And I'm not saintly at all."

"I believe you," Tess said admiringly. "And I was a very good Anna Christie and I'm not a —"

"All right, baby," Tess said. "No need to spell it out."

Abby continued: "I have a philosophy about it. I learned it from my father. He taught me a lot. He died a discouraged old drunk, but he loved plays and poetry, and he taught me to love them. He used to say it was wrong to call them an escape, and you can stand any

Midtown Manner

from page 29

amount of shabbiness if you know that some things aren't shabby. And still it doesn't make you try to pretend the shabbiness away."

"And this," Meath said, "is what we must take over." He walked to the window. "The stage, or the screen, or television, means all that to you, Abby?"

She nodded simply. "Then what are you doing signing contracts with Marchpane Productions? Do you think they care about any of that?"

Her eyes grew stubborn. "I need the money. Not having money can be—dreadful."

"I know," Meath said. "But sometimes what you have to do to get it can be dreadful, too."

"I know," she answered. "I know," Meath said angrily, "All right. If you know, then it's no doing of mine what's going to happen to you. Is it?"

The question was for Tess, who answered frostily, "How on earth would I know? What is going to happen to her?"

"You know as well as I do," Meath said. "We teach her the midtown manner."

"What's that?" Abby asked.

"It's what they want in films and on the stage and television. For reasons which some day the anthropologists will figure out, the civilisation of a whole continent is measured against one small area of New York City. It has its variations, of course, but by and large what will be expected of you as a movie actress is that you look as much as possible like every other movie actress—which is to say that you must look like anyone who would be at home in Sardi's or Twenty-One or the Stork Club. The right clothes. The right hairdo. And the right speech. You speak beautifully now, but we'll get you over that in time. Are you ready for all that, Abby?"

Abby waited an instant, then said, "What's the alternative?" He shrugged. "Go back to Sheridan Square and play in cellars. You might save your soul."

Abby shook her head. "I need the money," she said. "I think I'll try the midtown manner."

Meath threw his hands out in an exaggerated motion. "Take over, Tess. I don't understand this girl."

"I do," Tess said softly. "Come on, kid." Abby stood up and Tess placed an arm around her waist. "Some hapless hairdresser is going to cope with that mop of yours. What in heaven's name do you comb it with—a rake?"

Abby made no reply. Her eyes were on Meath, smiling.

In the weeks following Meath watched the metamorphosis of Abigail Finisternmacher into Abby Fenn with misgivings. These he did not understand, but Tess rather thought he did, without being sure. They had settled on Abby Fenn as having an appealing plainness, and plainness, as first, seemed in order for the girl. But only at first, and briefly.

She was like a garden in springtime, with new surprises every day and within the day, with thorny patches of plain brown becoming suddenly soft with leaves and rich with color. At least Tess saw the changes that way, having that turn of mind and the good heart that went with it, for she liked Abby more and more.

This was not, she told herself late one afternoon, looking at Meath with the look he never noticed, a sign of generosity,

for you could not give away what you had never had.

Outwardly with Meath, business had continued during alterations, but Tess saw in him a mounting restlessness. He was at his desk, moving things about in the way people do whose minds are elsewhere but who feel obliged to look busy.

"Abby leaves for the Coast the day after tomorrow," Tess said. "How do you think she will do?"

Meath answered with a show of animation: "Do? Oh, fine. We did a splendid job of packing, my girl. It's wonderful what clothes do."

Clothes, my foot, thought Tess, but did not speak the thought; it's a lot more than clothes.

"And the hairstyle is right for her. Or I guess it is—it seems becoming. Is that the way they're wearing it?"

"It's one of them."

Meath looked up at her oddly. "You sound funny. Anything the matter?"

She answered brightly. "Oh, no—everything's fine. I for-

got to tell you: Flannery's in town. He spent most of the morning with Abby. They had breakfast at her hotel and talked. He's delighted."

"Why didn't you tell me he was in town?"

Tess laughed. "Tell you. My dear, when you decide to remain incommunicado, it becomes a matter for the Bureau of Missing Persons. I tried a few of your haunts and was told you hadn't been seen for days."

"No, I wasn't in any of them," said Meath. "I walked in the park quite a while, and I took a bus downtown, and sat in Washington Square. I used to sit there with Abby sometimes when we first started this rehabilitation project. I had to get at least one release out of someone's day in the Village."

"You did an awful lot of sitting around in Washington Square for one little handout."

He looked puzzled. "How do you know we were there more than once?"

"I believe Abby may have mentioned it. She doesn't have to use the midtown manner

To page 43

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



"IRENE"—Semi-sack dress designed on autumn's newest loose-cut line. The neckline is high and round, the half-belt makes it an easy-to-wear version of this very new fashion. The material and color choice includes Norfolk wool tweed in grey, junior-navy, and bottle-green, and Sundek in ash-grey and junior-navy. The bodice is finished with a zip fastener, centre back.

Ready to Wear: Norfolk tweed, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/12/3; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/15/9. Postage and registration, 4/9 extra. Sundek, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/3/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/6/9. Postage and registration, 4/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Norfolk tweed, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 93/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 95/9. Postage and registration, 4/9 extra. Sundek, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 76/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 79/3. Postage and registration, 4/9 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 5, 1958

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

● The chemise dress is promoted in many variations for autumn—the most wearable has a “break” in the silhouette.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's problem. Here is her letter and my reply:

“Perhaps you could oblige me with some advice and a pattern for a sack frock to make for autumn. I would like you to design what you think is the most becoming version of this fashion. I take a 34in. bust size.”

For the average figure, the most wearable chemise dress has a “break” in the silhouette. One of the most popular ways

to achieve the “break” is with a torso band of self-material. I have chosen this idea for you—it is illustrated at right—and I hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy. A paper pattern is obtainable for the design. Further details are under the illustrations.

“COULD you please tell me what shades will be worn for autumn?”

Color will take over in the daytime, and lots of black for late-day. Vivid jewel tones

like sapphire-blue and ruby-red are very new, so are all the orange tones right down to pale apricot.

“HOW could I use 10yds. of black fringe for a frock trimming? It is an unusual request, but several months back I saw a dress in the paper using a fringe trim.”

A fringed chemise dress (reborn from the 'twenties) is a popular late-day dress, and it would be a good way to use your 10yds. of fringe. Have the chemise made with a per-

fectly straight silhouette, sleeveless and finished with a high, round neckline. Have 5 bands of fringe circling the silhouette at spaced intervals. The first band should start at the armhole level, and the last band 5in. above the hemline.

“MY girl-friend and I would like to settle an argument we are having. It is about the new short skirts that are supposed to be just below the knee. Is this true?”

The rising skirt hemline—and it is rising—is sure to cause controversy. In Paris autumn collections, skirts at times, and for certain garments, were as high as 16 and 17in. from the ground. Extreme Paris fashions are often slightly modified in Australia. I think the correct hemline length is the one most flattering to the wearer's figure proportions—remembering that shorter skirts are in fashion.

“WHAT style of neckline would be new and smart for a formal cocktail frock?”

A neckline straight across in front, plunging into a cowl-drape at the back, is one of the season's newest cocktail looks.

“WOULD you please suggest a hat to wear with an outfit I am having made for autumn? The outfit consists of a sheath frock and bolero jacket made in brown-and-white check rayon wool. I am 17 and a little on the plump side. I don't want anything too old.”

A hat repeating the fabric of the suit or ensemble with which it is worn is a new autumn millinery fashion and one I suggest you follow. About the design: I think a cap-turban twisted to a peak would be an excellent piece of millinery for a teenager. An alternative idea would be a hat in a dress fabric with a turned-back-from-the-face brim and the crown of the hat slightly peaked.



DS288.—Chemise dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Beauty in brief:

REST AIDS GOOD LOOKS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Because of today's tension and high-pressure living it's quite possible to feel tired, even though you get a full-quota of sleep.

IF fatigue is allowed to continue unchecked, it not only plays havoc with one's looks, it also makes the temper a bit brittle as well.

Often that crowning glory, the hair, throws out a warning signal of tension by losing condition, or the skin becomes difficult all of a sudden.

One of the best ways to counteract weariness is to streamline your day to allow some time for rest.

For example, take a short nap. Fifteen minutes twice a day, or even once a day,

does a power of good, whether you feel tired at the moment or not.

The important thing is to stretch out full length and relax. Prop your feet up and shut your eyes.

There may be times when you do not sleep, but if you relax and rest you certainly will feel refreshed.

If you really have so much to do that you cannot snatch 15 minutes of peace and quiet, at least take two or three brief feet-off-the-floor breaks as temporary revivers.



IF SAVING MONEY IS

uphill

WORK

JOIN A NATIONAL SAVINGS GROUP

The easy way to save something every pay day is to become a member of a National Savings Group. You just tell the pay office how much you want to save each week and everything is taken care of for you. Your banking is done automatically—you don't have to go to the bank, fill in deposit slips or wait at all.

It's a simple, ready-made savings plan for everybody! National Savings Groups operate in many thousands of businesses, stores and factories throughout Australia in conjunction with ALL Savings Banks. If you do not have a savings account, one will be opened for you at your request.

The sooner you start, the sooner this wonderful savings plan will begin to build up your bank balance. So the time to start saving is now, by joining a National Savings Group.

For information and assistance in setting up National Savings Groups, telephone:

COMMONWEALTH LOANS AND NATIONAL SAVINGS ORGANISATION

Sydney, BX 7131	Melbourne, MF 1941	Brisbane, B 2771
Adelaide, LA 4281	Perth, BA 3113	Hobart, B 7351

Issued by the Commonwealth Treasury.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 5, 1958

NSG39.67.87

Page 4

There's an important place for a woman in a **MAN'S WORLD !**



Ask the men who man Australia's Fighting Services—there's an important place for a woman in a man's world. An important place doing an important job—helping the men who help Australia to be strong.

The Army, the Navy and the Air Force need women on the team. Women who want to fill their lives with purpose. Women who will grasp and use the world of opportunity offered by a Services career. Women who will grasp and use the chance of advancement, the chance of specialised training, the chance for travel and adventure. Today, as never before, it's a woman's world, too, in Australia's Fighting Services.



WRAAF—the Women's Royal Australian Air Force opens exciting new fields of work and training to women between 18 and 35. Ex WAAF, WRAF or WRAAF members can now enlist up to 37 years of age.



WRANS—the Women's Royal Australian Naval Service has immediate vacancies for unmarried women between 18 and 30, ex-members of other Women's Services up to 35. It's a great Service, packed with great opportunities.



WRAAC—the Women's Royal Australian Army Corps needs single women between 18 and 30. Women with previous experience in one of the Services will be accepted up to the age of 35. Applicants selected for Warrant or N.C.O. rank under 38 years.



RAANC—the Royal Australian Army Nursing Corps offers a career to women over 18 and under 30, or under 35 with previous Service experience, or under 38 if selected for Warrant or N.C.O. rank.

THE NAVY, THE ARMY AND THE AIR FORCE. ALL NEED FIT YOUNG WOMEN

If you are a single woman, or a widow without dependent children, and within the prescribed age limits, there's a rich new life waiting for you helping to serve Australia. The initial engagement is for a four-year period with the possibility of re-engagement for a further period of 2, 3 or 4 years (Navy and Army) or 2 or 4 years (Air Force). And while you serve you'll be well served by Australia—with free initial clothing issue of complete summer and winter wardrobes. There's liberal annual holiday leave with free travel to your home town and generous weekend and off-duty leave. You benefit from good pay, good accommodation and a cash gratuity on leaving the Service. It's time to find out the facts—*inquire at the address on the coupon or post the coupon without delay.*

Issued by the Director of Recruiting.

age 42

Post this coupon now to—

**The Deputy Director of Recruiting,
Box XYZ, G.P.O., in your Capital city.**

Please indicate the Service in which you are interested.

WRANS Navy	WRAAC Army	WRAAF Air Force	RAANC Army Nurses
---------------	---------------	--------------------	----------------------

Please send me, without obligation, full details of enlistment, career opportunities and conditions in the Service I have indicated.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

on me, you know. She told me about the coffee place and the girl who says 'hoddly.' Did you expect her to pick up the midtown manner there?"

He shook his head. "That was weeks ago. I haven't thought about it much since. Or Washington Square, either. There hasn't been time."

Tess looked at him steadily awhile. "There won't be any time at all now. She's going back with Flannery. He's booked her on his plane."

Meath stood up. "That's right! It's really only a day, isn't it? I tell you what, Tess: get hold of her. I'll take her to dinner tonight."

Tess studied her fingernails. "Not tonight, my dear. Tonight she's having dinner with Nestor."

"With Nestor!" Meath's voice rose indignantly. "Yes. At his apartment. Just the two of them."

"Why is she having dinner with that fat old goat?"

"She thought you might be pleased."

He thumped the desk. "She thought I'd be pleased to have her capering with that nasty-minded old pachyderm?"

"Why should she not?" Tess asked calmly. "You've been coaching her pretty well in the behaviour necessary for success in the entertainment world. You've rehearsed her in the banalities to tell interviewers and she's repeated them word for word without a whimper."

"She's gone to enough cocktail parties to make her an alcoholic. And she's consumed enough canapés to give her ulcers. She's listened to every bore in town you thought she ought to be seen with so that her name would get in the papers. She can't pick one up without finding a blushing item about herself in a column. You've persuaded her that she has to play jacks with anyone who might get her name in the news."

Meditatively, Meath said: "When did Nestor start noticing her? The way he treated her in his office, I shouldn't have thought he'd ever look at her again—or she at him."

"I don't let her go!"

"How are you going to stop her, Meath? You're forgetting

Continuing . . .

Midtown Manner

from page 40

"He started really seeing her about the time Abby started turning into a rather handsome property."

"Don't use that word!"

"All right. But you've used it often enough yourself. You keep telling her that your business is the packaging of properties. I suppose she's going along with Nestor's little plans, whatever they are, because she thinks that's part of the packaging. Why do you care, anyway?"

After a puzzled silence, Meath said, "I don't know, Tess. Why do I care? She was such a frightful frump that first day, but even then there was something that made me care. She looked awful—but she looked alive. I seem to spend so much of my time with well-dressed corpses. Present company—"

She held up a hand. "No exceptions. I know what you mean."

Meath had walked to the window. "The pigeon's back," he said.

"Is she?" Tess said, joining him. "I knew she would be. She has the heart of a pioneer woman, that girl. She's lost about ten nests so far, and heaven knows how many eggs. Instead of a happy little family, she gets omelets. But she's game."

Tess stood behind him, so that she had no need to mask the soft flickering in her eye; not, she told herself, not that it made any difference, for he would never have noticed.

"I knew she's game," Meath said, "but she doesn't have sense. You'd think she would have caught on by now."

"Some pigeons never do," Tess said. "About Abby and the champagne supper—"

"Champagne!"

"There's bound to be champagne, and Ravel on the phonograph. Nestor's imagination doesn't go beyond a medium-budget Marchpane production."

"I won't let her go!"

"How are you going to stop her, Meath? You're forgetting

about the midtown manner. She's learned it very well, better than you'll ever learn it, my lad."

He swivelled from the window. "I learned it long ago. As much of it as I need, anyway."

"Did you, you poor Quixote you? You never passed up a windmill in your life. The midtown manner is a speedway, Meath, and the whole idea is you're not supposed to stick your head out. You do worse than that: you stick your neck out."

"Do I?" he asked wonderingly. "When do I do that?"

She laughed softly. "Every time the girl's name is mentioned."

"Well, I love her, dammit."

"I know that—but does she? You can't make love to a girl telling her how well she packages."

He strode towards the door, and at that moment Abby walked in. She wore a green dress with a wide skirt, like a dancer's, and she looked rather like a dancer herself, tiptoe for any excitement the day might bring.

"Do you know what?" she asked Meath.

"Yes," he said gruffly. "I do know what. And I won't let you go."

She stared at him. "Won't let me go? After all the trouble we've been to? Of course you'll let me go. But that's what I came to tell you: you're coming, too."

Now it was Meath who stared. "I'm coming, too?"

She nodded. "It's all fixed."

Tess, at the window, folded her arms and turned to watch the pigeon.

"You want me to come with you to Nestor's apartment?"

She looked puzzled. "Oh, that! You can come with me if you want. What difference does it make? Flannery will be there. He'll tell you himself, but he said I could tell you first. Tess is going to Nes-

tor's party, too, aren't you, Tess?"

She was still watching the pigeon. "I suppose I'll have to," she said. "It's a sort of celebration before Abby and Flannery take off for the Coast, and Nestor has invited just about everybody in the office."

She turned at last and said to Abby, "But what is it you have to tell Meath, dear? Something Flannery said?"

Again Abby nodded. "Flannery wants him on the Coast. He says he's done such a wonderful job with me that he wants him to handle everything until my picture is released."

Meath sat on top of his desk and put his hands over his face. "You want me to go to the Coast, Abby?"

She went to him and said, with a small laugh. "It was—it was my idea, in a way. I told Flannery I wouldn't go otherwise, contract or no contract."

He took his hands away. "You told Flannery that?"

"Yes."

He stood up and placed his hands on her shoulders. "You're not forgetting the midtown manner, Abby?"

"Oh, that!" She cupped his face in her hands and said, "I'd never have learned it from you, you poor Quixote. The midtown manner is speedway and—"

"All right! All right!" he said. "I know what it is." He went to the window, touching Tess lightly on the shoulder. "Anything to say, old girl?"

She did not move but only said, "Shock treatment, Meath. It's sometimes justified in extreme cases. Take your girl away, will you? I'll see you at Nestor's party."

Abby and Meath left the office hand in hand. Tess looked down at the airshaft on the setback and the industrious pigeon. A great gust suddenly sent twigs flying skyward, and the pigeon fluttered indignantly about. "I know just how you feel, baby," Tess murmured.

(Copyright)

TO LOOK YOUNGER AND LIVE LONGER

Everyone over 35 should take Vitamin-Mineral Capsules — advise world's leading dietitians.



Diet deficiencies rob many of us — especially those over 35 — of the stamina we need to enjoy normal, healthy relationships at work and play. In many cases, food alone does not do a full job of supplying the body with much needed nutrients. Doing things by halves is no longer necessary. You can recapture the full and complete feeling of zest usually associated with persons years younger . . . and begin to enjoy yourself more! Do as thousands of Australians are now doing — increase your energetic output by increasing your intake of vitamins and minerals. It's that simple! And what could be more simple than starting on your way back to new health and happiness with VYKMIN concentrated vitamin and mineral capsules.

SCIENTIFIC . . . CLINICALLY RECOMMENDED

VYKMIN (Combined Multiple Complex) brings you the modern way to good health and greater energy. They hold the secret of youthfulness (in body and mind) and the secret to long, happy life! They are the scientific and clinically recommended vitamin-mineral supplement so vital to your daily diet. Take just two every day (one black, one red) and you'll feel and see your health and vitality improve — in a very short time.

Remember — the VYKMIN way is the modern way to good health!

9 VITAMINS — 4 MINERALS

The daily dose of one red and one black capsule supplies:

Vitamin B1 (333 I.U.).

Vitamin B2 Riboflavin (1 mg.).

Vitamin B6 (0.1 mg.).

Vitamin B12 (1 mcgm.).

Vitamin A (5000 I.U.).

Vitamin C (360 I.U.).

Vitamin D (750 I.U.).

Vitamin E (1.25 mg.).

Vitamin PP Nicotinamide, 10 mgs.

Phosphorus, 15.2 mgs.; Calcium, 30.4 mgs.; Iron, 17.3 mgs. and Manganese, 0.5 mg.

VYKMIN VITAMIN-MINERAL CAPSULES

AT CHEMISTS ONLY: 2 weeks' supply, 9/6 . . . 4 weeks' supply, 18/-.

A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE

Beat-the-clock cookery! Time yourself on this

"5-MINUTE" Tea Cake

MADE WITH Sunshine full cream powdered milk



Grease two 7" sandwich tins.

Take 30 seconds Put two level tablespoons of butter in a cup, and place the cup in a saucepan of hot water on the stove.

Take 60 seconds Sift 1½ cups of s.r. flour into a bowl with one heaped dessertspoon "Sunshine" Powdered Milk, a pinch of salt and ½ cup sugar. Take 60 sec.

Take melted butter off stove, break one egg into cup and fill cup with cold water. Beat slightly with fork.

Take 30 seconds Pour mixture into well in centre of flour, sugar and "Sunshine" milk mixture. Beat for just under two minutes.

Take 2 minutes

You've only spent 5 minutes, and the mixture is ready to pour into two greased pans and put in the oven. Cook at 400° (Electricity) or 350° (Gas) for 20 minutes. When cold, join with jam, and ice. Or, if preferred, sprinkle top with sugar and cinnamon and serve hot, in buttered slices.

Of course the time-saving secret is the use of "Sunshine" Powdered Milk dry so that the teacake is actually mixed with water. "Sunshine" can be used dry in many recipes — but whether you use "Sunshine" dry or mixed with water, "Sunshine" gives you a full quota of rich, dairy-milk goodness.

Recipe Competition £5 PRIZES

Here's your chance to win £5 worth of wonderful NESTLÉ'S products for your favourite recipe using "Sunshine" full cream powdered milk. All recipes entered for this competition will be the property and copyright of Nestlé's, who reserve the right to publish prize-winning recipes in advertise-

ments. No recipes will be returned. No correspondence can be entered into and the decision of the judges is final. Winners will be notified by letter. Send your favourite "Sunshine" recipe or recipes to Nestlé's, Box 1619, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Sunshine" Full Cream Powdered Milk

quickest PINEAPPLE SUNDAE ever!

Golden Circle PINEAPPLE PIECES and *Quick-n-easy* ice cream made with
TONGALA EVAPORATED MILK



- 1** Half fill each dessert bowl with Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces.
- 2** Pile up a mountain of Tongala Quick-n-easy Ice Cream.
- 3** Pour over a cascade of the sweet pure juice of the Pineapple Pieces.
- 4** Decorate with a cherry.



make this
Quick-n-easy
ICE CREAM WITH
TONGALA
EVAPORATED MILK

One tin TONGALA evaporated milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in quarter cup hot water, 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Chill milk overnight in frig. Make sure milk is very cold, then beat till thick, adding sugar and vanilla. Add cooled gelatine, beat well, place in trays, and freeze.



TONGALA
Swiss-Style
EVAPORATED MILK

have
GOLDEN CIRCLE
can-handy
PINEAPPLE PIECES
cool in the frig!

You need no plantation slaves to pick your pineapple harvest—no kitchen slaves to peel, and core, and cut. Golden Circle serves sunny Queensland's choicest pineapples all ready to eat in handy-size cans. Have enough on hand for three-minute sundae desserts, and for cooked pineapple desserts and meat dishes.



Golden Circle
PINEAPPLE PIECES

also Pineapple Slices • Pineapple Juice • Crushed Pineapple
• Tropical Fruit Salad • Special Diabetic Pineapple Packs.

**MADE IN
SECONDS**

Featuring

LENTEN DISHES

• Mrs. Dione Lucas, America's celebrated TV cook, presents this collection of delectable and unusual fish recipes for the Lenten season menus.



FILET DE SOLE A L'ANDALOUSE and Fish Shashlik are featured in the picture above. Inexpensive fish fillets make an appetising Lenten meal in place of sole or flounder in the first dish. Various ingredients in the shashlik recipe can also be changed to suit the budget.

FISH dishes, always widely popular in Australia where some varieties of fish are available all the year, are a most important part of the menu during the Lenten season.

Many housewives, therefore, will appreciate the delicious Lenten recipes given on this page by Mrs. Dione Lucas. Glamorous and different, these dishes are a welcome change from ordinary fish cookery.

All spoon measurements in the recipes are level.

FILET DE SOLE A L'ANDALOUSE (Fillet of sole with tomatoes and onion)

Six fillets of sole or flounder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced onion, carrot, and celery, bouquet of herbs (chervil, parsley, bayleaf), 2 large tomatoes, 2 cloves garlic, 1 cup dry, white wine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1lb. small ripe tomatoes (chopped), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, Parmesan cheese (grated), 6 black peppercorns, 4 onions, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, black pepper, 1 egg-yolk, breadcrumbs. Wash fillets in lemon juice and water.

Dry well on a cloth. Season tops with salt and pepper, dot a small sliver of butter on top of each. Place in a baking-dish, scatter sliced vegetables over top, add bouquet of herbs and peppercorns. Pour over wine and water, and cover with greaseproof paper. Poach for 15 minutes in moderate oven. Remove, drain liquid and keep fish warm. Reduce liquid in a small pan to 2 tablespoons and set aside. Cut large tomatoes in halves and carefully remove all the pulp from the inside. Season with salt and pepper and pour on each $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon melted butter. Cook in moderate oven for 5 minutes and put aside to keep warm.

Slice onions and plunge into boiling water 4 minutes. Drain and cook slowly in the milk until just soft. Strain again, reserving the milk. Rub onions through a sieve. Season with salt and pepper and fill into tomato halves. Sprinkle the tops with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Pour over a few drops of butter, brown under grill; set aside.

Sauce: Place chopped ripe tomatoes in pan with tomato paste, a small lump of butter, 1 tablespoon water, pepper, and garlic, chopped finely, with a little salt. Cook slowly 10 minutes, stirring occasionally, strain.

Melt remaining butter in pan, remove from fire, add flour. Season with salt and pepper, stir until smooth. Pour on milk in which the onions were cooked and stir over fire until it comes to a boil. Add strained tomato pulp and simmer 5 minutes. Mix cream with egg-yolk and add to sauce with the reduced fish liquid. Arrange fillets on hot serving dish, carefully pour over the sauce and garnish with the tomatoes.

FISH SHASHLIK

One pound parboiled smoked cod, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled prawns, 1lb. scallops, 2 green peppers, 6 small, firm tomatoes, 2lb. raw salmon (if available), 1lb. onions, garlic, 2 cups rice, 1 tablespoon paprika, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, pepper, watercress, or parsley.

Cook rice in the usual way, drain and keep hot. Prepare fish, cut into large squares. Thread on skewers or shashlik sticks with the prawns, the scallops, and the green peppers, onions and tomatoes cut into halves. Arrange on oven trays and sprinkle top with finely chopped garlic and salt. Grill under grill for 15 minutes. Serve on the cooked rice mixed with hot butter, paprika, and pepper. Garnish with watercress or parsley.

FILET DE SOLE EN PAPILLOTE (Fillet of sole cooked in paper)

Six fillets of fish, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. mushrooms, 2 tablespoons chopped tarragon,

chives, parsley, 2oz. butter, 2 green apples, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon brandy, salt, freshly cracked pepper, little lemon juice, little sugar.

Wash fillets well in lemon juice and water. Dry on cloth. Sprinkle tops of each with a little salt and pepper, put a small piece of butter in centre and fold over lengthwise, turn back the narrow ends. Brush with a little melted butter. Place each one on a square of double thickness of waxed paper. Sprinkle top with finely chopped garlic and salt. Skin apples, cut in quarters; core. Cut into thick slices and saute in oil with salt and pepper. Just before they are browned add a little sugar; brown (they should be firm, not mushy). Arrange some of these slices of apple on top of each fillet of fish. Set aside 6 mushroom caps, remove stalks. Slice remaining mushrooms and stalks, and saute in butter, lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Flame with brandy and add chopped herbs. Scatter on top of each fillet. Carefully seal each package and place in a shallow baking-dish without water or fat. Cook in moderately hot oven 15 minutes. Remove, arrange on hot serving dish, carefully open up the centre of each package and garnish each with a whole mushroom cap sauteed in fat, salt, and pepper and placed brown side up. Sprinkle with a few chopped herbs. Serve.

(Continued on page 51)

SUMMER TIME IS TOMATO TIME

Here is a salad suggestion containing all the nourishment and flavour of rich, mature tomatoes — served in an unusual eye-catching manner. A dish to tempt your guests at parties or family gatherings —

Raleigh TOMATO SALAD MOULDS

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint Raleigh Tomato Juice, 3 ozs. finely grated cheese, seasoning, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. gelatine, luncheon meat or corned beef, lettuce, watercress and celery curls to garnish.

Mix the tomato and most of the cheese, season, add the gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water and mix well. When it is beginning to set, stir well, pour into shaped moulds and leave to set. Cut out shaped pieces of luncheon meat or corned beef, turn the jellies onto these and garnish with the remaining cheese. Break the lettuce up and place on a dish, arrange the jellies on this and garnish with watercress and celery curls. (Extra serving suggestion — add sliced tomatoes, spring onions and diced pineapple or cold potato.)



Try this tasty snack for that TV evening —

Raleigh TOMATO SALMON RAREBIT

1-lb. tin salmon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Raleigh Tomato Juice, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 2 lightly beaten eggs, 1 cup evaporated milk, 4 ozs. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard.

Melt cheese over boiling water, gradually blend in the Raleigh Tomato Juice and seasonings. Stir eggs and milk slowly into the mixture, then add the salmon in large pieces. Heat 5 minutes, then serve on toast.

CUT THESE SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR 'WOMEN'S WEEKLY' INDEX FILE



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR...

Raleigh

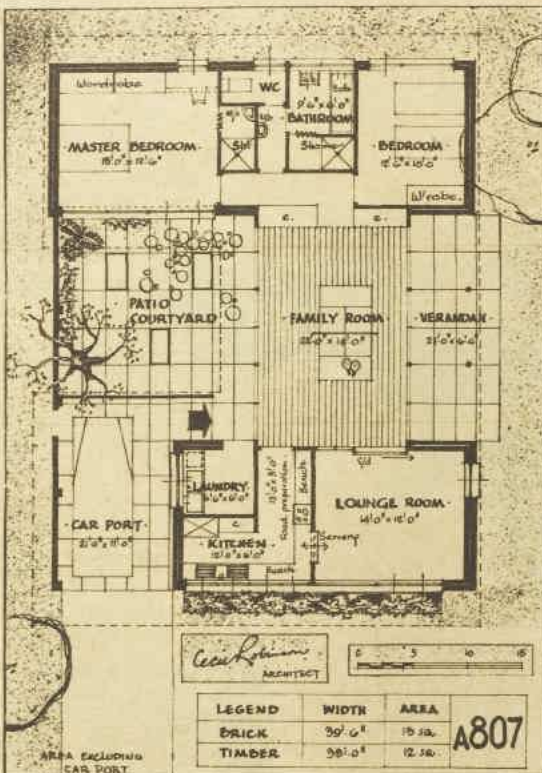
... THE SIGN OF FINE FOOD

- TOMATO JUICE
- FRENCH BEANS
- GARDEN PEAS
- BEETROOT
- PEARS
- APRICOTS

RT/2391

Modern plan centred on family room

● A multi-purpose family room—a new and important addition to modern house planning—is featured in our home plan this week. It is shown as a large area in the middle of the house that can be used for all the varied activities of a family.



GROUND PLAN illustrates the interior freedom of the layout. Specially planned for family life, it centres on the big family room opening to courtyard and verandah.

Where to buy this plan

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans we publish are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication. Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- per full set. Plans will be prepared to any individual design for a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can be ordered from the Centres by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium Ltd. (sixth floor), Lonsdale Street. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle Street. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

IN this signature plan, Queensland architect Cecil Robinson has presented an attractive design centred on a room that allows full scope for hobbies, games, sewing, and for informal meals and entertaining.

A full set of plans for this home costs £7/7/- and is available at our Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane. See panel below.

As shown in the ground plan at left, the design has interior freedom. In the family room the walls are of glass, opening on one side to a covered verandah and on the other to a courtyard, to give one large area in the middle of the house.

The courtyard is open to the sun, but sheltered on two sides by brick walls, so it is, in effect, a room in the house.

Many cupboards

The family room has access to all other rooms in the house and to the front entry. Sliding doors close it off from the lounge-room. There is plenty of storage space.

Both bedrooms are at the back of the house, away from street noises. The master bedroom opens on to the courtyard.

The dressing-table is built-in, with highlight windows above it giving plenty of natural light.

A compact block with bathroom, two shower recesses, and a toilet separates the two bedrooms.

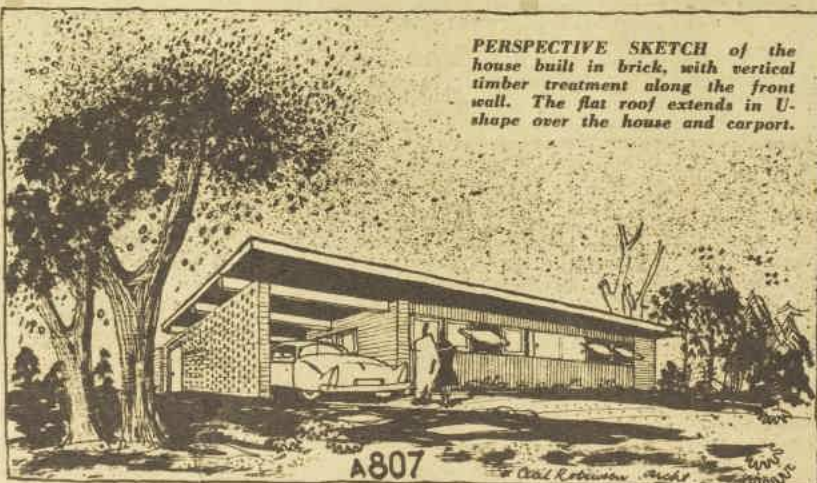
Approximate cost of building this home would be:

In New South Wales: Brick £2500; brick veneer £2050; timber £4175; fibro £3825.

In Victoria: Brick £4950; brick veneer £4500; timber £3700; fibro £3600.

In South Australia: Brick £4000; asbestos £3500.

In Queensland: Brick £5550; timber £3700; fibro £3500.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of the house built in brick, with vertical timber treatment along the front wall. The flat roof extends in U-shape over the house and carport.

A807

BEAUTY in a SURGICAL STOCKING

SUPERFINE NYLONS bring relief from VARICOSE VEINS

Model the leg to a lovelier line

Scholl 2-WAY STRETCH NYLON SURGICAL HOSIERY

Don't let varicose veins mar leg beauty. Don't let them cause you suffering. Scholl's Superior Surgical Nylons hide varicose veins; provide scientifically accurate support, wonderful comfort and relief... yet nobody knows you're wearing them. They're cool, feather-soft, ladder-proof. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

ALSO SCHOLL 2-WAY STRETCH ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY

IM FIGHTING FIT AT FIFTY...



Thanks to FORD PILLS

Over the years I've found Ford Pills marvelous for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Rheumatic aches and pains. They've helped me to be regular, happy and healthy. At the age when most men feel the touch of time, I'm full of life and energy. Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 3/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

For smooth well-groomed nails

NEVER use scissors to cut away unsightly cuticle. It leaves nails rough and jagged; can actually cause serious injury.

The safest, quickest way to remove cuticle is with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

Apply this beneficial, oily liquid to sides and base of nail. Then simply wipe away cuticle.

Instantly, old cuticle disappears! Nails look smooth, trim—beautifully groomed! Discover Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover today.





What the "Vynex" Tag means to you...

When choosing furniture, be sure to look for the 'Vynex' tag — as *only* furniture carrying this tag is covered with *genuine* 'Vynex', the name that distinguishes the Best . . . from the Rest.

You'll be so proud of your fashionable, colourful 'Vynex' furniture — it adds distinction to any home, whether in Lounge, Bedroom, Diningroom or Kitchen.

'Vynex' makes housework easier — spills of milk, tea, coffee, fruit juice,

etc. can be quickly removed by simply wiping with a damp cloth — 'Vynex' lasts a lifetime and retains its "new look" always!

'Vynex' is available in a magnificent range of printed and plain effects, from soft pastels to full rich colours.

Ask to see 'Vynex' covered furniture at your favourite store — and remember, 'Vynex' is beautiful, practical, colourful, durable *and* washable.

'Vynex' is manufactured by

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LIMITED



No gears or clutch to shift—
only one third of
braking effort—
and fingertip ease
in parking!

*Yes, you can have all these and more
in the car with the big, better difference!*

Fordomatic DRIVE

In Customline you can have fully automatic transmission so smooth and efficient that, in any driving circumstance, the automatic change of gears is almost imperceptible. There is a two-fold reason for this greater smoothness. Firstly, Fordomatic Drive, in addition to automatic gears, incorporates a remarkable torque converter. Secondly, the Ford O.H.V. V8 engine, because of its more smoothly "flowing" power and big reserves, teams up with automatic transmission more efficiently than can normal engines.

FORD POWER BRAKES

Just a touch on the pedal and Customline's optional power brake equipment handles all the effort for you. With up to one third of the normal pressure on the pedal you have an instant smooth braking control which makes driving, in traffic or highway, easier and more relaxing.



FORD POWER STEERING

Here's power to do up to 75% of your parking and assist you in all your driving. You can actually turn the wheel with one finger when the car is being parked . . . road shocks are absorbed before they reach the steering wheel, yet you retain the "feel of the wheel" when steering on street or highway.

Fashion-leading styling and other exclusive features!

More beauty to see . . . smarter, more hospitably roomy interior furnishings to enjoy . . . and, day after day, mile after mile, the exclusive performance-combination of overhead valve V8 engine, ball-joint suspension and K-bar chassis to keep your travel happier! And the more you check, the more you find for your money. For instance, the extra worth of full circle vision with vast wrap-around windscreen and rear window, Lifeguard safety steering wheel and door locks, giant luggage boot, and so many other quality features. Yes, this is a car without any limitations.

Ford V8 Customline



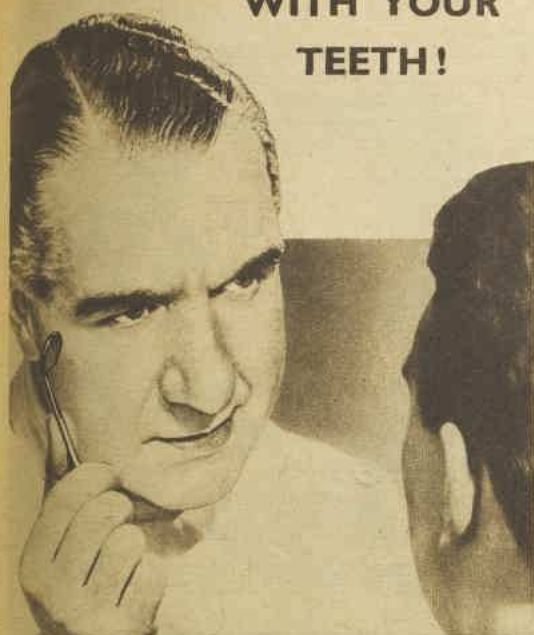
*Whitewall tyres, Style-toning and
Tri-toning (as illustrated), optional extra cost.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

FV404

ACCEPT YOUR FORD DEALER'S INVITATION TO TEST-DRIVE—AND YOU'LL KNOW HOW CUSTOMLINE CAN MAKE LIFE SMOOTHER!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES
WITH YOUR
TEETH!



New
MACLEANS
PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE
keeps teeth whiter
and healthier...

Use Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste . . . feel the tingle as its unique ingredient goes to work, killing decay germs, protecting your teeth and gums! Try Macleans and see how white your teeth are — that means they're cleaner and therefore safer from decay. You'll love the cool, refreshing taste of Macleans — and your breath will be sweet the whole day long.



MT Aus.8/57

**STILL YOUNG
at 50**

Don't let "middle age" get you down — that dull, listless feeling, that aching back can be due to sluggish kidneys. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood — lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headaches, rheumatism, etc. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get Doan's without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.

♡♡♡♡♡
Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♡♡♡♡♡

RECIPES TO FILE

● Below and overleaf is a selection of tasty recipes to add to your kitchen index file. The recipes are arranged back-to-back so that when you cut along the dotted lines each one is complete, with pictures on one page and the ingredients on the other.

RAISIN APRICOT ROLL

One and a half cups water, 1½ cups raisins, 1-3rd cup dried apricots (approximately 12), 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 2½ cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk.

Combine in saucepan water, coarsely chopped raisins and finely chopped apricots. Simmer 5 minutes. Add orange rind and leave to cool. Mix shortening with sugar, add egg and evaporated milk; beat well. Sift together flour, soda, and salt; add chopped walnuts. Fold in dry ingredients alternately with the fruit mixture. Spoon into 2 greased nut-loaf tins and bake in a moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. When cooked, cool slightly and remove from tins.

This raisin and apricot roll, served sliced and thickly buttered, is ideal for morning and afternoon teas.

BANANA CREAM RECESS SPONGE



FROSTED GOLDEN CAKE

CAKE: Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon each grated orange and lemon rind, 12oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

FROSTING: Two egg-whites, 1½ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, yellow coloring, ½ teaspoon lemon juice.

Cream butter with sugar and fruit rinds, add eggs one at a time; beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into 2 greased 8-inch sandwich-tins and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. When cooked turn on to cake-cooler. Sandwich cooled cakes with fresh or mock cream. Place egg-whites in top half of double boiler. Add sugar, water, and cream of tartar. Beat constantly over boiling water for 14 minutes. Remove from heat, add a few drops of coloring and lemon juice, continue beating until the mixture holds its shape. Spread quickly over cake and allow to set.

CHOCOLATE PEEKABOOS



DomineX REGD. Coats



GLENHIRST SHOWERPROOF

I always buy
NUGGET
because of its
brighter shine

MOST PEOPLE now buy "NUGGET"—they prefer it for the faster, longer-lasting and much brighter shoe shine it gives — resulting from special blending of its waxes to an exclusive new formula. Try it . . . you'll like it, too!



THE WORLD'S
LARGEST SELLING
SHOE POLISH

Twist
to
open



Snap OUT OF SUMMER SAG with ICED MILO

Frosty Iced Milo gives instant "lift" just as you sip it through a straw . . . mmm . . . delicious chocolate flavour . . . the nicest cold drink that ever put snap and sparkle into saggy summer days.

But Milo gives much more than a refreshing temporary lift. Milo contains essential minerals, calcium-rich milk, and malted cereal, fortified with the important vitamins A, B₁ and D. It is a complete tonic food. Taken regularly, Milo overcomes frayed nerves, irritability and that "saggy" feeling . . . ensures extra zest, alertness and energy, summer through. Try Iced Milo this summer—see what it will do for you.

SO SIMPLE TO PREPARE!

Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm milk, stir, and fill the glass with cold milk. If you like extra frosty Milo add an ice-cube or a scoop of Ideal ice cream just before serving. Delicious — refreshing! and Milo is wonderful sprinkled on top of Ideal one- whip ice cream.



TUNE IN EVERY WEEK TO
NESTLÉ'S BUNKHOUSE SHOW

More dishes for filing

• Here are two more tested recipes to add to your kitchen index file. Housewives who excel at baking cakes that appeal to the eye as well as to the taste-buds will be proud to serve these mouth-watering confections to their families and guests.

RAISIN APRICOT ROLL



BANANA CREAM RECESS SPONGE

Two eggs, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint whipped sweetened cream, 3 or more bananas, strawberries and a little mint to decorate, lemon juice.

Break eggs and separate the whites from the yolks. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy and gradually beat in sugar. Continue beating until sugar has dissolved, then beat in egg-yolks one at a time. Carefully fold in sifted flour and baking powder. Lastly, add hot water and melted butter. Fill into a greased recess tin and bake in a moderate oven until honey-brown in color and elastic to the touch (approximately 20 to 25 minutes). When cooked, allow to stand a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler.

FILLING: Pile whipped cream into recess of cold sponge and decorate with sliced bananas (dipped in lemon juice), a few strawberries, and mint leaves.

FROSTED GOLDEN CAKE



CHOCOLATE PEEKABOOS

One cup plain flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or substitute, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 package semi-sweet chocolate-pieces, sifted icing-sugar.

Place milk into a saucepan, add butter, melt slowly, and bring just to boiling point. Add sifted dry ingredients (flour, salt, sugar), add at once to hot liquid, stirring vigorously. Cook, stirring constantly until mixture leaves sides of saucepan in a smooth compact ball. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition until mixture is smooth; add vanilla. Drop dough in half teaspoonfuls, two inches apart, on ungreased oven slides. Place 2 chocolate pieces on each spoonful of mixture. Then top with another teaspoonful of dough. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool, serve sprinkled with sifted icing-sugar. Made double this size and served with cream, these are an ideal dessert.

Mara Corday starring in
"THE BLACK SCORPION"
A Warner Brothers Production



MARA CORDAY LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries
it beautifies

thick and creamy . . .
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS



Tubettes 1/3, Small Size 2/-
Large Size 3/6

BUY THE LARGE SIZE
AND SAVE MONEY

Also available in creamy lotion
form in leakproof Bubbles, 1/3 oz.

ROAST MEATS

Call for
French's

PREPARED
MUSTARD

No Mix! No Waste!
Ready to serve!



Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 5, 1958



COMBINING the flavors of pork meat, sweet pineapple, and green peppers, Hawaiian spare ribs makes a tasty dinner dish. See recipe given below.

Pork dish wins £5

● Hawaiian spare ribs, made with pork and flavored with green peppers, celery, and pineapple, wins the £5 prize this week.

PORK spare ribs is a popular dish in America but is not widely known in Australia. If your butcher is not familiar with this cut of meat, explain to him that what you want are the under-ribs cut in pairs.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for salmon Swiss pie.

All spoon measurements are level.

HAWAIIAN SPARE RIBS

Two to three pounds spare ribs of pork or lamb breasts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green peppers, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock or water, 1 tin sliced pineapple, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon soya sauce, salt and pepper to taste.

Arrange meat (meaty side up) in greased baking-dish; season lightly. Roast in a moderately hot oven 1 hour. Meanwhile melt shortening in pan, add chopped onion, celery, and peppers, cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Blend cornflour with meat stock and 1 cup pineapple juice (from tin of pineapple). Add to vegetables and cook until transparent. Add vinegar, soya sauce, salt and

pepper to taste, and lastly add pineapple (cut into chunks). Spoon excess fat off chops, and pour over pineapple sauce. Continue cooking until tender. Serve hot with vegetables as desired.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Thompson, 146 Winston Ave., Cudmore Park, S.A.

SALMON SWISS PIE

One unbaked 9in. short-crust pastry shell, 1 16oz. tin salmon, 2 cups grated tasty cheese ($\frac{1}{2}$ pound), 1 teaspoon onion (grated), 1 dessertspoon flour, pinch salt, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Drain salmon, remove any

dark skin or small bones; flake.

Combine in bowl grated cheese, onion, flour, and salt; mix well. Fill pastry-shell with alternate layers of salmon, and cheese mixture. Beat eggs and milk in bowl and pour carefully over salmon-cheese layers in pastry-shell. Bake in very hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and bake further 15 to 20 minutes, or until filling is set. Serve hot accompanied by any green vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Vasepuru, 35 Marshall St., Ivanhoe N.21, Vic.

FAMILY DISH.

A CHILLED tongue shape will be popular on warm days. Try this week's family dish. It costs approximately 8/- and serves five or six.

CHILLED TONGUE SHAPE

Half cup tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups chopped cold cooked tongue, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint (1 small tin) unsweetened evaporated milk, 2 egg-whites, 2 gherkins.

Dissolve one dessertspoon of the gelatine in tomato juice and hot water. Set $\frac{1}{2}$ in. layer in bottom of wetted mould with pattern of sliced gherkins on the bottom. Combine white sauce, onion, parsley, and tongue; fold in evaporated milk beaten until light and frothy, and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Lastly, fold in balance of gelatine dissolved in a little extra hot water. Fill into mould, chill until firm, then top with remaining tomato juice and balance of gherkins, sliced. Chill and unmould, serve with crisp salad.

leave for about an hour. Remove; pour off the liquid, wash well with cold water, and dry in a cloth. Mix in sugar, vinegar, and chopped dill. Set aside.

Put the boiled rice into a bowl, add the cooked beans, carrots, and tomatoes. Put all the ingredients for French dressing into a screw-topped jar, shake well, and pour on to rice. Mix thoroughly, using two forks. Arrange on a large serving-dish. Place the salmon and cucumber salad carefully on the top and pour over the following:

Mayonnaise: Put the egg-yolks into a bowl and beat until light and fluffy. Mix in vinegar, salt, cayenne pepper, and mustard. Very slowly mix in vegetable oil and olive oil. Then mix in the cream, tomato pulp, and whipped cream.

To serve: Pour the mayonnaise carefully over salmon. Decorate with sliced cucumber with skin on and radish roses.

French mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh tomato pulp, 3 dessertspoons tarragon vinegar, cayenne pepper, 2½ cups vegetable oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream, watercress, radish roses, cucumber slices.

Wash fish well in lemon juice and water. Place in baking-dish on a wire rack. Pour over the wine and water, add the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed vegetables, salt, and peppercorns. Bring slowly to boil and simmer gently 40 to 50 minutes. Allow to become quite cold in this stock. Remove and carefully skin and bone. Serve with the following cucumber salad: Skin cucumbers, cut in half lengthwise, remove all the seeds, cut into water-thin slices, place in a bowl and sprinkle with a little salt. Cover with a plate and a heavy weight and

Continued from page 45

Lenten Dishes

SALMON FROIDE AUX CONCOMBRES

(Cold salmon with cucumbers).

Two pounds salmon, cod, or smoked haddock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed sliced onion, carrot, and celery, few peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine, 4 cups water, 4 cucumbers, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped fresh dill or gherkins, 4 dessertspoons tarragon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 cups cooked rice, 1½ cups diced cooked carrot, 1½ cups diced skinned tomatoes, 1½ cups sliced cooked beans.

French Dressing: One tablespoon tarragon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vegetable oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch sugar.

Mayonnaise Sauce: Two egg-yolks, salt, 1 teaspoon



Unmistakably . . . an Australian beauty

Crystal-clear water of a cool glade in summertime reflecting natural loveliness — glancing off the smooth, sun-kissed limbs of a true Australian beauty. Her name: Diana Andrews, of Randwick, N.S.W. Her beauty care: Rexona Toilet Soap — for face, arms, all of her.

Bring out your natural loveliness with Rexona Soap

MEDICATED WITH CADYL

See your skin improve on Rexona's health and beauty diet. Only Rexona Toilet Soap has Cadyl, a special blend of rare and wonderful beauty oils, oils of cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth. As you smooth Rexona's silky lather over yourself, Cadyl flows gently deep down into the pores of your skin, where blemishes begin . . . healing, nourishing.

Give your skin Rexona's health and beauty treatment every day . . . And day by day, reveal your natural loveliness. Rexona even smells like a beauty treatment . . . its fragrance lingers with you like that faint whiff of honeysuckle on the morning air.



BATH SIZE 1/5 REGULAR SIZE 1/1

We modernised with Masonite

NEW TILED BATHROOM FOR LESS THAN £25



BEFORE

"It's hard to believe that the bathroom at the left and the bathroom below are the same. But it's true. These are actual photographs. And it's the same bath and wash basin too. We did the whole job ourselves with Masonite Marlited Wall Panels. Along the sides of the bath and hand basin we fitted white Masonite Lustritile. They look exactly like tiles don't they — but you pay only a fraction of the cost for them. The walls are covered with pink Masonite Lustritile and green Lustreboard."



AFTER

Masonite Wall Panels — available in 15 delightful colours, including stippletones — are finished by the exclusive Marlite process which seals in all the colour beauty and seals out moisture, grease, acids and mildew. A wipe with a damp cloth is all they ever need to keep them gleaming like porcelain. They never crack, so they're ideal for covering old walls as well as new. They are so easy to fix you can do it yourself. Special metal mouldings in matching colours give joints and corners a clean tradesman's finish.

The Masonite Marlited Wall Panel range includes Lustreboard, Lustritile, Panelgroove, and Leatherboard. Ask to see them at hardware stores and timber yards throughout Australia.

*** MASONITE**
MARLITED WALL PANELS

* Masonite is a Registered Trade Name

MASONITE CORPORATION (AUST.) PTY. LTD.
120 Dunning Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.
150 Mary Street, Brisbane, Queensland.
533 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria.
593 Port Road, West Croydon, S.A.

Please post me your FREE COLOUR CHART and fixing instructions.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MT4

Continuing

The Lesson of Wu Liang

from page 23

has gone, but wisdom still inhabits me. Surely, when others read the notice and hear Yen they will remember the man who wrote it, and they will remember the men who went before him!"

Crooning softly to himself, he went back across the courtyard and stood against the outer door; he remained there for a while, listening to the sounds about him before he turned to his couch, where his beloved Mei Cheng was waiting to save his old shoulders and bathe his tired feet; he slept blissfully that night, little realising the storm which was gathering about his grey head.

The morning glow crept over the forest, making the grass of the valley a brilliant green brocade. The petals in the jade bowls in the house of Wu perfumed the air and the old man awoke feeling contented and happy; he felt that yesterday he had achieved something, but he could not remember what. He lay and gazed up at the thatched ceiling. He gained no inspiration or memory from that, however, and he was about to close his eyes and compose himself for sleep again when a loud yammering of many voices brought him to his feet. The rising clamor hastened his dressing and he clattered out to the gate, where a milling crowd had gathered. Some were talking fiercely, others were listening, while three or four wrestled and shouted together.

Wu was about to retreat indoors when he noticed two men in the front of the crowd; he saw by their dress that they were officers of the Governor of Hsien. Yen was nowhere in sight, but Wu noticed that one of the men wrestling was fiercely waving a piece of his notice.

Wu trembled, wondering what the two officers wanted, until one came over and asked if Wu Liang were the one who had written the notice proclaiming himself as the wisest in the Kingdom.

When Wu admitted responsibility, he was ordered by the officer to present himself for audience with the Governor within the hour. Mei Cheng from inside the house heard the order and set about preparing and brushing the best black silk gown of her husband.

The mountain path from the house of Wu led steep and straight down to the floor of the valley; in the borders of the paddy fields which terraced down from the hills the tendrils of melons were long and succulent, and green bundles of rice shoots squared the bowls of land in their age-old pattern. Wu followed the path past the mud and straw houses which crouched back like swallow nests where the hard contours of the land had softened into re-entrants.

He nodded and spoke to many in passing, but he feigned a peace of mind he was far from feeling; and when he puffed homeward several hours later he did not even stop to speak with the villagers . . . and they whispered among themselves that something was truly wrong if Wu was too preoccupied to stop and chat a while.

And something was wrong — as Mei Cheng could see when Wu came back through the gate; he had the demeanor of a beaten man.

"Aie, aie," he bleated the familiar cry to her. "I am lost. I am a worthless nothing. I hoped to bring glory to my roof and memory to my father's father and all before them." He paused to shuffle in the dust at his feet. "But I have brought them only

ridicule . . . truly I am a nobody. Yes, yes, truly I am nothing but a rotten egg!"

Mei Cheng waited patiently until the lament had ceased and then she asked the cause of it. It transpired that the Governor was most displeased about the message. Was he not, he had reasoned with Wu, the most powerful man in the Hsien which he controlled? Of course he was, but he did not resort to foolish artifice to impress his wisdom on the people; he let his wisdom speak in his actions and his judgments.

He was angry. He was going to teach Master Wu a lesson. And he had set certain tasks which must be fulfilled or else Yen would run through Linglu with a contrary message and all would know of the shame of Wu, and know further that he was only a braggart; and that his forebears perhaps had likewise been men of no moment. Such at least would be the implication.

"Aie, aie," cried Wu. "Why ever was I so foolish!"

MEI CHENG asked what tasks the Governor had set and Wu revealed that they were three. First: He had to procure one cocoon which would make a ribbon of silk as long as the Anwei road. Second: He must supply the Governor with as much wine as there was salt water in the Bay of Kun. Third: And here Wu faltered as he spoke: Thirdly, he had to produce an ox as heavy as an elephant.

"Ah, such tasks," he wailed, rubbing his forehead in desperation. "They are beyond the scope of any mortal. What can I do?"

His wife did not immediately reply. She stood thinking a while, then gave a little sigh; and Wu knew hope. They had been married many years, these two, and now in old age they were as close together as the branches of one pine tree. Wu listened to his wife as she told him what to do; and his sad face changed to one of happiness.

Next morning Wu went down the mountain path again; the sunlight through the trees splashed gold in heaps on the leaves of last autumn and the birds seemed numberless; they filled the air with joy, and Wu nodded and spoke in passing to the farmers, and if it appeared they felt inclined to chat, Wu was willing to stay and talk with them.

In the village proper Wu stopped and smoked with P'eng the brass beater: the bronze and copper ware in his shop reflected lances of deep bronzed light into the motes of dust which rose and billowed as P'eng hammered and chatted. Later, in the shop of old Soon, the barrel-maker, Wu rested, smelling with savor the pungent pine and pulling the coiled springs of the shaved pine apart, and watching them spring back into tightness again.

The villagers knew that Wu had been called to the Governor: in the village of Linglu, as in most other places, news travelled house to house, mouth to mouth, lip to ear, until all knew the business of each, and now these villagers watched Wu finally pass under the cool awnings of the Governor's chambers and they wondered among themselves of what Wu would find to say. They had noted Wu's happy frame of mind and they

saw it was still with him when finally he was escorted in to see the Governor.

From his official table the Governor looked up at Wu. Behind him, hung on two golden-hued pillars, were scrolls by Pi Lung and Chi. The Governor asked curtly if the allotted tasks had been fulfilled and Wu replied that they had not, but that he would be able to do them if the Governor could extend a small favor. Would His Graciousness consent that the tasks might be speedily accomplished?

The Governor listened and reasoned that he had little to lose: after all, the tasks were impossible. Wu was obviously staving off the inevitable. He agreed to do anything that would assist, and he asked Wu to detail his requests.

From under the folds of his robe Wu produced three articles, which he placed on the low table before the startled gaze of the Governor; he lined them up and, one by one, handed them over with a specific request. The first article was a three-inch rule: with this Wu asked that the Anwei road be measured so that he might know the exact length of the ribbon of silk he was to produce.

Next he passed over a jar which had been used for storing figs: this he asked to be used as a measure to calculate the amount of salt water in the Bay of Kun; such accuracy, he explained, would allow him to get the correct amount of wine required.

Last of all he presented the Governor with a pair of scales normally used by ivory carvers when they make particularly fine work; perhaps these could be used to determine the weight of an elephant so that an ox of similar weight could be obtained.

When he had finished speaking, Wu looked alarmed at the face before him; it reddened and swelled and distended, the eyes puckered, the mouth opened, hung agape for a second, and then a roar of sound blew out. Wu staggered back a pace, but relaxed as the Governor's laughter bounded around the narrow room. The laughing man reached up to wipe his streaming face, then told Wu to get out of his sight and that Yen the servant could run as often as he liked through the village, and up into the mountains, with the message that Wu Liang was the wisest of them all.

"Truly," he roared, still rocking with laughter, "those of the house of Wu are intelligent beyond belief!"

Wu returned home and found, as always, the bright-eyed Mei Cheng waiting for him. By this time the sun had set behind the city walls, but its afterglow still lingered and lit the interior of the house with softness.

Wu looked at the beloved face of his lady and told her all that had transpired; then he went outside, found Yen with his ripped notice, which he took and tore into shreds. And Yen looked straight at him and smiled. For Wu had learned the lesson of the futility of an excess of foolish pride; and he had learnt something else — that a man with a wife who has good council is many times blessed.

The fiery clouds of sunset became grey-tinged as Wu turned back into the house, his mind at rest, and knowing that on the next day he would be able to sit back and enjoy the pageant of spring which had been denied to him the day before.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 5, 1958

It's the
Most!



Most cups
TO THE POUND

Most flavour
FROM EVERY CUP

Most lift!
AT ANY TIME

KINKARA is very much *your* cup of tea! So economical . . . so full-flavoured . . . so refreshing when you are tired or worried. To get the most from your teapot, buy Kinkara . . .

It's the
Most!





All the whitening and purifying
action of sun and rain

NEW ANTISEPTIC BLEACH

Solium

SPARKLING WHITES...

GERM-FREE TOO!

With this remarkable new bleach, Solium, you get washing that would satisfy a hospital matron. Your wash glistens with a sparkling new whiteness — just as if it had hung for hours in clear sunshine and rain. But Solium does more than get far whiter whites and shift stubborn stains. It destroys the dangerous germs that lurk in the family wash, especially bed linen, towels, handkerchiefs and garments worn next to the skin. Antiseptic Solium gives the added protection you need in the wash — vitally important in these days when many people don't boil clothes.

REMOVES STAINS

Solium gently bleaches out even the most stubborn marks and spots. No need to rub or scrub—you simply soak the whole article and rinse well. Tea, fruit, coffee and wine stains go.

FOR NYLON

Solium is ideal for removing stains and marks from white nylon. Follow directions on the bottle label.

MILDEW VANISHES

A solution of Solium for garments marked with mildew is safe and effective. Scorch marks can be treated in the same way.

KILLS GERMS

Solium actively destroys every trace of germ bacilli. Even typhoid bacillus is killed in 10 minutes.

DOZENS OF OTHER USES FOR SOLIUM, TOO!

In the kitchen, bathroom, around the house, Solium cleans and disinfects faster and more thoroughly than any other cleaning product. Use Solium for sterilising babies' bottles; keeping nappies hygienically clean and sweet; for deodorising unpleasant, penetrating smells; for whitening discoloured porcelain and woodwork.



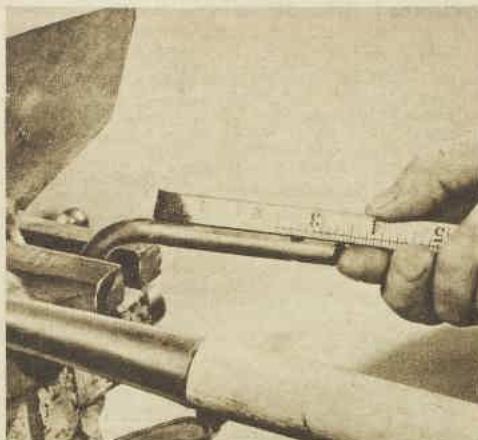
WHETHER YOU BOIL OR NOT —

SOLIUM IS THE BEST BLEACH UNDER THE SUN

EASY WAY TO REPAIR BROKEN GARDEN TOOLS

It's always better to replace a broken handle with a new one when possible instead of repairing the damaged handle. This will save time and money in the long run. Below are directions for repairing shank and socket-type garden tools and for fixing split handles.

RIGHT. Remove the old handle from a shank by hammering the ferrule above and below the retaining nail. This crushes the wood so the nail is easily pulled out from the handle. When nail is removed, hold the tool with the head down as illustrated and hammer downwards. The shank will be driven out of the handle and the head can fall free. Exercise care in hammering so as not to damage or blunt any other area.



ABOVE. Now measure the distance to the nail hole, as shown in the picture, and very carefully drive the new handle on to the head. Again measure the distance to the nail hole and mark its location. Punch a hole through the ferrule (into which the handle fits) at this point, drive a nail through the hole, and clinch the point that protrudes on the other side.



LEFT. If the tool is the socket type, first remove the cross-nails or rivets. Knock off the head, replace the old handle with a new one, and fasten it securely with strong nails. With a hammer and long bolt, knock out a broken shovel handle that is too short to grip, as shown in the picture. Never burn out a handle, because this will ruin the tool completely.



LEFT. Never repair split handles by using friction tape. It is much better to repair a slanting split with resorcinol resin glue that is waterproof. Clamp as shown in the picture at left until the glue is quite hard. Leave it to cure overnight in a warm place. Any sharp edges can be removed later with some sandpaper.

AVOID SHRINKAGE!



When a shirt shrinks (even a little) you lose your comfort. Or you lose your money if you can't wear it. Don't let this happen to you. Whenever you buy a shirt, always look for "Sanforized" on the label. Then you are sure that neckband will never get tight . . . no matter how often you wash the shirt.

look for the

SANFORIZED
Shrunk Fabric
FOR PERMANENT FIT

label

The "Sanforized" trade mark is applied to a fabric only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked through the service of the owner of the trade mark, Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc., to insure maintenance of its established standard.

CP.3.16

Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!



You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

ONE bottle of Sanpic Disinfectant does the work of FIVE similar sized bottles of other brands.



A product of Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd., Sydney.

FLORAL FRAGRANT — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

IT'S SAFE — Sanpic is non-poisonous . . . perfectly safe to use anywhere . . . to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

ECONOMICAL, TOO — With Sanpic Concentrated Disinfectant you need only use a little at a time—in fact, a teaspoonful or so is all that is necessary in most instances.



Floral
Fragrant

SANPIC

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant



Table-mat set in crochet

• The place-mat and matching glass-mat shown here are crocheted in an unusual sunflower design that will enhance any table setting. Make a set in colors for a luncheon table or in white for dinner.

Materials: 1 ball selected color Coats' Chain Mercer Crochet No. 20; 4yd. linen to match; Milwards' steel crochet hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½.)

Measurements: Depth of edging, 2in.; place-mat, 10in.; glass-mat, 6½in.

PLACE-MAT

Cut a circle of linen 6½in. in diameter. Lay a small hem all round and work a row of d.c. over hem, having 264 d.c., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

EDGING

Commence with 264 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring, being careful not to twist ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., * 5 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch.; rep. from *, ending with 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. (66 loops).

2nd Row: Sl-st. to centre of first loop, 1 d.c. into same loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, ending with 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

3rd Row: 1 sl-st. into first loop, 4 ch., 1 tr. 1 ch. and 1 tr. into same loop, * (1 ch., 1 tr. 1 ch., 1 tr. 1 ch., and 1

tr. into next loop) 5 times, 5 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into next loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 4 ch.

4th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch. and into next tr., 1 sl-st. into next sp., 4 ch., * (1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch., 13 times, 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next 5 ch. loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into same loop, 4 ch., miss next 1 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch.; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and 1 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 4 ch.

5th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch. and into next tr., 1 sl-st. into next sp., 4 ch., * (1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch.) 10 times, 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., (4 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into same loop) twice, 4 ch., miss next 1 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch.; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and 1 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 4 ch.

6th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch. and into next tr., 1 sl-st. into next sp., 4 ch., * (1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch.) 7 times, 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., (4 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into same loop) 3 times, 4 ch., miss next 1 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch.; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and 1 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 4 ch.

7th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch. and into next tr., 1 sl-st. into next sp., 4 ch., * (1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch.) 4 times, 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., (4 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into same loop) 4 times, 4 ch., miss next 1 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch.; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and 1 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 4 ch.

8th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch. and into next tr., 1 sl-st. into next sp., 4 ch., * 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., (4 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into same loop) 5 times; 4 ch., miss next 1 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch.; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and 1 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 4 ch.

9th Row: Turn, 1 sl-st. into last 4 ch. loop, turn, 1 d.c. into same loop, * 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next 4 ch. loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into same loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

10th Row: Sl-st. to centre of first loop, 1 d.c. into same loop, * 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into same loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

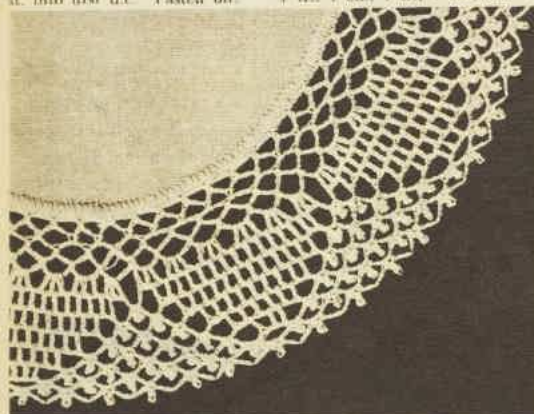
Join edging to linen centre as follows:

Attach thread to first d.c. on linen, 2 ch., 1 d.c. into first sp. of 3 ch. on foundation of edging, * 2 ch., miss 3 d.c. on linen, 1 d.c. into next d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp. on foundation; rep. from *, ending with 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

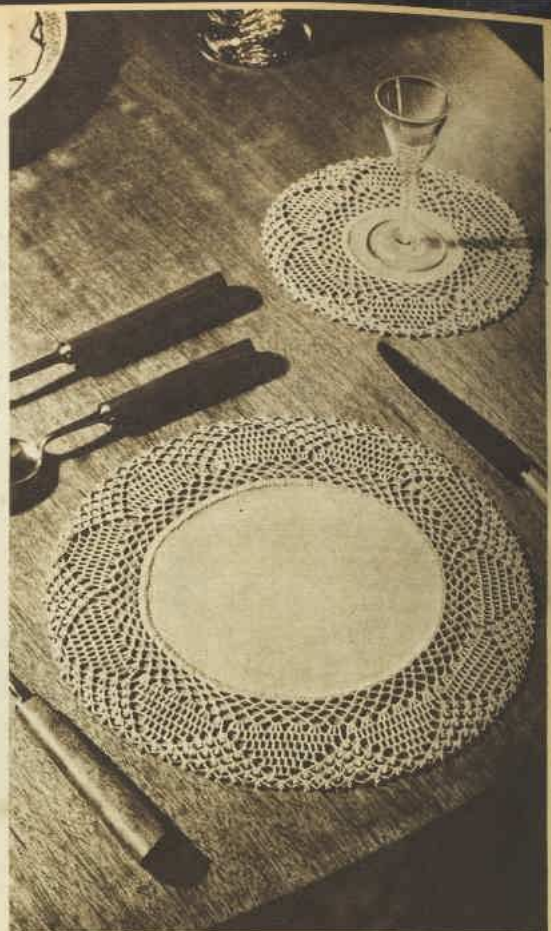
GLASS-MAT

Cut a circle of linen 3½in. in diameter and work exactly as for place-mat, being sure to have a multiple of 4 d.c. on linen and a multiple of 6 loops on 2nd row of edging. Damp and press.

DELICATE in design, this mat set can be used with either a traditional table setting or a more modern setting. The wide crochet lace edge can match the linen centre or contrast for novel and colorful effect.



CLOSE-UP OF THE PATTERN shows the simple but effective design of the 2in. edging in crocheted lace. The set consists of place-mats measuring 10in. in diameter and smaller mats for glasses, measuring 6½in.



Sydney to Bourke! Everyone's swinging to SURF for the WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

HERE'S PROOF There's been a flood of letters praising Surf. From Sydney to Bourke, from the Far North to the Far South, letters are pouring in! Read these from excited women who have joined the swing to miraculous Surf.



Newlywed takes the plunge

Letter from a bride of three months: "I wasn't doing so well at washing shirts until I took the plunge and tried a packet of Surf. Now my husband says his shirts are even whiter than when his mother washed them!"
Whether you boil or use a washing machine, you'll find Surf gets whites sparkling white—in fact, the World's Whitest!

Bank teller's wife gives credit

A bank teller's wife writes: "Give praise where it's due, I always say. Dishwashing takes only half the time since I changed to Surf. Dishes drain dry and sparkling clean in a few minutes. I find Surf especially good for glassware too!"
Give your dishes a dip in miraculous Surf. Surf cuts under grease, floats it right off... leaves dishes and glassware sparkling, gleaming-bright.

Plumber's wife will never forget

Says "Goodbye" to grease: "I'll never forget the first wash I did with Surf. You can guess how black and greasy a plumber's overalls get. Well, with Surf the dirt just falls out. Now they're cleaner than they've ever been!"
Everything you wash can be clean, clean—the World's Cleanest.

SAME WONDERFUL RESULTS EVEN IN HARD WATER!



NO SOAP — NO SOAP POWDER — NO OTHER WASHDAY PRODUCT KNOWN WILL WASH YOUR CLOTHES AS CLEAN AS SURF.

All over the State women are bursting with pride, because they've got the World's Cleanest Wash on their clothes-lines. Join in the swing to Surf and see the miracle happen to *your* wash!

WATCH THE DIRT FALL OUT when you wash with SURF



Put a load of clothes into Surf. Then, while you watch, you'll see the dirt falling out, streaming out, darkening the water. Take a glass of this washing water. You'll find it nearly black with dirt that has been drawn out of the clothes. That's how Surf gets clothes so amazingly clean.

BEAUTIFUL FOOTPATHS

● A well-laid-out footpath strip or garden, filled with bright flowers, is the easiest way to provide a neat and colorful approach to a home. Grass is difficult to cut in those narrow strips between front fences or walls and concrete footpaths, but low-growing annuals or perennials are an ideal choice.

NEAT, COLORFUL FOOTPATH GARDEN fronting the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Kelly, Pymble, N.S.W., where gazanias bloom almost the year round. The golden mass at extreme right is *heliosia sparsifolia*, a close relative of the sunflower, which blooms in the autumn months.

WHEN planning a footpath garden, the home gardener should bear in mind that council regulations in most cities and towns forbid, in such gardens, the growing of thorny, spiny, or wide-spreading shrubs and plants that may obstruct pedestrians using the footpaths at night.

Don't plant hawthorns, roses, cacti, or prickly shrubs that may cause injury to passers-by or tear their clothes, involving possible litigation.

Flagged borders along narrow strips are also banned by many councils for obvious reasons. When used, these borders should be only around beds set out in grassy boulevards or strips and in well-lighted streets.

Use soft, low-growing plants such as those illustrated on this page. There are hundreds more, of course, including Livingstone daisies, verbenas, *Cerastium tomentosum*, silene, *Vittadonia triloba*, thymus, *nierembergia*, *Hebe*, *Heeria elegans*, dianthus, alpine phlox, and armeria.

GARDENING

Lawns beside footpaths should be weeded well and top-dressed and cut regularly, because nothing looks worse than an unkempt grassy strip in front of a neat home.

If planning shrubs for the strip between footpath and kerb, first ask your civic engineer for the names of plants that are barred. Be sure to protect shrubs with tree-guards against strange stock and vandals.

INVITING FRONT GARDEN (right) at the home of Mrs. J. Murphy, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W., is streamlined by narrow flagged bed containing annuals and perennials between footpath and front wall.



HERE'S AN IDEA for improving the base of a drive or long footpath strip — a double row of geraniums with flagged border support. With care and attention such a bed should last for years and provide constant color.



BRIGHT-FLOWERING PERENNIALS sprout from front fence to concrete footpath. Privacy is provided by *prunus nigra* (red flowering plum, left) and flowering peaches.



ANOTHER CLEVER IDEA. To break up the severe lines of a sandstone block or rubble wall, masses of alyssum, geraniums, and gazanias are grown to fill gaps that weeds would normally occupy if footpath strip is neglected.

NEW MOTH PROOFER PROTECTS WOOLLENS TWO WAYS! (without stain or odour)



Now is the time to spray on MOTH-TOX! One spraying destroys eggs and larvae! Protects woollens for 12 months.

MOTH-TOX kills hatching larvae — stops moths from laying eggs in your woollen fabrics!

No more smelly "tell-tale" moth balls! No more bulky paper bags! Here is the modern way to protect those winter clothes you are about to put away — Moth-Tox! This new, odourless, non-staining liquid sprays on in a jiffy — and stays on! Kills all moth larvae and eggs which may be hatching in your woollen clothes. In addition, Moth-Tox repels moths

from laying eggs in your fabrics. The effect of Moth-Tox lasts for a complete year! Quick! Clean! Sure! So buy Moth-Tox and protect your woollen clothes and fabrics this new, easy way.

Moth-Tox is also effective against silver-fish, ants, cockroaches, fleas and spiders. Gives full protection to stored blankets, rugs, carpets and upholstered furniture.



Look for this big BLUE and YELLOW can. Sold by Chemists, Department Stores, Hardware Stores and Grocery Stores.

MOTH-TOX "AEROSOL" MOTH PROOFER
A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE

Time to get acquainted with NEW MILDER PERSIL



New Persil now contains **33% MORE PURE SOAP** ... it's especially made to care for your hands

Now

**The only permanent
you dare
wash at
once!**



Leaves your hair
soft, sweet and
instantly
shampoo-fresh!

RICHARD HUDNUT NEW Quick HOME PERMANENT

**GIVES YOU THE LOVELIEST,
MOST NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS OF ALL!**



So easy! No need to shampoo first!

Only Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Perm has Crystal-Pure Lanolized Wave Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odour. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion!



Wave and wash with ½ the work!

It's the quickest! Only Richard Hudnut's Crystal-Pure Lotion penetrates so fast, it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—half the winding time—half the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Richard Hudnut today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!

CHOOSE THE
**RICHARD
HUDNUT**
HOME PERM
MADE
SPECIALLY
FOR YOUR
TYPE OF HAIR.



For Easy-to-Wave Hair
and for soft, natural curls in normal hair.
RED BOX.

For Hard-to-Wave Hair
and for tighter, firmer curls in normal
hair. **GREEN BOX.**

For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-
rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-
to-Wave Hair" kit.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE **13/-**

A more natural-looking, stronger, longer-lasting wave, whichever hair style you prefer!



FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

MAURICE CHEVALIER: Now in his 70th year, the indestructible old charmer, with two generations of filmgoers his undying fans, is now endearing himself to the young granddaughters of the women who originally adored him. His next film is M.G.M.'s musical "Gigi," with Leslie Caron.

A FACULTY OF FUN



1 MEETING Sharon Acker, girl-friend of his pompous professor-host's son (Terry-Thomas, right), brightens up a deadly weekend visit for Ian, a misfit provincial junior history lecturer.



2 LEFT. Mishaps follow fast as Ian gets drunk, fights his host's son, and burns cigarette holes in his bedclothes.

3 ABOVE. Hopes of academic advancement fade as Ian's plans for an important university function end in chaos.



4 ABOVE. Determined to forget his misfortunes at the official ball that evening, Ian again meets Sharon, who, overlooking his dancing, lets him see her home and kiss her afterwards.

5 RIGHT. Having fortified his waning confidence with mixed drinks, Ian the next day disgraces himself lecturing to an audience of civic dignitaries, and hands in his resignation.



6 ABOVE. With a new job in the office Ian takes leave of the professor and his ghastly family, and gets to the London train just in time to board it with Sharon.

WELL?
naturally I'm well
I take ENO

says

Terry Dear

Terry Dear
energetic radio and T.V. personality

How are you? Are you *always* "well" — like Terry Dear? Or are you off-colour sometimes — perhaps through over-eating . . . or upset routine . . . or some other reason? Eno, the sparkling health drink, will keep you feeling happier — *really* well. Eno's unique formula gives prompt antacid action. It relieves acid indigestion . . . settles upset stomach . . . gently corrects irregularity . . . calms sick headaches. Anytime, enjoy a glass of good-tasting Eno . . . feel well all the time!

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' — NOW IN CONVENIENT WIDE MOUTH BOTTLE

New Film Releases

THE DEVIL'S HAIRPIN

Paramount drama, with Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace. VistaVision, Technicolor. Directed by George Edward, Sydney.

CORNEL WILDE, surprisingly tough as a racing-driver, makes some slick gear switches and does some fast cornering in this film, in which he's seduced by blonde Jean Wallace.

Called the "king" of the "king-size" ego, and some troubles which he's brought himself.

Coming out of retirement to hold on to his title, Wilde runs round the circuit and the Devil's Hairpin, a bend with bad memories for him.

Because he's been ruthless, friendless. Even his sister's type of mother can't abide him.

But the plot sorts itself out in a "synchromesh" case, with Jean Wallace and a street mascot squawk encouragement.

A brash and noisy film, The Devil's Hairpin lacks appeal—except for devotees of carnivals.—H.F.

In a word: NOISY.

BOMBERS B-52

Warner drama, with Marsha Wood, Karl Malden, Efrem Zimbalist, jun. In CinemaScope and WarnerColor. Directed by George Edward, Sydney.

STAND by for take-off with a Bomber B-52 taking the show, and magnificent aerial photography by Harold E. Wellman. But watch that touchdown.

At Castle Air Force Base, Colonel Jim Herlihy (Efrem Zimbalist, jun.) is in command, and, besides loving bombers B-52, he loves sulky Marsha Wood, daughter of a tough Sergeant "Chuck" Herlihy (Karl Malden).

And, if you follow, "Chuck," boss of the ground crew, loves the Air Force, the Bombers, his daughter, and wife, Marsha Hunt, but has no time for the Colonel.

So "Chuck" plans to retire, even though the General says that on his skill depends the fate of the Force, even the cold itself.

Then what happens?

Well, "Chuck" and Colonel are up in the skies wrestling with that B-52, when old-fashioned gremlins attack: wheels won't retract; secret electric panels catch fire.

Grin men go into action. Everything sorts itself out.

In spite of the trite plot, Malden's acting is excellent, matched in this by Zimbalist—looks almost a double for Gregory Peck. But somehow Bombers B-52" misses the target.—H.F.

In a word: OFFCOURSE.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 5, 1958

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★ THE SILKEN AFFAIR

R.K.O. comedy, with David Niven, Genevieve Page, Ronald Squire, Dorothy Alison. Embassy, Sydney.

EVEN David Niven's comedy flair can't make this farce concerning the stocking trade anything more than 60-denier (heavy) witted.

Caught in the meshes of a labored plot, Niven, the staid accountant, juggles the books of two companies—one making silk, the other nylons.

His sympathies are with the director of the silk company, a dear old gentleman (Ronald Squire) who doesn't like hosiery but is fond of silk-worms.

Until Niven meets beautiful Genevieve Page in a taxi—by coincidence, not multiple-hiring—and realises that life is routine he's as primly conservative as his rolled umbrella and bowler hat.

After that he cuts a dash among the ledgers, leaving wife, Dorothy Alison, to pursue her crossword-puzzle hobby at home.

There's amusement in the stocking factory, with its antique lift and antique employees, a tilt at the modern nylon plant, all electronic doors and automation, and some clever character parts from Richard Wattis and Wilfrid Hyde White.

Nevertheless, Niven is too smooth for the film, which stretches longer than any stocking (nylon or silk) should ever do.—H.F.

In a word: NIVEN.

STREET OF SINNERS

United Artists' drama, with George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks, Nehemiah Persoff. Palace, Sydney.

THIS unpleasant film contains two suicides, two murders, and a girl who takes off her clothes when she's drunk. It shows teenagers of the worst type and all their vices.

George Montgomery plays the young policeman, only a few days out of police school, who tries to straighten everyone out in the first week on his new beat.

Film-makers seem to believe that when they make the good triumph at the end of a film they therefore make it decent.

But the cheap nastiness of "Street of Sinners" belies this.

No film containing so much sordidness—almost glorified at times—should be screened at all.—A.M.B.

In a word: NAUSEATING.

NEW! COOL! MINT-FRESH!



Your mouth never felt
so Cool and Clean—your teeth
never looked so White before!

3,600 WOMEN IN NEWCASTLE tried the new Pepsodent and voted its mint-fresh flavour head and shoulders above the rest. As a toothpaste flavour it's just right — not hot, not sticky but so cool, clean, really, *mint-fresh*. And the clean, wholesome feeling lasts in your mouth the whole day through. Of course, the trium is still in Pepsodent to give you the whitest teeth. Buy Economy size and save up to 2/2.

Are you in the know?



At this theatre party, should one of the girls be seated—

- ☐ Beside the other. ☐ On the aisle. ☐ Farthest from the aisle.

Getting into a tussle over who's to sit where—won't get you an early dating encore. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals—then your squire. You need never know an awkward moment,

even at trying times. Let Kotex* sanitary napkins give you unfailing protection. You will be sure of the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise and your peace of mind. And remember those flat-pressed ends prevent tell-tale outlines.



If you're a problem blonde should you—

- ☐ Brush up. ☐ Brighten up.
☐ Become a brunette.

Towhead, wothead!—when shadowy roots bedim the gold. Brushing helps; draws up excess oil. Also, the tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten top-knots—safely. You'll always be a fair haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On those problem days choose Kotex. Those flat-pressed ends prevent tell-tale outlines. You will be sure of the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—with Kotex.



If your guy can't afford much gallivanting—

- ☐ Slip him a few coins. ☐ Spare a spender.
☐ Try parlor magic.

He's no miser—just allowance-bound. If your steady can't take you out every night, how 'bout a few home dates? A little parlor magic (records) and cookies can ease wallet strain; help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic, too, in the way Kotex gives trustworthy protection. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; and your new Kotex* belt gives you added comfort, too.



Kotex now comes in the feminine pink and grey box. Also available in plain paper wrapper. Price: Single Pack 2/11—Double Pack 5/9

Wondering when to introduce your daughter to Kotex?—better to be a year early than a day late. All the answers to those questions she is going to ask can be found in our two helpful booklets, "You're a Young Lady Now" (8-12) and "Very Personally Yours" (for older girls). Available from Kimberly Clark of Australia, Room 1A, 9th floor, Asbestos House, 65 York Street, Sydney.

So soft, so safe, so very personally yours

* Registered trade mark

KK359R

Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

from page 25

"My mother will be pretty cross with you." Eve gave a crooked smile. "I expect she's sending the police by now."

"Well, until they come you can eat your supper without a fuss."

The thing was to get through the time. About thirty-six hours. He had said that was all it would be. But what about now that the boy was here, too? If only he would ring so she could tell him.

Yet when he did ring she hadn't the courage to say anything. He sounded so tense and grim. He would hurl angry words at her, making her shiver up with hurt and fear if she told him now. She would have to wait until he came, and then give him a drink and some kisses, getting him into a good mood first.

"Was it all right?" came his tense whisper. "Yes. Yes, it was all right." "No one spoke to you?" "No one except the taxi-driver. Oh, and Mrs. Briggs."

"The next-door neighbor. She saw me come home, although I walked from the corner like you told me to."

"What did you tell her?" She smiled with satisfaction at her quick-wittedness.

"That they—" hastily she corrected herself, "that the baby was my sister's child who was in hospital."

He grunted, neither approving nor disapproving. "The baby's been crying like mad. Darling, you're coming, aren't you?"

"I don't think—" "But you must, you must! I can't do all this time alone. Not thirty-six hours. It all seems easy and simple when you're here. But I'm scared when I'm alone. Honest!"

"Crazy girl!" He had relaxed, for his voice had the caressing note in it.

Suddenly, with her ability to live entirely in the present, she saw nothing more than the evening ahead, the room cosy in the firelight, the couch drawn up to the hearth, only the light of the flames to show her his face, shadowed and exciting, his hands reaching out for her . . .

Putting down the telephone, she hugged her arms round her thin body in momentary ecstatic anticipation.

Then the belligerent voice of the small boy behind her said, "I don't like bread and milk. I'm not going to eat it."

She spun round, tense with anger. "Then go to bed without it. And in the basement where no one will hear you if you start yelling. In fact, I'll show you what will happen to you if you do yell."

She pushed the child ahead of her to the small window at the end of the passage. It gave a dim view of sliding, yellowish-grey water and mist.

"There's the river, see. I could open this window and let you fall right into it, and no one would even hear the splash."

The boy's eyes were widened in disbelief.

"You wouldn't do that." She permitted herself a thin smile.

"Not if you keep quiet and behave yourself. Anyway, I'm going to make sure you'll be quiet."

She thought she'd always liked kids, she reflected, with ironic amusement. So she had, too, but not when they were forced on you in this guilty way. And now she was so pleased and excited about his coming, and everything being nice for him, that she couldn't bear to tell him about Jamie. Not at the beginning, anyway. Just be-

fore he left, so that it wouldn't have spoiled the evening. She had the brilliant idea of putting some brandy in the milk and persuading the children to drink it. It wouldn't hurt them but just make them a little tipsy so that they'd sleep soundly.

The trouble was to get them to drink it. But the baby was hungry enough now, and Jamie, after some more hints about the silent yellow river outside, finally drank his, his small squarish face wrinkled in disgust, his eyes still defiantly tearless.

After that it was easy enough to get them to bed in the basement room, the baby in the packing-case she had made into a dry, cosy bed, and Jamie on an old mattress on the floor. Jamie's bed was not what it should be, but she hadn't known he was coming, so could not be expected to have prepared for him. The room smelt damp and airless, but couldn't hurt the children for one night, surely. And now she was free to go upstairs and wait for the doorbell to ring.

AT the beginning the evening was all she had hoped for. He was pleased with her.

"I told you it would be easy, didn't I? Nothing to it. Money picked up in the street."

"There's still tomorrow," she said cautiously.

"Oh, that'll be no trouble. I've studied psychology, you see. I pick on people who'll react the way I want them to."

"Like me?" she asked provocatively.

He grinned. His teeth were white in the dim light, his eyes gleaming. Already his hand was caressing her with the familiarity of possession.

"You haven't done too badly so far."

"Oh, I was scared at first!"

"Course you were. Only natural. But you just have to keep your head and reason things out, see. Know your opponent, know what she'll do."

"Mighty clever, aren't you? You like yourself, don't you?" She was laughing a little, rubbing her cheek against his.

"Don't be in such a hurry! Aren't we going to have a drink first?"

"Might do. Might like a kiss, first."

They were both pleased with themselves, enjoying the reaction from tension, but the tension was still there, like a coiled snake, waiting for the slightest disturbance to make it strike.

The disturbance came when the door into the dim firelit room opened and a hard yellow beam of light from the passage-way shone in.

Eve leapt up with a stifled scream. The man instinctively sank lower in the couch out of sight.

"I was sick," came Jamie's flat voice. "That milk you gave me made me sick."

Psychology! thought Eve contemptuously afterwards. He might have understood the mother's psychology, and knew that she would inevitably pay the money without going to the police, knowing that that method would be the most likely to ensure her children's safety. But what about the psychology of the unexpected. That little tricky thing, human nature. How was she to have known that the boy would be there in the street, grabbing his sister and threatening to yell blue murder?

He wouldn't see it that way. He was coldly, furiously angry. After she had cleaned up Jamie

and got him back to bed, shivering and miserable but still stubbornly refusing to cry, she had to face that scene in the living-room.

All the charm had gone now. He was muffled into his coat ready to go, to leave her once more alone, with the long hours till morning ahead of her, and all of the next difficult day she was utterly exhausted, shivering as Jamie had been, but he didn't care about that.

He lashed her with his tongue, his eyes blazing. He wouldn't admit that she had done the only possible thing. He said she had come near wrecking the whole scheme and it would be only a miracle if it now succeeded. A boy of five who could talk and remember! It was suicidal!

The one thing that could possibly save them was that so far the boy knew very little, only that he was in a strange house by the river to which he had been brought in a taxi. He could not know what part of London it was, nor was it likely he would be able to identify the house again. But if he found out too much . . .

Eve felt a strange little shiver running down her back as she looked into the intense eyes.

"If you let that stickybeak neighbor come prying, or let the boy overhear anything, or mention me—" his eyes bored into her, "there's only one thing to do. And you know what that is, don't you?"

Instinctively Eve glanced round at the small window at the end of the passage. She couldn't hear the river, nor could she see it in the darkness. But she could imagine the cold hiss of the water, and the wreathing fog . . .

It had been one thing to threaten the boy herself, but this was different, this was cold and diabolical.

"No, no!" she whispered.

"No!"

"You've got us into this mess."

"It wasn't my fault, I tell you!" Her face puckered up pathetically. "Oh, I never knew it was going to be like this or I'd never have said I'd do it. You said it would be easy. Child's play, you said."

He gave a brief, humorless smile.

"So it is, if you play it the right way. Pecker up, love, and mind what I said. Now I'm off."

"Oh, stay—"

But that plea was no use, she knew. Already he had opened the door and was looking stealthily out to see that the footpath was deserted, and all the houses, apparently, asleep.

A chilly breath of river fog swirled into the house. Eve listened to his light, quick footsteps, growing faint in the distance. Now he was only a dark shape, now he was gone, swallowed up in the dank mist. Closing the door, she began to tremble violently. She had never felt so alone in her life.

It was morning. Mrs. Blunt had arrived and was proceeding to deposit her things about the kitchen, the old shapeless coat that wilted into shabby insignificance when not adorning Mrs. Blunt's plump figure, the equally shapeless hat, the string bag that no matter the time of day was filled with bulging packages which occasionally spilled out such articles as Brussels sprouts or cracker biscuits.

"Good morning," she called cheerfully. "Everyone slept in this morning?"

The night had been like a lifetime. But it was over. Everything was over in time.

To page 63

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 5, 1958

Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

from page 62

"Good. Those tablets knock one out, don't they?"

"They do, indeed," Harriet agreed, thinking of the tablets lying untouched on her bedside table. Because much as she had longed to sink into oblivion last night, she had not dared to. She had kept thinking some message might come. Millie's tension about the telephone had been infectious. They had both found themselves listening, ready to start at the first ping of the bell.

"Is the sun shining?"

"No. It's very grey. It looks like snow."

"Misery! What can one do?" She realised then, with compassion, that each day began as an enemy to him. Later in the morning it would improve, Jones would come, as likely as not Zoe would drop in, the telephone would ring, the mail would arrive, there would be things to do, and slowly the day's hostility would be overcome.

BUT the beginning was bleak.

He ought not to be alone, she thought. He ought to marry. Zoe? No, not after yesterday's revelation. One of the other light-hearted and pretty girls from his former life who periodically called on him? Any one of them, if she dispelled his loneliness.

Where did Zoe live? Was it she who had played this macabre trick? From jealousy, hate, need of money?

"Harriet, come down and work this morning."

"I'm sorry, Flynn. I can't. I have some business to do in town."

"Can't it wait?"

"No, it's urgent, I'm afraid."

"A fine secretary you are!"

"I know. I'm sorry."

"Harriet, are you sure you're not worried about something?"

"You asked me that last night and I said no." She was so tense, so unreasonably irritated by his persistence that it was difficult to reply politely. "Even if I were, really, it would be no concern of yours."

"On the contrary." His voice was light, but she knew she shouldn't have said that. Now, with his too acute perception, he would be convinced that something was wrong. "But I won't pry if you don't want me to."

"Oh, Flynn, there's nothing to pry about." How long could she keep her voice casual and light? "By the way, if Zoe comes in, do remember to

get her address. It's important."

She hung up before he could inevitably begin to ask questions. She was sorry about the blank morning in front of him, but she could not have him to worry about, too. That was too much to endure.

The thing was to get through the hours until tomorrow morning. Ten o'clock now. The banks would be open. She could get the money and arrange it into an inconspicuous and innocent parcel.

Was she doing right or wrong? Should she have rung the police? What sort of a night had Jamie and Arabella had? Had they cried? Had they thought she had deserted them? Oh, Joe, what should I have done?

The winter roses were still blooming in her bedroom, fresh and unfaded. That was how little time had gone by. The colored photograph of Arabella on the dressing-table, taken to send a copy to her grandmother in Boston, showed her fine, red-gold curls, the hair Joe had so admired. Had anyone brushed Arabella's hair this morning?

Joe's picture beside it was an adult picture of Jamie, ugly, good-humored, and lovable. Would Joe blame her for this frightening thing that had happened?

She shivered as she put on her fur coat, one of Joe's last presents. The only other valuable thing he had been able to give her were her diamond earrings. They were in her jewel-box at the back of her glove drawer.

No, they weren't. That was funny. Well, never mind, she would remember later where she had put them. It was immaterial now. She occasionally changed their hiding-place, for no apparent reason, as a burglar had only to find them once.

She had to go now to get that money from the bank. It was lucky she had had a remittance from Joe's mother in Boston only last month, and that it was in the bank, untouched as yet.

Looking at her strained, white face in the mirror, still wan in spite of make-up, she wondered fleetingly if Joe would know her, if, supposing she met him in the lift on the way out. Two strangers meeting, a woman with a white, anxious face, a man with Jamie's slow, adorable grin.

"Please take down exactly any telephone message that might come," she instructed Mrs. Blunt.

Mrs. Blunt looked aggrieved. "I always do that, madam, to the last letter."

Remembering Mrs. Blunt's multitudinous notes scattered about the flat in the places appropriate to their contents, Harriet agreed. Mrs. Blunt would make a good landlady. "Do not bath after 11 p.m. Do not bang the front door. There as has no consideration for others can't expect it themselves."

Was she a little light-headed? Or was her brain desperately chasing foolish thoughts to escape the real ones?

She saw no one except Fred as she left the flats. In his working overalls, but still looking handsome and virile, he came over to her and whispered, "Any news?"

She shook her head silently. Fred's eyes were sympathetic, and she couldn't face them and keep her composure. She hurried on, and catching a bus in the High Street made her journey to the bank through the leafless, dark morning. She had thought it might be difficult to get five hundred pounds in single notes. The cashier certainly looked at her oddly, and no doubt thought she was planning some surreptitious under-the-counter deal. But after verifying her cheque he counted out the money and suggested that she should have a bag to put it in. She hadn't thought of that, she was so woolly-headed. She had to cram the bundles of notes into her handbag until it bulged like a well-filled stomach.

But she did have sense to do one other thing before she returned home. She got off the bus at the Albert Hall and walked across to the Round Pond, carefully noticing the isolated and lonely seat which she must visit that evening.

It had begun to rain, and from overhanging twigs large drops fell with a flat, plopping sound. A faint wind had begun to whine through the bare branches. The mist hanging about the avenues of tree trunks was smoke-grey, the water of the Round Pond glassy. Flynn had asked if the sun were shining. Suddenly Harriet felt that it would never shine again.

Mrs. Blunt was beaming all over her round face when Harriet arrived home.

"No messages," she said, "but look in here!"

For one wild, joyful moment Harriet thought it must be the children safely home and unharmed.

But it was not. It was flowers, a bowl of flowers, tulips, white lilac, daffodils, anemones. The colors burst like a rainbow on her tired eyes. And the room smelt like a funeral.

Even Millie had brightened, obviously deeply impressed by someone who could spend so much money on flowers.

"They must have cost him a fortune," she said.

"Him? Who?"

"Mr. Palmer. There's a note there somewhere. Jones brought all these up. He says Mr. Palmer's gone quite mad. He's got new gramophone records and books, and there's a grouse coming up, and champagne."

The note simply said, "Now is the sun shining?"

But mine is not your sort of darkness, Flynn dear, she whispered to herself.

And neither kind can be cured by this sort of foolish, charming lavishness.

And, of course, you didn't know that today flowers make me think of funerals . . .

"You have to ring him as soon as you come in," Millie went on, "because there's something else."

Zoe's address? But she hadn't wanted Flynn to guess the urgency of that requirement.

"He wanted Jamie, you see," Millie whispered hurriedly, her eyes dilated again with the terror that had come there yesterday. "I said, like you told me, that he was in the country."

"I'm off now," Mrs. Blunt called from the kitchen.

"And he didn't believe you?" Harriet said in a low voice.

Millie shook her head. "I don't think so. I haven't been out and I haven't talked to anyone, the way you told me not to, but I didn't know what to do about this."

"Goodbye," called Mrs. Blunt. "I've left you a note in the bathroom, madam. It's about soap. And have a good rest while the children are away. It will do you good."

The door slammed shut. Harriet said tensely, "Millie, you didn't tell him?"

"No, I didn't. At least, not completely. But he guessed something was wrong. Oh, Mrs. Lacey, what are we going to do?"

Millie's gulping, hopeless sobs were too much. The cold mist from the park had come into the flower-filled room.

"I'll have to ring him up," Harriet said, speaking to herself. But how now was she to banish his suspicions?

It was inevitable that he should be on the telephone before she had had time to think of a plan.

"Hullo, my love," he said cheerily. "Zoe can't come to lunch, so you are invited instead. Grouse and champagne. Jones is cooking the sprouts."

How are they, Jones? Oh, he says they're fine. So at one o'clock, please."

"Second best?" queried Harriet, with a faint and uncharacteristic attempt at coyness.

"Because Zoe can't come? Not actually, but I'd expected her invited. The greedy little hound enjoys a free meal."

"Why can't she come?"

"She has a job that's going to take most of the day."

"Did you find out where she lives?"

"Harriet, you have an obsession about this."

"I tell you, I need to know."

"Well, it's down by the river in some God-forsaken spot. Some lane. I wrote it down. You can see when you come down. Now what's this about the children being away? Why have I been kept in the dark? I particularly wanted Jamie today."

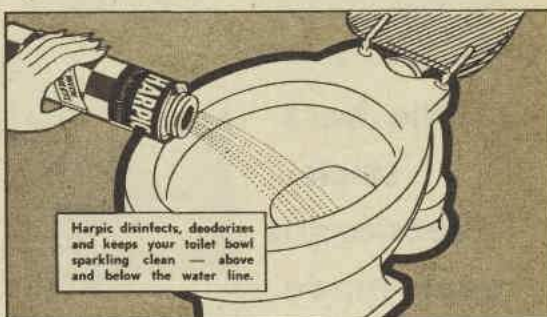
"I've got a puppy we're going to share. Jamie's to be responsible for the exercising. Jones will have to do the house training. He's a golden cocker, blue-blooded or golden-blooded or whatever one would say."

Harriet could hear the boyish enthusiasm in his voice. She had never heard it before. She should have been pleased for both his and Jamie's pleasure. Her lips were dry.

"That's wonderful, Flynn. Jamie will be enchanted. But the children are in the country at present. Millie told you. Flynn, thank you a thousand

To page 64

Now
Keep your toilet
fresh and bright
— THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY!



Harpic leaves bowl hygienically clean

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria . . . leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC LAVATORY CLEANSER

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

HP152

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

HUSBAND coming off duty at 11 p.m. started tucking into the remains of jam tart. When he reached for a second helping I said: "Hold on, you'll have indigestion."

"No I won't, love," he said. "Not with your cooking."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. Giddings, South Terrace, Pooraka, S.A.

Send your entries to The Nicest Compliment or The Best Backhander, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

AFTER taking a warm shower, followed by the application of deodorant, talc, and eau-de-cologne, and donning my cleanest and best clothes, I kissed my six-year-old daughter goodbye before leaving for a social occasion.

"Oh, Mummy," she said, breathing in deeply, "you smell lovely. Just like bacon and eggs."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Irene Fox, 68 The Corso, Manly, N.S.W.

times for the flowers. You've been wickedly extravagant."

"Harriet, the children are not in the country."

His unexpected accusation had her off her guard.

"How—do you know?" she asked, and then was lost.

"For one thing, you'd have told me last night. For another, Jamie would have come down to say goodbye to me. We're good friends, Jamie and I, so naturally he wouldn't go off without telling me. What is this enormous secret? Have they been kidnapped?"

"S-sh!" The frightened exclamation forced itself out of her, and then she stood gripping the telephone with damp palms, while Millie peered round the doorway, goggle-eyed and dumb.

"Harriet, come down here at once." His voice was calm, matter-of-fact, somehow immensely reassuring. "Then you can tell me everything that is worrying you."

He was waiting at the door when she went down.

"What is this, Harriet? Are you romancing?"

"I wish I were."

"Come and sit down. Jones will get us a drink." He took her arm and led her across to the fire. The puppy, golden-yellow and fat, slept in a basket. Jamie was going to adore him when he saw him.

Jones appeared with a tray of drinks. His long face was lugubrious.

"What can I offer you, madam?"

"Give her a double whisky, Jones. Now, Harriet, what is this all about? You say the children have disappeared. But that's preposterous. Don't go away, Jones. You must hear this, too. You may have seen something that will be of help. Come, Harriet. Let's have the story."

He was so calm and quiet

Continuing . . .

Listen To Danger

from page 63

that her own panic died and she was able to tell the story quietly, almost as if she were talking of someone else's children and someone else's heart-break.

It was Jones who gave the exclamation of shock and incredulity. Flynn merely said, "Where's the letter? I hope you haven't covered it with fingerprints. The police will want it."

Harriet sat up sharply. "No, Flynn! That's just what I don't mean to do. That's why I've told nobody about this except Fred and Mrs. Helps. Because I won't risk having the police brought in. Don't you see I can't?"

"Frankly, I don't see that at all. In my opinion you have been quite crazy not to have got them at once."

"No, Flynn, I refuse. I want my children safely back. I told you what was in the note."

"Bluff."

"It may be bluff. It may be deadly earnest. Don't you see that I can't risk it."

"And so you'll let this villain escape?"

"What do I care what happens to him so long as I get my children back?"

"Harriet, my dear, do you really think you can trust the word of someone who will do such a dastardly thing as kidnap babies?"

She pressed her fingers to her temples.

"I don't know, I don't know, but I've got to try. It's a better chance this way. I know it is."

The puppy in the basket yawned and turned round, with laborious care. The fire sparkled. The room was warm and bright. Fear seemed a

stupid and an ill-mannered thing to have in here.

"Jones," said Flynn sharply, "you're listening to this. What do you think?"

Jones stepped forward, his long face thoughtfully serious. "I agree with you, sir. I think the police should be called. But on the other hand they're Mrs. Lacey's children, and I expect it's her job to make this decision."

"We're all in it now," Flynn said. "We should have been in it from the beginning. Where's that letter, Harriet? Oh, why can't I see?"

JONES took the letter from Harriet. His actions were always neat and unobtrusive, the perfectly trained servant.

"It's the way Mrs. Lacey described it, sir. Words cut out of a newspaper."

"Read it again."

Jones did so, but in his flat voice the words sounded theatrical and unreal. One wondered why one could be so terrified by them.

"He refers to only one child," Flynn said. "Obviously he wouldn't mean to take Jamie, a child who can talk and remember and identify."

"Yes, we realised that," Harriet agreed. "But yesterday he would have seen Millie leave with only Arabella. He had probably been waiting for that opportunity for days. That's if it is a man."

"You think it might be a woman?"

"Millie has been talking about this strange blond woman, the one Jones caught a glimpse of the other day. I thought she was imagining things, but now one doesn't know what to think."

"Jones, you were about at that time yesterday. Did you happen to notice anything at all?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. I didn't even see when Millie took the children out."

"Do you think Millie's telling the entire truth, Harriet?"

Harriet sighed wearily. "How does one know? She simply bursts into tears when one says anything at all. But one thing is certain, she's had a nasty shock. She's absolutely terrified."

"The police would question everybody. Someone in the flats must have seen something."

"It didn't happen at the flats, it happened outside the chain store at the busiest time of the day, when no one would notice a child cry, much less who took it away."

"Harriet, my sweet numbskull, this is a most urgent police job."

"All right," said Harriet bitterly, "fill the place with police. And have my babies dredged out of the river or suffocated in a cupboard."

"Oh, Mrs. Lacey!" exclaimed Jones in a shocked voice.

"Well, can't that happen? Don't you agree?"

"In America, perhaps—"

"This may be an American kidnapper, someone who knows of Joe's family in Boston. How does one know who it is? But one thing I do know. I have the money. I drew it out of the bank this morning. The kidnapper gets this chance to return the children safely."

"You really think he'll ring you and tell you where they are?"

"I have to take that chance."

"There I agree with Mrs. Lacey, sir," Jones put in. "He'd prefer to do that rather than have two kids to feed. Or shall I say two corpses on his hands? You have to be

realistic, sir. They're flesh and blood and can't disappear into thin air when they've served their purposes, so to speak."

"Unless he becomes greedy and asks for more money."

"Flynn, stop it!" Harriet cried. "I can't stand this. Just stay out of it, will you? And you, too, Jones, with your horrible suggestions."

"Jones is thinking of the smashing story he'll have to tell his wife tonight," Flynn's voice was full of its old bitter sarcasm.

"That isn't quite fair, sir," Jones said in a hurt voice.

"All right, all right, I'm sorry," Flynn got up and began walking about the room, slashing at things with his stick. "Nothing's fair on this beautiful planet. You won't have the police. I'm as much use to you as that fat spaniel in the basket—"

"Flynn! Flynn!" His sudden impotent rage had the effect of calming Harriet, and she went to take his arm. "If this fails tonight, I promise you tomorrow I will get the police."

"Heavens above, that may be too late!"

"On the other hand, there is something you can do for me. Take me out to Zoe's."

"Zoe's?"

"Yes. I don't suppose I'm right, but she may have been playing a trick on me."

"A trick like this!"

"I know it seems improbable. I suppose it is. But she was very upset yesterday, and a jealous woman can lose her sense of proportion. She may have decided it would be amusing to give me a fright. And you must admit she has been mysterious about her address."

"Damned mysterious. I only prised it out of her when I asked her where to address a case of champagne! It's a forlorn hope, but we can try it. Jones will drive us. Go and get the car out, Jones."

"Before lunch, sir?" Jones turned an anguished glance towards the kitchen from which appetising aromas were coming.

"Instantly."

Millie hated to be left alone now. She wanted to protest when Mrs. Lacey went down to Mr. Palmer's, but even more so when Mrs. Lacey rushed up to get her coat and said she would be out for an hour or so. It wasn't fair to be the one who was told to stay in in case the telephone rang.

Mrs. Lacey wouldn't like to

be there alone herself, with that sinister voice likely to speak in her ear any time the telephone rang. But then Mrs. Lacey didn't know about the sinister voice. Only Millie knew that. The secret was so frightening that she didn't think she could keep it much longer. She would almost rather go to prison.

The flat was so empty. It made her feel queer to see the children's toys. Mrs. Blunt had tidied them up, with some puzzled remarks about it being strange that Arabella hadn't wanted to take her rabbit, or Jamie his very prized set of trucks. But tidied up was almost worse than having them scattered about. It looked as if they were neatly put away forever.

Oh, dear, how her head ached. For two pins she'd go home, except for all the questions—um would ask. And, of course, giving up Fred. Why didn't Fred ring? It was funny that he didn't. He would have seen Mrs. Lacey leave in Mr. Palmer's Bentley, and know that she was alone. It was really mean of him not to when he knew how upset she must be.

Supposing she rang him. That was the idea. That also would save her the awful feeling of dread she got every time the telephone rang.

She dialled the number of the basement flat and waited eagerly. "Oh, blow!" It was Fred's mother who answered.

"Hullo, Mrs. Helps. This is Millie here."

"Who?"

"Millie. From Mrs. Lacey's flat. Can I speak to Fred?"

"Oh, Millie." The old lady's tone was faintly acid. "Fred's on duty. He can't speak to you now."

"I wish you'd tell him I want to see him, Mrs. Helps."

"What do you want to see him about?" Yes, the old lady's voice was definitely suspicious. Silly old geezer.

"Oh, just things. I'm all alone up here, and Mrs. Lacey said I mustn't go out. I'm that lonely."

But that last pathetic plea had no effect on Fred's mother.

"You wouldn't be if you'd taken better care of those children."

Her voice was sharp, yet it seemed to have something desperate and frightened in it, as if they were her children, for goodness' sake.

"You will tell Fred, won't you, Mrs. Helps."

"I'll tell him you were ringing."

The phone clicked implacably. Millie sniffed and sighed. Silly old fool! What would she

have done if she had been threatened the way Millie had been? After all, the children would be back later tonight, wouldn't they, and no one the worse for it, except for Mrs. Lacey losing five hundred pounds. But she could afford that. Look at this lovely flat. Some people didn't know how lucky they were.

But supposing, after the children were back, that blackmailer threatened her again about the earrings! She hadn't thought of that.

Oh, Fred, it was all your fault! She thought despairingly. You made me lose them.

The telephone gave a preliminary ping which nearly made her jump out of her skin and then began to ring steadily.

Millie looked at it in frozen horror.

Oh, but it would be Fred! She suddenly remembered joyfully. His mother had given him her message, and he'd ring instantly, the darling.

She picked up the receiver and sang gaily. "Hullo!"

"Is that you, Millie?"

There was no mistaking that husky whispering voice, anonymous, sexless. Millie wanted to drop the receiver as if it were red-hot, as if it would bite a piece out of her plump young cheek. But like a magnet it hugged to her ear.

"How do you know my name?" she asked quaveringly.

There was a hoarse chuckling, low and dreadful.

"I know a lot. I made it my business to. Tell me, has Mrs. Lacey called the police?"

"N-no."

"Good. That's what I wanted to know. See that she doesn't. That's a good girl. Au revoir now. If you don't know what that means, it means you'll be hearing from me again."

To the accompaniment of the hoarse chuckling the receiver clicked and went dead.

Millie stood rigid. She couldn't stay here alone! She just couldn't. She'd run down and find Fred. But no, she couldn't. Because he knew nothing about these telephone threats, and if she told him she would have to admit her guilt.

She would go home, pack her things and run away. But Mrs. Lacey would want to know why. Mrs. Lacey would ferret things out, and she was a stickler for honesty. She would think it her duty to tell the police. And that was what Millie would lose Fred forever.

There was nothing she could do. There was no one to help her. She had to stay. But she felt so terribly alone, as if the

To page 65

now

the best stick deodorant ever made only 6'3

Instant ODO-RO-NO STICK DEODORANT

Totally effective · No messy fingers just stroke on

This is it — the stick deodorant that wipes out perspiration odour instantly, lastingly. Odo-ro-no is lightweight, easy to carry in your hand bag — can't leak or spill. It's as simple to use as your lipstick — Odo-ro-no is the most effective stick deodorant you can buy . . . gives you total protection all day long. Try Odo-ro-no today.

ODO-RO-NO STICK DEODORANT

Make Odo-ro-no your nicest daily habit

Odo-ro-no 24 hour protection is also available in cream and spray-form.

MTX

SCIENCE FACTS—ABOUT LIGHT

LIGHT rays are like radio waves, only much shorter in wavelength.

Any heated object emits light. In a match, this is caused by chemical combination; in a torch, a wire is heated by electricity; in the sun, light is released by nuclear reactions.

Different substances emit light of different colors, the colors depending on the wave-length of the light.

Red has the longest wave-length, violet the shortest.

White light, the light from the sun, is a mixture of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet.

All these components of white light travel at the same speed from the sun—186,000 miles a second.

But if you shoot a beam of white light through a glass prism, all the components separate and travel at different speeds.

Prove this, as Sir Isaac Newton originally did in 1666, by holding a prism in a narrow beam of sunlight entering a darkened room.

The different colors in the white light are bent or refracted and spread out as a vivid rainbow on the darkened wall.

Nature knew this long before Newton, for raindrops play the part of the prism and produce rainbows across the sky.

But why is the sky blue?

Most sunlight passes through the earth's atmosphere and reaches the earth, but some of the sunlight is scattered by the gas particles of the atmosphere.

The light rays with the shortest wavelength—blue to violet—get scattered most and produce the blue of the sky, although most of the blue still gets through to earth.

Red, the light with the longest wavelength, is hardly scattered at all and causes the red color of the sun when seen through smoke or haze.

This is because smoke or haze blocks blue light and leaves excess red light.

The red rays are blocked less than any other because their wave-length is longer, and they can wriggle round and by-pass the particles in the atmosphere.

Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

from page 64

temporary, see," he said, as if Harriet were planning to go snooping. "Our place is too small, and it's on the ground floor and damp. I'd like Nell to be upstairs where she'd get a view. I'm looking for something all the time. I want just the right place, so Nell won't have to shift again." He turned his head slightly. "We're coming to the street now, sir." Flynn sat forward. "What's it like?"

"Facing the river, sir. Bit run-down looking." Harriet looked at the row of narrow, shabby houses, tightly packed, as if one supported the other. They all had the dreary look of second-rate rooming houses. Their paint was faded, and at high tide there was no doubt that water sometimes lapped into their basements.

Zoe, the smart and immaculate, with her pert air of self-sufficiency, lived here. But only recently, and only temporarily.

Harriet leaned forward tensely. "Jones, it might be better if the car isn't seen. Park it round the corner. I'll go to the house."

"I, also," said Flynn. "No, you wait here." Harriet laid her hand on his arm, restraining him. "Because if we're wrong how will you explain what we're doing?"

"How will you?" he retorted. "I, at least, have come to take her home to lunch. Anyway, if she spoke the truth she won't be there. If she didn't, I guess there's a reason."

"If only the children are here!" Harriet scarcely dared put that hope into words. Could it be possible? Could this nightmare end so simply?

The woman who opened the door was gaunt-faced and tired. She said shortly, "Miss Mansell ain't home."

"Oh, dear, how unfortunate," said Flynn in his most beguiling voice. "And we'd come to take her out to lunch. Now, Harriet, isn't that too bad?"

Flynn had his arm tucked in Harriet's. They looked, Harriet reflected, like a respectable married couple, with none but the most friendly intentions towards Zoe. This was obviously what the woman was thinking, for her curtness relaxed a little, and she volunteered: "I can give her a message if you like."

That was Harriet's opportunity, and she quickly seized it. "I wonder if we could leave one ourselves in her room."

"I don't know if I should let you do that?" the woman said doubtfully. "She looks her door, anyway."

"But you would have a key, wouldn't you? Actually, we've walked quite a long way, and my husband gets tired. He hasn't been long out of hospital."

Harriet felt Flynn's fingers tighten on her arm. She also noticed the woman's quickened interest as she looked at Flynn's dark glasses.

"Oh, dear, poor soul! Tch, tch, tch! Then you'd better come in. After all, if you're old friends of Miss Mansell's I expect it's all right. There's a step down into the hall. Mind that, sir. And some stairs to climb."

"Miss Mansell does live here alone, doesn't she?" Harriet asked casually.

"Oh, yes, madam. I don't allow goings-on."

Her thin figure had flitted away up the stairs ahead of them. In the clean, dingy hall, with its polished brown linoleum and brown-and-cream banisters, Harriet was overcome with disappointment and

despair. It was no use. Her children were not here. One could see that.

"It's all a mistake," she whispered to Flynn. "I apologise to Zoe."

"Harriet, I'm sorry." Tears filled her eyes. She was grateful, suddenly, that Flynn could not see them.

"It's all my fault. It was a foolish thing to think. Let's go home."

"No, let's go up and see the room now we are here," Flynn insisted. "One might as well know where the crazy kid lives."

His voice held concern and affection. It irritated Harriet, who now could think of nothing but that they had followed a hopeless trail. Unreasonably, she expected him to be thinking of nothing but her children, also.

"But why bother? You can't see it when you do get there."

He didn't seem to mind her cruelly factual words. He

The woman, with unexpected tact, had gone away. Flynn stood within the door, his head up in its arrogant manner, all his senses concentrated on forming an impression.

Why? Did he care so much where Zoe lived? Was his casual and sometimes impertinent attitude towards her a disguise covering his real feelings, which because of the intolerable fact of his blindness he would not show?

"Well?" he said impatiently. "What's it like? Has the girl a bed to sleep in?"

Of course it was a wedding dress. Zoe was making it herself. Probably she made all her clothes. If she were a clever enough dressmaker, as she seemed to be, that would explain why she could look so smart, and yet have so little money.

But the wedding dress was for her wedding to Flynn. She must have counted on achieving that very soon indeed. Since Flynn had not so far made the anticipated proposal

FOR THE CHILDREN

Whiff, Snuff & Tuff



said lightly, "On the contrary, your eyes are mine. What does this hall look like?"

"The rolling stock of the Great Western Railway."

"This way, sir," called the woman, out of sight along a passage at the top of the stairs. "There's a nasty turn half way up."

"That's all right. My wife is used to helping me."

Harriet stiffened. He whispered, "You started this particular game."

"It seemed easier with a woman like her. More respectable."

"Oh, indeed. Respectability is the thing."

"Can't you manage the stairs, sir?" Harriet might not have been there any longer. All the woman's morbid attention was fixed on Flynn.

Flynn, curbing his sudden explosive anger, proceeded up the stairs as quickly as possible. A door was opened half way down a narrow passage. The woman stood aside as Harriet, followed by Flynn, went into the simple, shabby room.

There was a window that looked over the river. Beneath it was a divan with a shabby cover. There were chairs, a threadbare carpet, Zoe's clothes hanging half-concealed behind a cretonne curtain that comprised the wardrobe, and a clutter of cosmetics on the tiny dressing-table.

But it was the centre of the room that took Harriet's attention. On a circular table stood a hand-sewing machine, and spread out beside it, covering the rest of the table, was a gleaming piece of cream-colored satin, cut out and pinned into the shape of a dress. A wedding dress.

she was furiously blaming Harriet. That could well explain her attack yesterday. For if the girl were almost penniless she had to bring off this gamble successfully as soon as possible.

"Harriet, is it that bad?" "Bad?"

"The room." "Oh, no. There's a perfectly adequate bed, and comfortable chairs. No, it isn't that bad. Not Manchester Court, I grant you."

She looked again at the gleaming satin of the half-finished dress. No, that must remain Zoe's secret, for the next few weeks, or forever, as fate decided. It was no business of Harriet's. Although, in that moment when, in her best actress manner, she had told the woman that Flynn was her husband, and his fingers had pressed her arm, her heart had given a strange leap, as if it had just awoken after a long sleep.

"Flynn, do let's go." "The house smells," said Flynn, sniffing fastidiously. "Floor polish, mould, dusty carpet. Intriguing, but not to live with. Why didn't Zoe tell me she lives like this?"

"You'd better ask her. At the moment I'm afraid I'm more interested in finding my children."

"Oh, poor Harriet, of course."

"Poor Zoe, poor Harriet! You must be getting a little tired of your forlorn female friends."

"Don't be absurd." "It was absurd of me to think Zoe might have taken the children." (Why had she thought of it? Why had she stumbled on the pathetic secret of the half-made wedding dress? Now she had that, too, to worry about. One should not

be sorry for such an obvious gold-digger who, married to Flynn, would drive him slowly mad.)

"You'll have to thank the woman for letting us in. But please hurry. I must get home to Millie. And I haven't rung Len telling him I won't be at rehearsals. He'll be livid."

"And we have to explain, of course, to Zoe what we have been doing here. That poor blind man and his wife."

"Oh, Flynn!" said Harriet. Flynn put out his hand, feeling for her arm.

"One thing at a time, my love. The stairs with the nasty turn first."

Jones was waiting round the corner. He had been walking up and down, his coat flapping open from his tall, spare figure. Seeing them alone, he forbore to make obvious remarks, but with his usual discretion opened the door of the car and said soothingly: "Nasty, bleak place this. I wouldn't care to live so close to the river."

"Well, we drew a blank, Jones."

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir." "It was a long chance. But one has to explore every avenue."

"Indeed, sir. Human nature being what it is."

He means the unexpected things, Harriet thought, the little quirks that come in and make plans go awry, make one revise one's opinions. The unanticipated moment of joy when Flynn's fingers had pressed her arm. The wedding dress that was to culminate Zoe's carefully laid and unscrupulous but somehow pathetic plans.

The kidnapper had correctly anticipated hers and Millie's reactions and behaviour. But he was a human being, too. Could he be so sure that somewhere along his dangerous way some little thing, some unexpected behaviour on someone's part, would not let him down.

Harriet went into the flat wearily. It was the same as it had been when she had left it, filled with the scent of lilac, deadly quiet.

Millie had said nothing had happened. There had been no callers and no telephone messages.

"Not even a word from Fred," she said, and her lip quivered. "It's all so awful, I could die."

Harriet looked at the time and realised she could just catch Len on the telephone before rehearsals started. She explained that she had flu, and then had to endure five minutes of indignation and threats of dismissal before he calmed down and told her to take four aspirins every four hours, and if incipient flu was the reason for her bad performance yesterday he would forgive her.

She went in the bathroom and found Mrs. Blunt's note: "You need more bath soap. If you get that new French kind, don't waste it on the children."

Mrs. Blunt, she said to herself, when my children come home they may use my expensive soap or anything they please. Just let them come home.

It seemed years ago since she had gaily bought a new hat, and enjoyed wearing it.

The time was two o'clock. Another seven hours to wait. The gloom of the grey day had deepened. The wind had strengthened and whined, like a muffled puppy, in the chimney. It looked as if it were going to snow.

Flynn had asked if she minded him talking to Fred and his mother, and also to Millie. She had assented wearily, knowing that this would achieve nothing. Which was exactly what happened. They all reiterated what they had already told Harriet, and Millie once more became a sodden heap of misery.

There was only one thing to do, she knew, and that was to live through the seven hours until nine o'clock. To live without thinking, if possible — of what the children were doing, whether they had eaten, whether Arabella was having her afternoon nap, whether Jamie was escaping trouble . . .

Or thinking of Zoe's half-made wedding-dress, all her hopes spread on a table in a shabby, depressing, anonymous room . . .

Or of what Grandmother Lacey in Boston would think of her care of Joe's children . . . Or of what Joe himself would think . . .

Or of what one would do, if Jamie and Arabella had disappeared as completely and finally as Joe had . . .

The telephone did not ring again. Flynn came up once to ask her to have tea with him, because he insisted that food was vitally important in a crisis. But Millie, at the prospect of being left alone again, threw her such a stricken look that Harriet suggested Flynn having tea with them. This he agreed to do, and sat opposite her, his face turned to her as if he were watching.

He had dropped his earlier efforts to make idle conversation in order to distract her and was almost completely silent. But it was comforting, somehow, having him there. The flat did not seem quite so empty.

When he left it was six o'clock. Unbelievably as it seemed, time was passing. Those hours would never have to be lived again. They were gone forever.

"You do look tired, Mrs. Lacey," Millie said timidly.

"I'm all right. Are there plenty of eggs and milk? We may have to get a meal for the children later."

Millie gasped. "Oh, ma'am, do you think they'll come back tonight?"

Harriet turned on her, angry at the girl's disbelief.

"Of course they will. I refuse to think anything else."

Millie was at the window, looking out into the darkness. "It's awful cold and dark for a baby," she muttered.

Harriet repressed a shiver.

"Where do you suppose they'll be left, Mrs. Lacey?" Millie asked.

That was a question Flynn had kept flinging at her, too. In his argument that the police should be called immediately he had kept demanding how the kidnapper could safely return two live children to any given spot without being detected himself — or herself.

But that, Harriet had insisted, could be done as unobtrusively as the kidnapping had been done. What was wrong with them being discovered outside the store, exactly in the spot from which they had disappeared. Women were always leaving their children in perambulators in the street. In a busy street it could be done quite unnoticed, and then the kidnapper could keep his promise to telephone her and instruct her to the locality where the children waited.

The only flaw in this argument was that it would be night-time.

It may well be that she would not get any information until morning, that there would be another long night to live through.

But she clung to her perhaps naive belief that whoever had watched the flats so closely as to be accurate about hers and Millie's movements would also know at exactly what times Fred went off duty. What was to stop the children being slipped inside the front doors at an unguarded moment?

This hope she now told Millie, but Millie's reaction was disappointing.

"Cool! Wouldn't she know

To page 66



... gulping foods quickly can cause **GASTRIC ACIDITY**

Food eaten under these conditions brings on gastric acidity and painful indigestion. For relief you must neutralize this acid. Scientifically balanced DeWitt's Antacid Powder quickly does this, and ensures prolonged relief by spreading a

soothing protective coating over the troubled stomach lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water is all that's necessary. Get fast relief—get DeWitt's Antacid Powder from your chemist or storekeeper today.

When away from home always carry DeWitt's Antacid Tablets. Packed in handy, tear-off cellophane strips, these pleasant tasting tablets give quick, sure relief when dissolved on the tongue.



POWDER ... Large economy size 7/-
Regular size 3/6
TABLETS ... Large economy size 3/3
Regular size 1/9

"Always in the home..."
writes Mrs. H., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

"—another of your products that is wonderful is DeWitt's Antacid Powder which we always keep in the home for immediate use."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER AND TABLETS

Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

[from page 65]

Fred would be watching, after all this?"

"She has no reason to know that Fred is in this terrible secret. Millie, why do you keep on saying 'she'?"

Millie pressed her nose against the window, staring down into the dark square. Nothing moved among the bushes and tree-trunks. There was no lurking woman with a white face and tattered blond locks. But how did one know there wasn't?

She shuddered uncontrollably.

"Because of that awful woman who watched me."

"But you only saw her once. There could be nothing significant about that."

"No, twice. Jones saw her running away from the door that day, the same as I did."

"Millie, that was Jamie. He told me so. And Mrs. Helps found the wig he had used, the little scamp."

"It wasn't Jamie that night," Millie said hysterically. "Not after midnight. Besides, she was tall!"

"Just a passer-by. You can't be so scared about someone who seemed to stare at you only once."

"It was the same straggly hair," Millie insisted. "And then the phone ringing and no one speaking. That was to scare us more."

Harriet looked with distaste at the girl with her tear-blotted face and stupid, starting eyes. How could she once have thought that Millie was pleasant and kind and pliable?

"Come now," she said sternly, "Mr. Palmer doesn't place any more importance on those things than I do. We think you've imagined half of it, and the other half is pure coincidence. Now what about seeing if you can make a nice omelet for supper, because shortly I have to go."

Millie opened her mouth to speak, then thought better of it. But a strange, knowing look, which was vaguely disturbing, had flickered in her eyes.

"What were you going to say, Millie?"

"Nothing, ma'am. Only that I'm not very good at omelets."

"Never mind. It will give you something to do, and we really ought to eat. As you say, it's cold and dark outside."

In the basement flat Mrs. Helps was watching her son, Fred. He had finished his supper and changed into a tweed jacket and slacks. Now he was peering into the mirror over the mantelpiece, slicking down his hair and carefully studying his appearance.

SHE had to be careful how she asked questions. If she made them too obvious she got no answer.

"It's an awful cold, wet night," she said, feeling her way to the final question, as to whether he was going out.

"It's going to snow," he answered briefly.

"That Millie rang up again."

"What's wrong with her now?"

"She said she was lonely."

"Serve her right, letting those kids get stolen."

He sounded so indignant that the old lady's heart lifted with relief. He couldn't be indignant like that if he were guilty, could he? He wasn't as good an actor as that.

"Fred, you're not going out in this cold without a scarf?"

"Now, Ma, don't fuss. You know I can't stand fussing."

Helplessly, her eyes went to the clock. It was just on nine o'clock. The time that had been specified in the note.

And Fred was going out. It was useless to ask him where, because he would not tell her.

Supposing he had been in league with that silly giggling Millie, and somehow between they they had planned something diabolical.

It was no use, she could no longer carefully feel her way,

she had to burst out in her high, worried voice:

"Fred, you're not going to the park?"

He turned, his handsome face full of outraged innocence.

"You mean, follow Mrs. Lacey! Don't be daft, Ma. You might as well call the police and be done with it. I'm not going to put a spanner in the works that way. If those kids are to come back safe and sound no one must interfere. There's a desperate man in this, and I know what a desperate man's like, because I've had experience of them, see? Mrs. Lacey's got to play this game the way he says or else. Me going to the park! Certainly I'm not!"

"Then where—"

His big hands rested momentarily on her shoulders. But he did not become angry this time with her inquisitiveness.

"It's none of your business, old lady. You want to know too much."

"Fred—"

"I'm not going far, and I'm not going with a girl. If Millie rings up you can tell her that."

He grinned. "Cheerio, Ma. Be seeing you."

It had begun to snow in scattered flakes. Nevertheless, Harriet decided to walk on her errand. It was horrid, but she felt furtive and suspicious.

People on the bus, she thought, would stare at her.

A taxi driver would query her strange desire to be dropped at the park gates on a dark and blustery night.

She would walk. She would time herself to take exactly 20 minutes from Manchester Court to the lonely seat halfway across the park. In another 20 minutes she would be home.

And then she could allow herself the luxury of beginning to hope.

"Don't be away long, ma'am," Millie begged pitifully, as the door of the flat closed behind her.

Harriet saw no one as she

went out. She thought that Fred might be lurking about to wish her good luck, but the red-carpeted foyer was empty, the double-glass doors unattended.

The wind struck her as she rounded the corner. The High Street, well lit and populated with hurrying top-coated forms, stretched ahead. No time to look in shop windows, no time to linger and note again the spot of the children's disappearance.

It seemed the kidnapper had not expected to take Jamie, too. But if that had made any difference to his plans he would have let her know. That was what she had kept telling Flynn, who had been infuriatingly sceptical.

Flynn was more deeply worried than he let her see. He was angry about her stubborn refusal to get the police until after tonight, and the disability of his blindness in an emergency like this was intolerable for him. Strangely enough, the whole thing had made her forget the way she had imagined Joe's shadow came between her and Flynn. Now they were just a man and a woman, both in trouble.

It was ten minutes to nine. She had passed the last big department store and reached the row of small shops and restaurants that dwindled away to the edge of the park grounds.

A snowflake struck her eyelid, and, melting, ran down her cheek in a cold tear. The leafless trees, swaying and cracking in the wind, were tall before her. Beyond them stretched the long, broad pathway and the grassy acres that led to the Round Pond.

Lights swayed, casting moving reflections over the wet pavements. Cars swished past and the few hurrying pedestrians went on their way. She was the only person to enter the dark and deserted gardens.

She walked quickly, looking straight ahead. If someone lurked behind a tree to watch her she did not care to see him. Or her. Millie was so certain the culprit was a woman, but

To page 67

Invitation

You are cordially invited to attend

PATONS & BALDWINS

*Preview of Autumn and Winter
Fashions in Hand Knitteds*

at the

STATE THEATRE BALLROOM

Market Street, Sydney

From 4th to 7th March

Open 10 a.m. to 9.15 p.m. Daily (except Friday 7th March — closing 5 p.m.)

MANNEQUIN PARADES DAILY

11.00 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 3.00 p.m., *7.00 p.m., *8.00 p.m.

Except Friday 7th March.

ADMISSION FREE



Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

[from page 66]

you know he hasn't been watching you? How do you know he doesn't think you're police in plain clothes?"

"That was a risk we had to take, rather than have you knocked unconscious under a dark bush. Jones watched you all the way. If you hadn't come back immediately he was going to investigate."

"But you might have spoilt it!" Harriet reiterated angrily.

"I don't think so. We're not near the gates, and there are cars parked all the way. Jones was discreet about that."

Harriet pressed her hands to her eyes. The swaying lights down the broad road seemed to be exploding in her brain.

"For heaven's sake, let's go! Don't linger here. Whoever is waiting to get that money will be ringing up shortly, if everything hasn't been spoilt."

"Everything hasn't been spoilt," Flynn said quietly. His hand had found hers and was curved round it protectingly.

But she could feel a not quite controlled twitch in his fingers. She did not know whether that was caused by his anxiety for her or by the desperate frustration of his blindness that excluded him from a more active part in this nightmare.

Fred was not in sight when Jones swung the car in at the gates of Manchester Court. Harriet shook the flakes of snow out of her hair as she got out of the car. She heard Jones saying in his correct voice, "Will you be wanting anything more tonight, sir?"

But she could scarcely wait to hear Flynn's answer, so impatient was she to get upstairs and wait for the telephone to ring.

"No, you may go now. But take the car, and let's have your telephone number in case I want you back quickly."

"You have the number, sir. It's written in the desk pad."

"All right. Harriet will look it up if we need you."

"You mean if you want me to help pick up the children,

sir? I'll be more than happy to do that."

Harriet turned and smiled wanly.

"It was good of you to stay late, Jones. Now get home to your wife."

"Yes, madam. And I think you've done the right thing tonight, if I may say so."

Flynn felt for the steps with his stick, and put out his hand to take Harriet's arm.

"We wait till midnight. That's the deadline. If nothing has happened by then we call the police."

Jones sprang ahead to hold the door open.

"You're sure you wouldn't like me to stay, sir?"

HARRIET could see the agonised indecision in his face. A fleeting thought passed through her mind as to what Jones was like when he discarded his skin of the perfect valet and became a human being.

But then he was the long-suffering, patient husband, hurrying home to regale his wife with tidbits of gossip. The human that was left beneath these two skins must be sadly under-nourished and either undeveloped or well-disciplined.

Before Flynn could answer his question, she asked quickly, "Jones, are you going to tell your wife why you were so late tonight?"

"Oh, no, madam!" he exclaimed in a shocked voice. "I rang earlier and explained I was being kept to supervise a special dinner for Mr. Palmer. Purely fictitious, madam, as you realise. But I couldn't divulge this sort of thing, both because of its secret nature and because my wife, in her delicate state, would never sleep until she knew the children were safe." He moved back a step, nodding worriedly. "As I won't myself, madam."

"Oh, get on with you, Jones!" Flynn exclaimed impatiently. "Don't be so astonishingly cheerful, or we'll all die laughing!"

Flynn did not wait to be asked to go up to Harriet's flat. He simply said he was bringing some work with which they could occupy themselves to pass the waiting time, and assumed that she would be able to concentrate on it.

She was grateful for his company. Millie, sudden with tears, would be a dreary companion, and the other companion, the telephone, was too nerve-racking. Although completely silent now, at what minute would it become vociferously alive, screaming to have its message delivered?

The time was nine-thirty. Surely by now the money would have been collected and the possessor of it making his way stealthily to a telephone-box. At any moment the shrill bell in the hall would begin to ring.

Harriet took off her damp coat and told Millie to build up the fire.

"Then go to bed," she said. "There's no need for us all to sit up."

"I couldn't sleep a wink, Mrs. Lacey!" Millie protested.

"Nonsense, Millie, of course you will. You're young, and you must be exhausted. But close your door, so the telephone won't wake you."

Millie cast a quick, furtive look into the hall at the telephone, silent and innocent, in its cradle.

"I'd hear that thing from behind six doors," she muttered.

But she seemed glad to go to her room. So there was just Flynn, standing easily in front of the fire, with her. It seemed to be becoming a habit, spending the evening with him. She must apologise to Zoe about all sorts of things when she saw her. Zoe, who was suddenly not aggressive any more, but, with her secret dreams, rather

pathetic. Perhaps after all she was the right wife for Flynn.

"Harriet, sit down and let's begin work."

He seemed, as always, uncannily to be watching her. She surmised that he knew she had put her hand to her brow and gasped at the thought of fixing her mind on the happiness and unhappiness of someone long dead.

And in another hundred years these agonising hours, also, would be a matter of no concern to anybody.

"I won't be able to concentrate."

"Not completely, perhaps. But we may have several hours to fill in."

"I never knew hours could be so long."

"They won't be if whiled away by great-grandfather Adam. You haven't even begun to look at these letters yet. Which period shall we do, the romantic, the Grand Tour, or the political?"

"Did he take the Grand Tour to recover from a broken heart?" Harriet forced herself to be interested.

"One assumes so."

"And did he recover?" "Again one assumes so, because he married five years later. But tell me what you think. He doesn't mention Mary Weston again until he is quite old. Then he says, 'If I had married Mary—'"

But if he had, Harriet thought, her blood would have been in this young man's veins, she would no longer have been that anonymous, strangely haunting figure, a gentle ghost . . . Why was it right this way?

"Look at these letters," said Flynn. "You'll find the one I mean. I had them sorted into periods when my last secretary was with me. These are the last ones."

"The handwriting changes."

"Of course. He was growing old. Read them aloud."

Incredibly, the time went by. Although she was still alert for the first ping of the telephone bell, the minutes were not quite so leaden. It was ten o'clock, then ten-thirty . . .

To be continued

Are kitchen soaps hard on your hands?



Keep **Hinds** Honey & Almond Cream handy

Hard water—detergents—soap—grease take their toll. Restore natural oils to your hands and keep them lovelier with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. All chemists! (N.C.)

UNWANTED HAIRS

Effective Home Treatment

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "VANIX" devitalising treatment. "VANIX" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX"

is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swifts Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boons Ltd., Perth. Mail order (9/- including postage) from above, or direct from The "VANIX" Co. (Dept. W), Box 38-A G.P.O., Melbourne.

CHUCKERS WEEKLY

Every Thursday, 9d.

Solyptol

REGD TRADE MARK

is still the safest, gentlest, most effective all-purpose antiseptic!

LOUIS PASTEUR discovered that disease was caused by bacteria. And it is bacteria which cause infection of cuts and wounds. Nature's way of healing is for the white blood corpuscles to overcome the bacteria.

AN ANTISEPTIC is used to prevent the growth of bacteria around the wound, and so aid natural healing.

THE PIONEERS PROVED that Eucalyptus Oil was an excellent antiseptic, and Solyptol was developed from it. Tests today prove Solyptol Antiseptic, with its natural base, is still superior to many different chemical antiseptics available.

There's safety in **Solyptol**

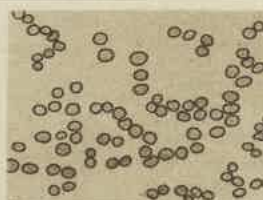


Illustration shows blood corpuscles as they appear under a microscope. Note the rounded edges, which are their natural shape.

But this is what happens when a harsh chemical antiseptic is used. Note the serrated edges of the blood corpuscles. This hinders, rather than aids, natural healing.

SOLYPTOL GIVES YOU THIS 3-WAY PROTECTION

1. It prevents the growth of bacteria.
2. It gently but thoroughly cleans the wound.
3. It aids the natural healing.

Always have Solyptol in the home—use it for cuts and wounds, as a gargle, for personal and domestic hygiene.

"If it's Fauldings it's pure!"



AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliar
For week beginning Mar.

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20</p> <p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20</p> <p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21</p> <p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22</p> <p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22</p> <p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23</p> <p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20</p> <p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19</p> <p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in helping others.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in romance.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in business or social circles.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, light blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in an ambition.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in the unexpected.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in personal relationships.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in new methods for old tasks.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Luck in a new deal. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a happy ending.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in the printed word.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in finance.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in spreading happiness.</p>	<p>★ Will-power and determination to see it through will be the chief factors in your success with any enterprise. You are best when you persevere with your aims.</p> <p>★ Get your fellow-workers or a neighbor to give you a hand or the advice of experience when you are up against a tough work problem. Don't dither around.</p> <p>★ Keep on cultivating public relations for your private benefit. Stay in touch with people who can help you to heights of achievement. Don't lose sight of finance.</p> <p>★ Stick to your old colleagues as they are trustworthy. New ones with large ideas could lead you into hot water. The worry attached would not be worth it.</p> <p>★ If personal or joint funds are paying reasonably satisfactory dividends, leave them alone. Playing round with expensive ideas as a sop to your vanity is a poor tactic.</p> <p>★ Don't make any important moves without gaining the consent and support of those who share your interests. Standing alone you could be out of pocket, or lose face.</p> <p>★ There is likely to be competition with associates who have plans and ideas of their own. Use tact in expounding your theories, show that you have organising ability.</p> <p>★ Friends, money, and emotions might form a troublesome mixture if you are not careful. People may want you to back doubtful propositions which will need checking.</p> <p>★ Bring an end to old projects and prepare for new conquests. Your present routine may need to be modified. Take necessary precautions to safeguard valuables.</p> <p>★ Delays in connection with mail or other means of communication could cause worry in connection with business or social matters. Take pains to send clear messages.</p> <p>★ Your prestige as well as your pocketbook prospers when you make use of your technical or other skills. Additional strength in economic security seems probable.</p> <p>★ While on the job, put everything out of your mind except the work in hand. Absent-mindedness can easily lead to minor accidents or slipped efforts to be redone.</p>	<p>★ Bored with the same old domestic chores? Stress the creative and pleasurable side of homemaking. This may be the cooking of a new dish, or another achievement.</p> <p>★ Depressing people should be shunned, especially if they bring a tale of woe, or if they have an upsetting influence on you. If neighbors, be polite.</p> <p>★ Make decisions not only for yourself, but for members of the family, with long-range interests uppermost in your thoughts. Your intuition is reliable this week.</p> <p>★ Any matter connected with domestic arts, home amusements, education, or child welfare, while involving sacrifices, will have magnificent future influence.</p> <p>★ Take sufficient rest if you've been working overtime. Any attempt to burn the candle at both ends will leave the homemaker exhausted and liable to illness.</p> <p>★ Be willing to compromise with unattainable ambitions. A small home cannot be turned into a palace, or a modest flat into a decorator's show window.</p> <p>★ Don't allow the members of the household to regard you as an unpaid servant, or to get into selfish habits. Insist upon children replacing their belongings.</p> <p>★ The rewards of the happy homemaker can never be counted in pounds, shillings, and pence. You may be touched by a recognition of all the family owes to you.</p> <p>★ Some of you are going to take advantage of the visit of an older person, possibly a relative, to straighten out a few snags which admittedly are awkward to handle.</p> <p>★ What are you, as a homemaker, reading? Is it just light fiction for your entertainment, or do you seriously study and attempt to apply guidance from experts?</p> <p>★ When buying anything from a new home to a small gadget answer these questions. Is it what you want? Can you afford it? Will you be satisfied with it?</p> <p>★ Your home is the frame for your personality. Are you yourself as pleasant and attractive as your surroundings? Is the hostess neat, well-groomed, fresh, and cheery?</p>	<p>★ A little mystery does no harm in any love affair. If the new boy-friend is different, that cannot help but add flavor to the romance. Don't always look for similar types.</p> <p>★ The well-known pal who lives in the next street is most likely to be your best bet at present. A dependable escort will assume a new importance.</p> <p>★ Stopping out with the boss' son or daughter calls for diplomacy. If you are in what you regard as a more elevated sphere, walk softly and learn all you can.</p> <p>★ Find out about his interests and make mental notes for future use. If he is the least bit fond of books or music it's worth knowing for future occasions.</p> <p>★ Building up resentments within yourself against the one you love best will only make them stronger. If you have a bone of contention bring it out in the open.</p> <p>★ If you are going to be an Easter bride, these weeks should be happy, with a number of events held for you. If married there may be special news.</p> <p>★ Avoid the impulse to have your own way regardless of the feelings of your beloved. Any selfish toughness in a girl has a chilling effect on a boy, in love or not.</p> <p>★ For some of you, the first spoken words of love. For others a deeply felt confirmation of romance. Don't be afraid to praise him and tell him he's wonderful.</p> <p>★ If you've been wondering about whether to go steady, if there are two candidates on your romantic horizon, don't be surprised if this question is answered soon.</p> <p>★ Do not complicate his life through jealousy, or resent time spent away from you. Help him to use his charm and ability in pursuit of some important aim.</p> <p>★ Do you have the impression that he is keeping a secret from you? Do not pry. It is probably quite harmless such as a surprise he intends to spring.</p> <p>★ Love may be responsible for that extra magnetism, that beauty which is of the spirit, noticeable in even the plainest girl. Your happiness will spill over.</p>	<p>★ Since the home base is a stronghold still, make a big up under your own power. Prove you can stand on your own feet, that you are independent.</p> <p>★ You have plenty of drive now along progressive lines, so is the time to keep things moving, but don't forget your part of a team.</p> <p>★ Put your ability to the test. Discover how much help you bring to others during a few spare hours. It may be hard to keep to schedule.</p> <p>★ Make friends on whose loyalty you depend. You're a few run up your sleeve, and can use it to take the winning trick, generous with the envious.</p> <p>★ Let others advertise abilities. Don't attempt to do yourself. Boasting has more than one good effect. Try win over adversaries.</p> <p>★ If you are overawed by a lot of invitations for which you are quite unprepared, don't be deterred or fear to accept. Do not desert old friends.</p> <p>★ You can't walk off with the prize, so choose one or activities which appeal to taste, and concentrate on a top flight in that department.</p> <p>★ A single conversation, a chit-chat, or a casual bid to touch off a chain of circumstances involving you in new, later new scenes, an entire new world.</p> <p>★ Your spare time is valuable. People who waste it at long committee meetings, those who chat when they should be listening, not worth bothering about.</p> <p>★ Enthusiasm goes a long way and receives credit for boldness and imagination, but there is an ability for that said. Capabilities to follow through.</p> <p>★ Whatever chance comes your way can swing you to the top. Now is your opportunity to show how well you can things with common sense.</p> <p>★ Keep in circulation, oversee opportunity to strengthen ties. If you hide in the background nobody will find out what a person you really are.</p>
--	---	--	--	---	--

That clear, smooth Pears Complexion...

These two have it...

Skin with such clear, young freshness everyone looks twice! Babies have it. Pretty mothers hold it, with baby-mild Pears. It's the mildest of soaps... so pure you can see right through it. Each mellow tablet is matured for 14 weeks to ensure the perfect blending of its fine, mild oils. Put Pears in your bathroom for everyone's sake. Nothing keeps skin so clear and smooth as Pears.

You can, too!

Begin today. Give your skin gentle Pears care with every wash, every shower or bath. You'll see the lovely difference Pears can make... in just a few days!



Why don't you make Pears a family affair?



Fashion Patterns and Needlework notions may be obtained exclusively from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 145 Harris St., Sydney (postal address 145 Harris St., Sydney). Telegrams: G.P.O. Sydney. Telephone: 66-6-D. Orders to New Zealand O. Roberts, New Zealand. All money orders only sent to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 145 Harris St., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F4796 — Junior dressing-gown featuring autumn's new loose-cut silhouette. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. quilted material, 2½ to 3½ yds. lining, 1½ yds. ½in. lace edging, and 1yd. 1in. ribbon. Price 3/6.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4718—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make long-sleeved bed-jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material, 1yd. ½in. lace insertion, and 1½ yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 2/6.

F4743 — Attractively styled long-sleeved winter nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 4½ yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/6.

F4796

F9917

F4743

F9917—Tailored dressing-gown designed with a generous wrap-over front and self-material sash. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F4744 — Figure-moulding lace-trimmed bodice and graceful skirt are combined in this pretty autumn winter nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, 2½ yds. ½in. lace insertion, and 1½ yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/6.

F4736—Oriental-inspired two-piece pyjamas. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4718

F4736

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 600.—TAILORED BLOUSE

The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes black, white, pale blue, coral, lilac, lemon, and pink. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 25/9; 36 and 38in. bust 28/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 601.—SEPARATE SKIRT

The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in navy and white printed cotton, in printed Everglaze in lemon and white, and pink and white, and in plain Everglaze in rose-pink, navy, magnetic-blue, and red. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, price 24/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 602.—POT-HOLDERS

Three novelty pot-holders are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British check gingham in blue and white, red and white, lemon and white, and green and white. The bias binding for edges is not supplied. Price 1/6 each; set of three 4/3. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 603.—DUCHESS SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty butterfly motif. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 604.—SHIRT-WAIST DRESS

American-styled shirt-waist dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes lilac, pale blue, lemon, junior-navy, coral, red, and black. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 69/3; 36 and 38in. bust 71/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

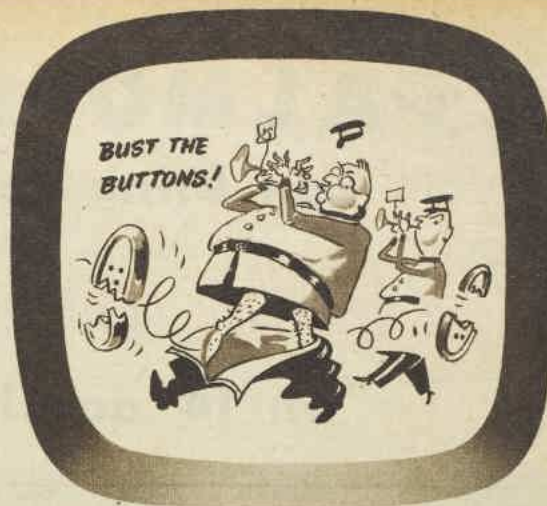
● Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

661

662

663

664



Better buy clothes with snappy, reliable

Grippers

the bother-free, laundry-proof, fabric-flat fasteners that hold fast, stay snug — and outlast the life of the garment.



Climatic RAINCOATS

Snapkins PILCHERS

Viscount RAINCOATS

LOOK FOR THESE BRANDS

on modern garments which close with "Grippers," not bothersome buttons.

"Grippers" are manufactured by CARR FASTENER COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED, specialists in the manufacture of fasteners and fittings for all trades, including the well-known "Dot" line of fasteners.

G.82.4

Yours for a Lifetime
YOUR BRIDAL WEDDING RING

For that most wonderful day of your life you'll choose a Bridal wedding ring.

Bridal rings are superbly styled by master craftsmen from only the finest 18 carat golds — truly a precious symbol of your marriage... yours for a lifetime.



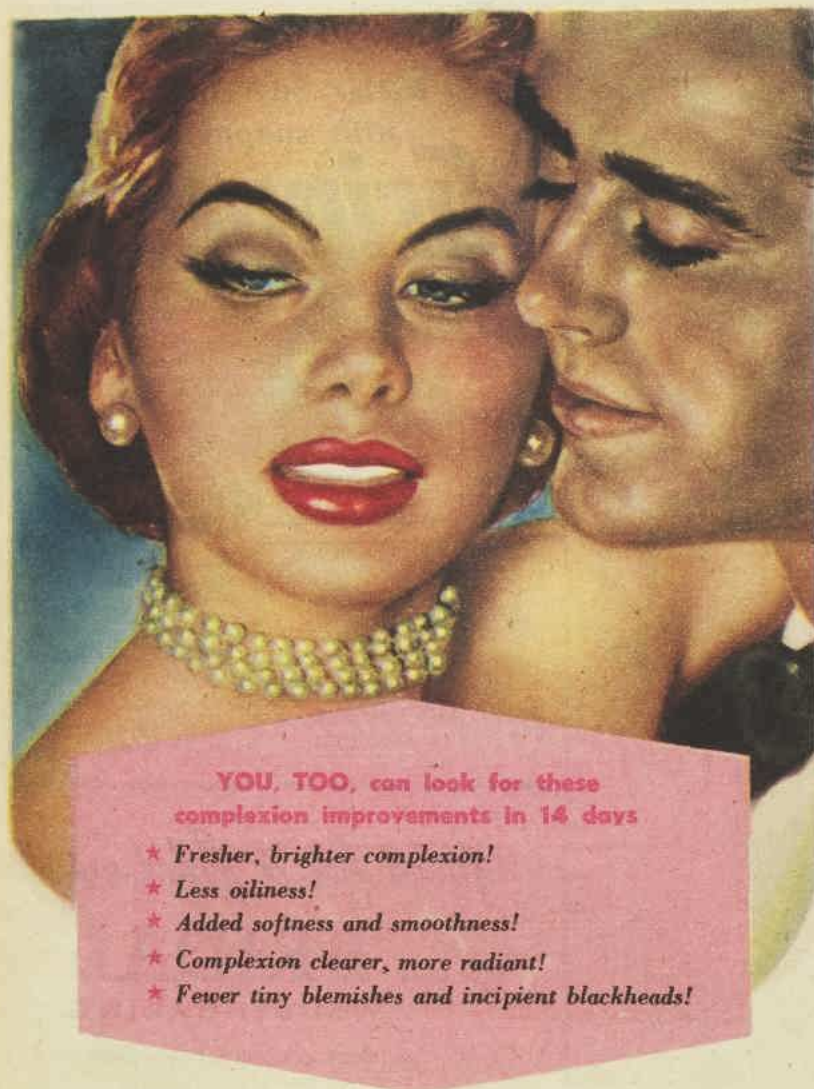
From good Jewellers everywhere

BRIDAL WEDDING RINGS FASHIONED BY THE HOUSE OF HAWKE

N137

Doctors prove **PALMOLIVE**

can bring you
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



YOU, TOO, can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ★ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ★ Less oiliness!
- ★ Added softness and smoothness!
- ★ Complexion clearer, more radiant!
- ★ Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads!

NOT JUST A PROMISE—BUT A PROVED PLAN

This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild, pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.



Use Palmolive, so mild, so gentle . . . that's why Palmolive is by far the largest-selling toilet soap in Australia.

BUY THE BIG SUPER-BATH SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is as puzzled as the police and public by the reports of strange happenings out in the country. First a farmer disappears and his friend who saw him vanish is suspected of his murder. His story that the man disappeared into a whirling green spiral sounds perfectly ridiculous. Then further reports reach the police of people and objects vanishing into a green spiral. These are confirmed when one of the Chief's own men reports his motor-cycle was sucked up into one of the green "things." Mandrake and the Chief begin to believe there may be something in the weird tale after all. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





Don't
leave a
lipstick
trail!

Use LIPCOTE over your
favourite lipstick. Invisible
—provides day-long protec-
tion—makes lips softer,
more adorable. One bottle
lasts for months.

Only 6/3 at all stores,
beauty salons and chemists.



Raymond Mullis Pty. Ltd.
Box 72, Newtown, N.S.W. 130/61.2

15 hairsets for 4/10
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
Give YOUR hair new
silky loveliness and
save pounds on your
hair-do's.
Get a tube of con-
centrated Curlpet—
squeeze Curlpet into
a pint milk bottle of
warm water—shake till
mixed—now you have
a pint of the best,
most fragrant quickset
action you've ever used.
Get concentrated
Curlpet for 4/10 from
your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
CN6

TOP FOOT PAIN
HERE?

Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot
Cushion provides soft
comfort where feet
hurt most. A snug-
fitting cushion of
latex foam loops
over toe, soothes
and protects cal-
luses, prevents
burning and ten-
derness. 5/9 pr.
for Men and Wo-
men, at Chemists,
Stores, Shoe deal-
ers. Scholl depots.

**Dr. Scholl's SUPER-SOFT
BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION**

**PRACTICAL
HOUSEHOLDER**

You'll save pounds and
pounds if you spend 2/- a
month on "Practical House-
holder," Australia's Big Do-
it-yourself magazine. Packed
with information on how to do
the odd jobs round the
house, it's on sale at all
agents.

TEENA by Linda Terry



MMM...HAD YOUR CEILING PAINTED,
I SEE...LOOKS GOOD...BEAU-
TIFUL COLOR...



Y'KNOW YOU HAVE THE BEST-
LOOKING REFRIGERATOR INTERIOR
IN TOWN?



WELL, GOTTA RUN ALONG! CAN'T
LET THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY GO TO WASTE.
JUST LOOKIT THAT VIEW!

AAH! WHAT A DELICIOUS
AROMA! I BET YOUR
MOTHER COULD BOTTLE
THAT AND SELL IT BY
THE OUNCE, TO KINGS
EXCLUSIVELY.



WHEN D'GET THE NEW CURTAINS?
THEY'RE NICE...VERY PRETTY WITH
THE WALLPAPER.



HONESTLY! THAT HILLARY
IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE! I
CHANGED MY DRESS THREE TIMES
WHILE HE WAS HERE, AND NOT
ONE NICE WORD OUT
OF HIM!!



HAW! AND WHAT
HAVE WE HERE!
A PRICELESS JEWEL
NO LESS!!



sparkling with
glamour—
**cotton
nightgowns**
with glint
trim



Price:
43/11

Price:
43/11

First release in Australia...a
bright new look for your sleeping life.
La Mode nighties of soft cotton interlock
with delicate glittering trims. New
candlelight colours of Rose glow,
Royal mist, Green frost and Sun gleam.

Prices vary slightly
in some states

EXCLUSIVE TO



At good stores everywhere
or write for name of your nearest
retailer to La Mode,
13-43 Victoria Street, N.S.W., Melb.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

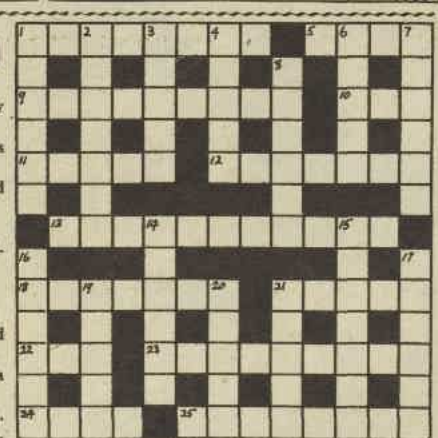
ACROSS

- Very junior headcovering for infancy (8).
- Unfitting noises from the Royal stables (4).
- Put a mummer in a bag, shake it and it will be spurious (9).
- Odd spirit (3).
- Methodical arrangement by an authori-
tative direction (5).
- Uncultivated Ural ant (7).
- Bad beer task for a stomach (5-6).
- Meteorological conditions for malt and
ice (7).
- This means all of you in the orchestra
(5).
- Future parasitic insect in Manitoba (3).
- Not arising by natural growth and con-
taining a musical wind instrument (9).
- Tender and painful to the touch caused
by Eros (4).
- Deficiency caused by
her goats (8).



Solution of last week's
crossword.

- Monkey a sailor can make
when in favor (6).
- Dour Ben can be an ill-
bred person (7).
- Great poet who always re-
turns to his abode (5).
- Musical instrument in 23
across (5).
- Sin or mistake (5).
- Specimen topped by broken
maps (6).
- Strikes a tiny thing in the
centre (6).
- A native from the East is a
rock-cess (6).
- Its capital city is Tallinn
(7).
- Soft cakes with one inside
(6).
- Round figure for a coterie
(6).
- Place in a grave I rent (5).
- He is the sixth in descent
from Adam (5).
- Burning beast of Blake (5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



BRASSO

strikes a bright note

Keep all your brass and
copper shining bright
and just like new with
Brasso.

Choose your
LAXATIVE
wisely

As Mrs. Baxter does...

I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I
take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.
Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to
be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak.
Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures
a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food
properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and
vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve consti-
pation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

BEECHAM'S
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE pills

BP.AUS.7/57

Rich and delicate

... WITH POPULAR
CREAM FILLINGS



CREAMY
CHOCOLATE

EMPRESS

RASPBERRY
FRUIT
CREAM

MONTE
CARLO

CHERRY
RIPE

CUSTARD
CREAM

DELTA

ORANGE
SLICE



Arnott's
famous
Cream Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality